

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Born of Laughter in a soul that sings,
Your fingers form the sweet, ecstatic sounds;
Errant elves of melody,
Leprechauns of harmony
That hide in wild delight among the strings.

MUSIC

By P. Duncan-Brown

Now a change of mood; a troubled sigh
Born of the dust of some inconstant dream,
Pale hands that play through tears
A shadow song of years—
Memory wakes when dulcet nocturnes die.



MRS. JACK CRAWFORD, whose presence has undoubtedly been an inspiration to her husband.

IT is an old sporting adage that a sportsman quickly fades out of the public spotlight after he marries. Instances have been quoted in boxing, cricket, tennis, and athletics.

But Jack Crawford has confounded this fallacy. His greatest achievements in tennis came after his marriage in 1930 to Marjorie Cox. It is generally acknowledged that his wife has been an inspiration to him.

Crawford represented Australia in the Davis Cup in 1928 and 1930, when his performances abroad were very erratic. On the 1922 tour he showed distinct improvement, and in 1933 established a record by winning the Australian, French and Wimbledon championships, never previously held by one player in the same year.

His successes this year have not been so outstanding, but it is doubtful whether he would have so long continued the gruelling strain of big matches without the inspiration of his wife's presence.

BRADMAN'S present tour has been in marked contrast to his success in England in 1930.

Before the Australian cricket team left for England it was thought that he would insist on his wife being allowed to accompany him.

Had this concession been made to Bradman it might have made all the difference to his success on this tour. He is temperamental, highly-strung. Mrs. Bradman, on the other hand, has a far more even temperament.

She has shown marked self-control in not listening-in to the broadcast descriptions of the Tests.

The sympathy between the Bradmans is quite remarkable, and the soothing influence of Mrs. Bradman's presence might have enabled Don to repeat his successes of the 1930 tour.

His team mates have shown wonder-

This CRICKET BAN on Wives may cost Australia THE ASHES!

Mrs. Woodfull's Plan to meet Husband Causes new Controversy

Will Australia lose the cricket Ashes because the officials here refused to allow the players' wives to accompany them to England?

A fresh controversy has arisen on the question of whether players' wives should accompany sporting teams on overseas tours, following the report that Mrs. Woodfull intends meeting her husband at Naples on the team's return trip. The contrasting fortunes of our tennis star, Jack Crawford, who is accompanied by his wife, and Don Bradman, who had to leave his wife at home, have also aroused comment.

There is another angle, too, in the fate of our sports champions after they marry. Bradman's biggest achievements in cricket, for instance, were accomplished before his marriage. Crawford's chief tennis successes came after his marriage.

It is possible that the psychological aspect of the question may be the subject of special consideration by the Board of Control when the team returns to Australia.

Don's success means more to Mrs. Bradman than to anyone else in the world. Naturally domesticated, she is a splendid wife, and since her marriage has shown an unselfish devotion to Don's welfare, which is an indication of the manner in which she would have cared for him had she been allowed to accompany him on tour.

A stir has been caused by the announcement that Mrs. Woodfull, wife of the Australian Test captain, will meet her husband on his way back from England. Bradman, it is reported, is dissatisfied because the Board of Control has not waived the "no-wives" rule to the same extent in his case.

Banned Wives

THIS "wives-must-stay-at-home" rule has been a controversial subject for many years. Always the cricket rajahs have banned wives on tours.

Some of the players have probably thought it an ideal rule, but to others it has caused many heart-burnings.

The English cricket authorities allow wives to accompany members of the team. For instance, when the late J. W. R. T. Douglas captained the English

team in the 1920-1 season, he brought not only his wife with him, but his mother and father.

Later, J. B. Hobbs was accompanied by his wife.

A. P. F. Chapman on his first visit to Australia was accompanied by his mother and father.

The rule probably affects some players more than others. As an instance, Bill O'Reilly, one of our star Test men, who married just before the tour commenced, is doing remarkably well skitting the English wickets. But it is all a matter of temperament.

Critics have frequently argued that the controlling sport authorities do not sufficiently consider the psychological effect on a player of this strict wives-stay-at-home rule. Players are looked on more as machines rather than as humans, whose highly-strung temperament might be affected for a whole season because of this disturbance to their domestic affairs.

The demand for greater freedom in



DISCUSSING THE TEST SITUATION in ZBL Studio on Saturday night during the lunch interval. The picture shows Mrs. C. J. A. Moses, Mrs. Don Bradman, Mrs. W. A. Oldfield, Mrs. W. J. O'Reilly, and Miss Menzies (Mrs. Bradman's sister). Mrs. Bradman on this occasion varied her rule of not listening-in to the Tests.

this matter has grown more insistent in recent years. Sporting authorities themselves now follow different rulings.

Crawford's Stand

While the cricket councillors are adamant in their attitude that wives must stay at home, tennis authorities have established a precedent by allowing Jack Crawford's wife to accompany him on tours. They acquiesced after Crawford had taken a stand and refused to go without his wife.

There is another angle, too, in the fate of our sports champions after they marry. Does the responsibility of marriage and home ties affect their play, or is a wife an inspiration to further outstanding achievements on the playing fields? Records give ground for argument on both sides.

Gerald Patterson (Aust.), world's champion tennis player, has seldom played in big championships since his marriage. Neither has Pat O'Hara Wood. He married a tennis player, but neither has played very important tennis since marriage.

Jack Gregory was forced to retire from cricket shortly after his marriage owing to a knee injury.

Two recently-married men are doing particularly well in England at present in sport. Bill O'Reilly, cricketer, and

Harry Hopman (who married Miss N. Hall), tennis player.

H. W. (Bunny) Austin was England's foremost tennis player until two years ago, when he married, and shortly after suffered a breakdown in health, and has only just resumed playing.

Ellsworth Vines (America), who brought his wife to Australia, practically on their honeymoon, recently suffered a nervous breakdown in health. He has turned professional, but has not played very much within the last two years.

H. R. Pearce, our champion sculler, now residing in Canada, married an Australian there, turned professional immediately afterwards, and is now the world's champion.

Marriage has not made any difference to the women players in the realm of tennis. Mrs. Helen Wills Moody (America), Mrs. Fearnley Whittingdall (Eng.), Madam Sperling, who has only been married a few months, and was formerly Frä. Krahwinkel (Germany), are among notable champions. Madame Mathieu (France) caused a sensation by appearing on the court with her two babies and winning the French Junior championship, for which she was still young enough to compete. Madame has just been eliminated in the semi-finals of Wimbledon.

Will You Help the All-Australian PLANE?

Patriotic Project Needs Your Support

The all-Australian aeroplane, which is to compete in the great Centenary air race, is being completed at the works of the Tugun Aircraft Company at Mascot as rapidly as the highest skilled Australian mechanics can finish it. Funds are urgently required to complete the great project. Will you help?

It would be a national reproach if Australia, which is justly proud of its place in the Empire and in the world, should fail at this juncture.

We have made a cash donation of £500 to the funds, and undertaken to organise a campaign to raise the remaining £1000 required.

We appeal to our thousands of readers throughout the Commonwealth to stand behind us in this great national and patriotic effort.

We realise that in an appeal of this kind many people wait until the last moment to help; but we ask you to remember, "He gives twice, who gives quickly." The Australian Women's Weekly has given a lead with its generous subscription of £500.

Many of our readers are not in a position to make a substantial donation, but all can help by giving to the "Bob-In" fund which has been opened. Many others can assist by organising functions in their own locality, such as dances, bridge, tennis parties and other social gatherings.

The committee of the All-Australian (British) Aeroplane Fund is composed of representatives of the Empire Union of Australia, the Royal Society of St. George, the Aero Club of N.S.W., Australian Flying Corps Association, Limbless Soldiers' Association, Royal Aeronautical Society (Australian branch), and the Institute of Aeronautical Engineers.

The committee has no proprietary interest in the plane. It merely desires to prove to the Governments of Australia and the Motherland that Australian designers and craftsmen are able to build the type of aircraft that is needed for the safety of this great continent, if threatened with invasion, and its development in conditions of peace.

THE motives of this committee are purely patriotic, and in appealing for money with which to complete the work, the committee desires the public to know that the whole of any surplus, including prize-money if the plane wins any, will be given to returned soldiers' organisations and Aeronautics Research Fund.

A "Bob-In" fund has been inaugurated and already nearly 3000 citizens have sent one shilling. To each of these has been sent an Aeroplane Certificate en-

dorsed with a message from Jean Batten wishing "good luck to Australia's plane in the great air race."

Splendid assistance is being given by girl students of the Metropolitan Business College, who are giving their services voluntarily in performing the clerical work of the appeal. The three British Typewriter Companies (Emprise, Imperial and Barlock) have generously made typewriters available for the use of the students.

All subscriptions should be forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney, and they will be duly acknowledged in the columns of our paper.

The Aeroplane Ball

THE Australian Aeroplane Ball, to be held at the Wentworth on Tuesday, July 24, will give dancers an opportunity of attending what promises to be the smartest social event of the season and, at the same time, supporting the committee in raising funds to complete the all-Australian aeroplane.

His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Philip Street, and Lady Street, have given their patronage to the function, which will provide a night of thrills and beauty.

Dancing will commence at 9 p.m. and will continue until the small hours of the morning. An Australian ballet has been engaged for the evening, and there will be professional demonstrations of the latest ballroom dances. Musicians new to Sydney will provide glorious music, and £100 worth of prizes will be won.

Among the prizes to be disposed of during the evening will be a splendid hamper of delicacies fit for a Royal table. Tickets for the ball are 7/6, and are on sale at Hotel Australia, Hotel Wentworth, Samuels (chemist, opposite the Australia), and from members of the committee.

ATKINSONS

black tulip
FACE POWDER.

To endow your skin with loveliness
of such exquisite texture it transforms your skin yet
remains invisible itself. Eight natural skin-tones.
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Let's Talk of
**Interesting
P.E.O.P.L.E**



CHILDREN'S JUDGE.

JUDGE MARY BARTELME has specialised in children's court work in America for the past twenty years. From her ripe experience, especially with girls, she has concluded that "where the welfare of court children is concerned women should, in a greater degree, be installed as judges in places where their constructive and discerning judgment proclaim them to be the friend rather than the austere judges of children."

One instance of the motherly work done by women judges, which she greatly admires, was the launching of an appeal for suitcases, suitably stocked, for boys and girls who are leaving the care of the court and going out to earn their own livelihood.



VISITING AUTHOR.

MRS. LAURENCE MEYNELL was formerly Miss Shirley Darbyshire, and is the daughter of Mr. Taylor Darbyshire, general manager of the Australian Press Association in London. She is now revisiting Australia, which she left as a young school girl several years ago.

Mrs. Meynell is very well known in England for her journalistic work and, last year, she published her first novel, "Something Human." Mr. Meynell is a notable writer of mystery stories, and has written numerous short stories which have been published in England and America. He hopes to gather material for a book with an Australian background during his present trip.



ARTIST IN LEATHER.

MRS. M. E. SPRING is an Australian artist who has won fame for her work in leather. She specialises in the use of Australian leathers, and all her designs are original.

For twelve years she worked in London, and at a Royal Arts exhibition, of which the Queen is patron, she won a prize for original work which carried with it an associateship R.A.A. Queen Mary, the Princess Royal, Princess Helene Victoria, Princess Alice of Athlone, and many other well-known Englishwomen all bought some of this clever Australian's work.

She invented a delightful travelling bag, and one of these was presented to Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge last week to take with her on her voyage to Honolulu, where she is a delegate to the Pan-Pacific Conference.

RAYNER HOFF, Australia's Most Discussed SCULPTOR

Unperturbed in Present Storm of Criticism

Rayner Hoff has caused almost as much controversy with his creations in stone as Norman Lindsay has with his world-famous etchings.

First of all, with his Anzac memorial figures, and now with his Melbourne Centenary medallion, the sculptor Hoff has divided Australia into two arguing forces; those who say he is crude, morbid and offensive, and those who admire the undoubted genius of his work.

The Sunnybrook Press has now brought out the Rayner Hoff book, in which well-known critics hail him as a master.



AN EXQUISITE child study in bronze by Rayner Hoff. He is very fond of children, whose happy spirits he captures and preserves in sculpture.

TALL, well built, and dark, Rayner Hoff carries on his creative work unperturbed by these storms in the outer world. He lives for his art, follows implicitly the dictates of his inspiration, and does not care a brass farthing what the critics say, one way or another.

Beyond a horror for stiff collars and bottled shirts the sculptor is much the same as any other man to look at.

Meeting him in the street, you would not be impressed by any outward signs of an artistic soul. He is not a disciple of Epstein as far as clothes go. He sports no black shirt, mauve ties, purple berets or yellow socks. But he always wears a soft shirt and his naturally happy soul is plunged into the depths of despair when, through some freak of chance, convention forces him into evening clothes for a social function.

He loathes pedantry, convention and all the things one has to do just because everyone else does them.

His philosophy may be boiled down into a few words, but not starched stiff beyond bending. A good healthy man will naturally do the things that are right. He does not need policing by convention. And his soft shirt is the only symbolic vestment in this private religion of his own.

RAYNER HOFF has no particular mannerisms when at work in his studio in the one-time Darlinghurst Gaol, Sydney. His well-formed hands with fingers strong as steel plunge into the clay, and as though by magic it takes shape. But if his visitor is inclined for



THIS BEAUTIFUL STUDY in Sicilian marble is called "Idyll." Similar symbols of happy love are favorite themes of Rayner Hoff.

a chat, the sculptor, who is deeply interested in people and who is always ready for a discussion, will sit down and yarn for an hour as though he had nothing to do at all.

Like most artists he will argue, at length, about anything under the sun just for the sake of sharpening his mental wit. He is a good talker with a keen sense of humor and is always



"THE KISS," described in the Rayner Hoff book by the critics who discuss his work as one of his most remarkable pieces of sculpture owing to the subtlety of the composition.

ready to have a hearty laugh at life in general.

At Bondi, Rayner Hoff lives with his wife and two little daughters in a simple suburban villa within easy distance of the sea. The whole family are keen surfers. One of the sculptor's most beautiful plaques is of a beach scene depicting the surfer carrying his board across sands grouped with bathers.

ERNEST H. SHEA of the Sunnybrook Press has now brought out a beautifully-produced book of the sculpture of Rayner Hoff. The pictures on this page are taken from it.

The book has articles on the work of Rayner Hoff by Earl Beauchamp, Howard Ashton, E. C. Temple Smith and W. B. Dalley. It is limited to 100 copies, all of which, of course, are sold.

Inspired no doubt by the magnificent monuments of Hoff, these literary gentlemen have endeavored to carve in

words the story of his career with an equal magnificence in prose.

Wandering among these verbal monuments we learn that Hoff was born on the Isle of Man where his father was a carver in wood and stone, and that the boy began to carve almost as soon as he could handle the necessary tools.

After studying at the Nottingham School of Art and winning important competitions, he served for three years and a half during the War and then studied at the Royal College in London under Derwent Wood. He won the College Diploma and the Travelling Scholarship in Sculpture.

After winning the Rome Scholarship and having various works accepted by the Royal Academy in 1923, he came out to Australia to join the teaching staff of the Sydney Technical College, where he has been ever since.

Unlike most teachers, however, he has not given up his creative work.

Watch Nancy Grow

AGED
11 MONTHS



Here's a "Prize Baby" at play

Nancy Lee was known as the "prize baby" in a district where there are many fine and healthy infants. That is something to be proud of, for Nancy's mother was suffering from pulmonary T.B. when the baby was born.

Nancy's progress has been really remarkable—due mainly to a healthy out-of-door life and Robinson's "Patent" Barley. Barley jelly, made from Robinson's Barley, has been Nancy's principal food for some months. First it was given with her bottle of prepared milk, and then by itself.

What Robinson's "Patent" Barley did for Nancy Lee it can do for your baby, too. Ask your doctor. He knows the value of Robinson's.

If you would like to know Nancy's full history write to: Colman-Keen (A/ia) Ltd., Box 2503 M.M. G.P.O., Sydney, for "The Story of Nancy Lee" and a free sample of Robinson's "Patent" Barley, enclosing a 2d. stamp for postage and packing.

ROBINSON'S 'Patent' Barley

WILL MEN Be Allowed to Wear Trunks on BEACHES?

Sydney Beach Inspectors in Favor of Fashion!

These frosty winter days the summer swimming season seems a long way off; but it is not too far ahead to cause beach inspectors and seaside municipalities to consider the problem "What will we let them wear next season?"

Next summer will see some extremes of fashion on Australian beaches, especially if beach inspectors in New South Wales are successful in obtaining "trunks only" for men as is being suggested.

IN England, on the Continent, and in Hawaii, men bathers are permitted to wear only trunks. Mr. Tom Meagher, beach inspector at Bondi, Sydney, says that the Waverley Council has for some time past been considering allowing men bathers at Bondi, Bronte, and Tamarama to wear approved trunks also.

Even last year a bathing costume for men, so fashioned that the trunks and top could be taken apart by means of a zip fastener, was seriously considered by them. And if this year's proposal of trunks only (a specimen of which costume has been made by a Sydney firm) is finally decided against, it is only a question of time, thinks Mr. Meagher, before the abbreviated costume is adopted in New South Wales.

Mr. Meagher himself favors the adoption of these trunks for general wear by men bathers. He considers that men are far more rarely offenders with "indecent attire" than women. When men have to be charged with "indecent attire" it is

often because of carelessness, but some women, he thinks, will stop at nothing, a viewpoint which is bound to provoke heated denials.

But even if the Waverley Council does decide in favor of trunks only for men, the other councils need not follow suit. Under the Local Government Act each council decides upon what shall be worn on the beaches under its control. That is why at Cronulla men who are not actually in the water must wear shorts over their costumes.

The council is wary of allowing any further laxity in beach attire, because there is always a minority which tends to go too far, for which the majority must suffer.

In actual practice, however, strict rules are not always followed. At Bondi now it is strictly illegal to appear in any costume not neck to knee. If this law were enforced, probably no bather would escape the arm of the law. What happens is that when a life-saver is made a beach inspector he is sworn in by the council not to abuse his authority and to use his discretion. This is very important, as Ordinance 52 of the Local

Government Act gives beach inspectors more power even than policemen.

There is always an inspector on duty during the surfing season from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m., and an unscrupulous man would have every opportunity of "throwing his weight about." The council could not appoint an individual who winked at the backless garments of his friends, and arrested his enemies who weren't strictly "neck to knee."

Many people think that municipal councillors, partly because they are all middle-aged, are wowers, and that that is why they prescribe neck-to-knee horrors. But this is by no means true in many instances. The Waverley Council, for instance, which has recently spent about £200,000 on making its beaches attractive, is very progressive. It is quite eager to do everything within reason to add to the enjoyment of bathers.

In Other States

THE seaside councils of Adelaide decided the other week that sun-baking with rolled down costumes would not be permitted on beaches, or in swimming pools during the coming summer. As there is no place where people can sunbake, the ire of many who frequent the beaches to give their skins a good healthy tan has been aroused.

Mr. R. Kingsley Harrison, secretary of the Holdfast Bay Swimming and Life-Saving Club, and a member of the Board of the Royal Life-Saving Society, says that Adelaide Council is one of the most unprogressive bodies it would be possible to imagine.



THE JOY of sunbathing, as shown by this party of young people on an overseas beach, may be shared by Sydney surfers next summer if the suggestions of a section of beach inspectors are passed by seaside councils.

VICTORIA'S "neck to knee" bathing regulations have long been a subject for ridicule by Victorians and inhabitants of other States.

The generous and common-sense interpretation of the regulations by municipal authorities, however, should make us very proud of our civic papas.

Provided bathers are reasonably well-behaved they can allow their costumes to stop far short of the neck or the knee. Some councils forbid sun-bathing with the costume lowered from the shoulders, and others will not allow bathers to leave the beach without a covering over their swimming suits.

Victorian swimmers and sun-bathers are so well-behaved that many councils have dismissed their beach inspectors.

DESPITE indications that the coming season will bring Australian beach fashions a stage nearer the daring costumes seen this year at Continental and American bathing resorts, little or no concern is being felt by the respective local authorities of South Queensland beaches.

Quite definite, however, is the feeling from Caloundra to Coolangatta on the matter of men's dress. Bathing trunks only will not be tolerated on the public beaches!

Local authorities governing the ocean beaches and seaside resorts along the south coast of Queensland cherish an unshakable trust in their respective beach patrons and the question of decent apparel. Especially so in regard to women bathers.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



A crank about dust and dirt careless of her teeth and gums . . . and she has "pink tooth brush"! *

HER husband would probably notice in a minute if she didn't keep the house neat and clean. But don't you suppose he notices how her teeth look, too? While she's taking good care of the house it might be wise for her to keep her teeth good-looking, too.

White, bright teeth are essential to attractiveness, and your teeth depend for their good looks upon your gums. Gums need exercise . . . regular stimulation . . . to be firm and healthy, but to-day's foods, delicious as they are, are

too soft to stimulate them. Gradually your gums become flabby and tender. If you haven't a "pink tooth brush" already, you probably will have it . . . unless you do something about those touchy gums of yours. And "pink tooth brush" not only spoils your smile, it can endanger perfectly sound teeth.

To-day . . . get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it, and each time with fingertip or tooth brush rub a little *extra* Ipana into those sickly gums of yours.

Ipana really cleans teeth . . . and with regular daily massage tones up the gums, stimulates the circulation through the tissues and helps bring them back to healthy firmness.

Before you have used up one tube of Ipana, and rubbed it regularly into your gums, your teeth will begin to glisten and your gums to show marked improvement. Keep on using Ipana with massage and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush."

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

*"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, leaving a ring of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender . . . that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. Now! Before it's too late.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



1/-, OR IN A SUPER SIZE 2/-, AT ALL CHEMISTS

FREE LIBRARIES Plan for Country CENTRES

Country people will welcome the suggestion that free libraries should be established in certain towns to supply books to specified regions, the system largely replacing the country circulation branch of the Sydney Public Library, which has proved exceedingly popular.

THE idea has been suggested by Mr. E. C. Sommerlad, M.L.C., a trustee of the Sydney Public Library, following the recent visit of Mr. Ralph Muir, head of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, to report to the managers of the Carnegie funds as to how best they can assist the free library system of Australia.

Mr. Muir discovered that apart from the State libraries and one or two municipal libraries, the local libraries of Australia are not free. They are subscription libraries and seldom cater for local people wanting books of reference.

In Pittsburgh, with a population of 600,000, there is a central library, and 28 branches. Any one of these branch libraries is superior to the Sydney Municipal Library, according to Mr. Sommerlad.

Mr. Sommerlad thinks that the time has now come for the establishment of regional public libraries. Mr. Sommerlad

has been a member of the committee of several country Schools of Arts, realises the difficulties they face, and in no way wants to disparage their social activities. But he believes that such institutions are of little cultural value.

In certain large towns, such as Wagga, Goulburn, and Armidale, regional libraries could easily be formed. The Teachers' College, Armidale, and various buildings in the other towns might be used for housing purposes. The Government already possesses duplicate books. That they are necessary is seen by the fact that 4103 boxes containing 103,521 books were sent from the Public Library to country institutions, and last year over 50,000 books were sent to individual students. These demands are growing so rapidly that the staff cannot cope with them.

These books are not fiction, but deal with local industry, economics, and other scientific subjects, and their lack is greatly felt in the country.

MR. SOMMERLAD also thinks that the free libraries of the capital cities could well be improved. Melbourne is the only State of the Commonwealth with a public library in any way appropriate to its size.

The Sydney Public Library is so small that it cannot provide seats for all who visit, and the reading rooms are dismal. Mr. Sommerlad points out that until a cultural institution is properly housed it will never attract rich endowments and gifts. The Public Library of N.S.W. has never attracted such endowments though the Mitchell Library has, and it has also a fine collection of pictures presented by Mr. William Dixon.

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DORNFORD YATES'

Exciting Serial

STORM MUSIC

A girl outwits a rogue in this week's thrilling instalment



LADY HELENA YORICK, beautiful grey-eyed mistress of Yorick Castle, and John Spencer, well-to-do young Englishman, are brought together in circumstances of mystery and drama. Spencer is travelling through Austria with his artist cousin, Geoffrey Bohun, and their man Barley. In the woods one day he comes upon four men burying the body of a fifth, dressed in unusual green livery. He himself is nearly discovered when one of the rogues picks up a letter addressed to him. Now his own life is endangered.

Geoffrey, from his cousin's description, recognises the gang as desperadoes wanted by Scotland Yard—Pharaoh (the leader), Dewdrop, Bugle, and Rush.

In Lass later, a car passed John, the chauffeur wearing green livery similar to that of the dead man in the forest. John jumped on the running-board—and met Lady Helena.

Their combined riddles explain away many mysteries. The murdered man was young Florin, son of the old and trusted warden of Yorick Castle. Pharaoh is planning to steal £2,000,000 in sovereigns hidden in Yorick Castle, the fortune entrusted to Lady Helena by her father, the late Count of Yorick.

John and Geoffrey, accepting an invitation to stay at Plumage farm, on the Yorick Estate, patrol the locality in an effort to locate Pharaoh's hiding place. Lady Helena assists, but they are unsuccessful.

Then the wily Pharaoh makes a dramatic counter-move. Posing as Captain Fanning, he gains the friendship of the young Count of Yorick, Lady Helena's brother, who invites him to the castle.

Lady Helena knows that her headstrong brother will not hear anything against his assumed friend, and plans to leave the castle with John. They escape through a secret tunnel.

"We'll go to my nurse at Pommer," said Lady Helena, now that the castle is shut against them. On the way they run out of petrol. Hiding the Rolls, they start the long walk to the nearest farm shown on their map.

John collapses on the way. His back had been badly strained in pushing the abandoned car out of sight in the forest.

They find a peasant's cottage in the woods. The peasant is ill in hospital, and his wife, Freda, is unable to leave her baby boy to go to him.

Lady Helena offers to care for the boy in return for shelter in the cottage. John Spencer poses as her brother. Freda agrees, and leaves for the hospital, carrying also a letter to Geoffrey at Salzburg.

Alone in the cottage with Freda's child, the attachment between John and Lady Helena ripens into love. But at the back of all their plans is the threat of Pharaoh.

Has Pharaoh trapped Geoffrey and Barley by a decoy telegram sent from the castle? Freda does not return. John, restless and worried by his cousin's delay, decides to return to Plumage, leaving Lady Helena at the cottage.

BEFORE I left her installed in the bower from which we had watched for my cousin two evenings before, I carried the cradle thither and all that she and the baby might need that day, and I made her give me her word that, even though Freda should come, she would not enter the cottage if she could avoid so doing by any possible means.

While I spoke she stood very quiet, with her eyes on the ground.

"When I had done: 'Until you come back, you say. And supposing . . . you don't . . . come back?'"

She was close in my arms and her cheek was tight against mine.

"I shall come back, my darling. You

The Characters

JOHN SPENCER, an Englishman, who tells the story.
GEOFFREY BOHUN, his artist cousin.
BARLEY, their manservant.
LADY HELENA YORICK, a beautiful Austrian girl.
THE COUNT OF YORICK, her young brother.
PHARAOH, an English criminal.
DEWDROP, **BUGLE**, and **RUSH**, members of his gang.
FLORIN, warden of the castle.
SABRE, Lady Helena's Alsatian.

see, I've got to, because I belong to you. I mustn't be hurt or taken because I'm your man."

Two minutes later I was treading the path to Witchcraft, and the bracken which veiled my lady was out of my sight.

At half-past six that evening I made the woods behind Plumage, and five minutes later I was lying just clear of their foliage, surveying the back of the farm. The stars had fought against me, and my journey had taken far longer than I had hoped, but now I saw very clearly that all I could do was to watch, for that I must go no closer until it was dark.

From where I now lay there was nothing at all to observe: I therefore re-entered the woods, and cautiously moved round their fringe, stopping from time to time to peer at the farm, but all I saw were the farm-hands about their business and a groom that was not Axel cleaning a bit. Still moving south, I came to the sturdy stream which flowed in front of Plumage and watered the meadows beyond; if I was to view the apron this water had to be crossed, but a hundred yards up I found a little footbridge which, since I could see no movement, I ventured to use. I then turned west and followed the water down till I saw before me the bushes that were squiring the last of the trees. A moment later I was parting the undergrowth.

I WAS now not far from the line which led up to the farm, and for one who was content to observe I could not have been better placed, for while I was over the water and very well hid, I could see the stone bridge and the apron and all the front of the house and could hear every car that was coming a long time before it arrived. But from here I could not have approached as I could from the north, for the stream was an obstacle and the ground to be traversed was very much more exposed.

The apron was empty, and though doors and windows were open, there was no one at all to be seen; but since near two hours must go by before I could leave the woods, I decided to stay where I was till the sun went down.

So I picked a spot in the bushes and settled down to observe.

It was forty minutes later that Bugle came out of the house.

I think that he had been sleeping, for he yawned and stretched and looked about him, as a man that has only just waked. Then he took his seat on a bench by the side of the door and a servant brought out a tankard and set it down by his side.

It was eight o'clock and the light was beginning to fall when I heard the sigh of the Rolls on the road of approach.

A moment later the car swept over the bridge, and Bugle laid down his pipe and got to his feet.

I saw that Dewdrop was driving and that Pharaoh sat by his side.

Pharaoh stayed but two minutes.

For that time he spoke to Bugle, who



Illustrated by

WYNNE W. DAVIES

"Until you come back, you say. And supposing . . . you don't . . . come back?"

listened with evident interest to what he said. Then he nodded to Dewdrop, who instantly let in his clutch. Bugle stood watching till Pharaoh was out of sight; then he turned on his heel and went into the house.

And that was all. As I made my way back to the footbridge I tried my best to believe that the visit which I had just witnessed was Pharaoh's evening call. He had been out scouring the country for news of my lady and me and was now returning to Yorick with empty hands. It was no doubt his practice to visit Plumage like this, to see that Rush and Bugle were doing as they had been told. And yet—

I had crossed the water when I heard the sound of a car. This seemed to come from the farm. I heard the engine started, and as I stood still, listening, I heard her move off in low gear. Almost at once she was stopped. Then another low gear was engaged and she moved again.

The sounds for me were pregnant. I had made them too often myself. Bugle or Rush was withdrawing their car from the coach-house and driving her on to the apron ready for use.

Sure enough, after a moment the car came to rest.

I hastened on desperately.

From the verge of the meadows I regarded the back of the house. The

was therefore clear that the rogues were somewhere at hand, and I wondered if they were at table, for Bugle had not eaten between seven and eight o'clock.

I made bold to open my door, which gave to the hall.

It was half-past eight now, and the hall was dim.

The front door was still wide open, and beyond, on the apron, I could see the rear of the car. Its engine was not running, but it was facing the bridge. I could hear no sound of talking, but I knew that Rush was yet in the sitting-room.

THEN Bugle, pacing the apron, strolled into and out of my view.

It occurred to me that he was waiting for Rush to finish his meal; then the two would go off together and I should be left. Meanwhile Pharaoh was in action. . . . I very nearly decided to let the reconnaissance go and return to my car. Unless I did that, there was nothing to do but wait as I had already waited—for more than two hours.

Pharaoh Finds the Cottage

light, I have said, was falling, but dusk would not come in for another half hour. Yet to wait so long might well be to throw away a chance that was already passing. . . . Two minutes later I was flung against the trunk of a lime that was standing twelve feet from the window of what had been my bedroom four days before.

One of the lower windows belonged to the primitive bathroom which Geoffrey and I had used; and since this was sure to be empty at this time of day, here was as safe an entry as the faintest of hearts could desire.

I whipped from the lime to the window and swung myself over the sill.

Now had the car left, I should have heard her, for she was by no means

Rush was moving—I heard the scrape of his chair as he thrust it back. An instant later he opened the sitting-room door.

For a moment he stood in the doorway, lighting a cigarette. Then he let out a filthy belch, lounged to the head of the steps and made his way out of the house.

I heard him say something to Bugle and I saw him turn to the right.

As neither reappeared or started the car it looked very much as though they were sitting down on the bench to the right of the steps. If I was right, then a man at the sitting-room window would be above and behind them and able, if they were talking, to overhear every word.

It seemed that my chance had come.

Trembling with excitement, I began to steal down the passage, over the flags.

"YES, I know that bit," said Rush. "I've heard it before. But if he's such a ——— marvel, where's Bohun gone? Bohun was bound to be here on Monday night. 'Cos why? 'Cos Pharaoh'd wired him—'cos Pharaoh destroyed 'is presence. Well, that's three days ago, an' he ain't here yet."

"What's Bohun matter?" said Bugle. "Er grace the Duchess of Sheba is what we want."

"Who said he mattered?" said Rush. "I never said he mattered. Wot I said was that Pharaoh knows 'ow to slip up. 'Oh, don't talk ally,' you says. 'Pharaoh's a ——— genius, and geniuses don't slip up.' 'All right,' I says. 'Where's Bohun?'"

In manifest disgust he sucked his cigarette. "Pharaoh said he'd be here on Monday night. He ——— near told us the soot of clothes he'd have on. Well, he ain't here, is he? I don't say Bohun matters, but I'd just as soon know where he is. He may be a ——— artist, but he knows how to use a gun."

"Now, look 'ere, Rush," said Bugle, crossing his legs. "Ow many you can mention could of done wot Pharaoh's done. Oh, ———," said he, and spat on the flags. "He crooked his finger at you, an' you came to heel."

The other sprang to his feet with a filthy oath, but before he could answer Bugle was standing, too.

"Sit down," he ordered. "You know why I was took on. If I was to hit you once, you wouldn't open no doors for the nex' three weeks." Rush subsided, muttering, and Bugle resumed his seat. "Toll the tale if you like, but don't try an' tell it to me. You was took on as I was, just as glad of the job. 'I want you,' says Pharaoh—that's all."

"All?" yelled Rush. "Why?"

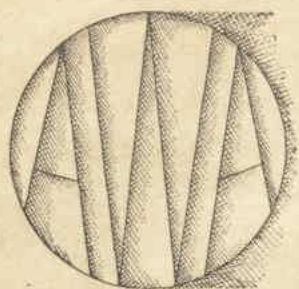
"All right, all right," said Bugle, as though he were sick and tired of the other's complaints. "Call it a game. Sign on with 'im, an' you've got to take wot's comin'—that's all I meant." Encouraged by this surrender—

"Yes, an' wot is comin'?" said Rush. "That's wot I want to know. I judge a man by results. Three weeks to-morrow we've been here, an' wot's your Napoleon done? I'll tell you." Bugle growled. "In the fir'st place he's been beat by a girl an' a groom. He knew they was comin', an' he knew they was carryin' gold: an' they got away, that's all."

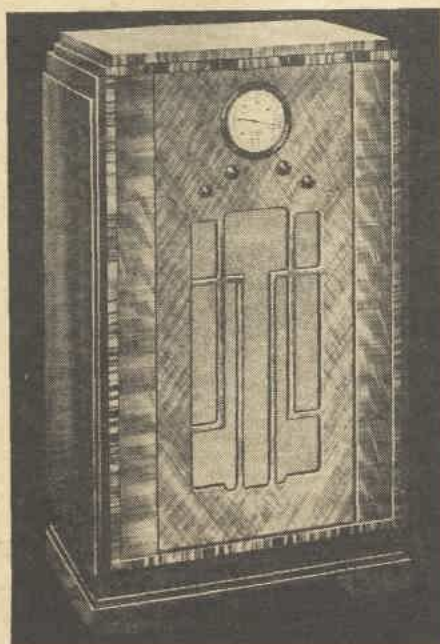
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Please turn to Page 28.



QUALITY



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"Men are Unwise" ... writes Ethel Mannin

Ethel Mannin employs popular mediums for arresting and holding the attention of readers in her latest book, "Men are Unwise." She weaves an interesting story to show how "warm female love" can enslave a man, deter him from thinking straight, and engulf him at the expense of failure to achieve a lifelong ambition.

THE title suggests lack of wisdom on the part of the hero, Donald Hildred, but the story conveys a different impression. One is inclined to sympathise with him at the expense of the heroine, whose total lack of understanding leads him to pursue a course of action that ends in disaster and tragedy.

Donald Hildred inherits from his father a love of the mountains. The thwarted desire of his parent to achieve even a modest experience of mountaineering is an ever present memory with Donald, and one of the reasons that keep his own ambitions perpetually smouldering.

After his father's death, Donald settles down to life as a city clerk, his own passion for mountaineering subjugated to the needs of earning a livelihood. But they are revived by his friendship with Max Brendon, an experienced mountain climber.

Complications develop after Donald's meeting with Kathleen Cassidy, a fashion artist, whom he discovers in one of his solitary excursions into the country. There were no preliminaries to the courtship of Donald and Kathleen. At their second meeting they became lovers.

DONALD then begins the struggle with three separate loyalties—his love for Kathleen, his friendship with Max, his passion to climb mountains. The three are not reconcilable, and Donald, in his effort to achieve some sort of happiness between them, tears his own soul to pieces.

Kathleen's love for Donald is sincere, and her loyalty unchallenged. But she knows only one weapon—the weapon of sex—with which to combat the lure of mountains and the expressed antagonism of Max.

The early married life of Donald and Kathleen is clouded by her deliberate frustration of any plans he makes for a holiday at the mountains. Eventually, however, she deems it wise to accede to his ideas, and they go off together to Austria.

But actually this trip marks the end of things for both of them. Handicapped and hindered by Kathleen Donald's first experience of mountaineering brings disappointment. His second climb, attempted alone, is a tragedy for him. He is overcome by an unconquerable fear and panic, and cannot ascend to the summit. Humiliated in the eyes of his companions, and agonised at this unexpected trait in his own make-up, he returns to his home, determined to tell no one of his awful experience. But he was not long deterred.

Because one mountain had beaten him it did not mean that he was to be forever defeated. Not so lightly does a man relinquish his hold on the rope that binds him to his dreams.

There was only one solution left to Donald, and when the time came he resorted to it.

(Jarrolds; our copy Swains, Price 7/6.)

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by Jean Williamson

A Novel of the 17th Century

It is refreshing to find a novel like "Conflict." It is virile, moves swiftly through a series of picturesque episodes, portrays the bravery of men inspired by patriotism, the gallantry and tenderness of men inspired by love.

No introspective, psychological novel this, but one which tells of days when men depended on their wits and the prowess of their sword. When women loved, despite all the forces of opposition, and loyalties were carried to the grave.

THE author, E. V. Timms, has been called the Sabatini of Australia, and in "Conflict" he gives a brilliant and remarkable story of the 17th century. The book, published by Angus and Robertson, will be published in London next October, and in New York a little later, thus marking the widening scope of Australian authorship.

The story opens at Nice, and with a masterly pen the author depicts the hard life of the fisher folk.

Rene Searron calls from the beach to his "woman" who rises from a bed she has shared with one, Paolo Visari. Confident and secure in the belief that her betrayal of Rene is unknown to him she dismisses Paolo, but not before his still hot-headed desire for her has extracted the promise of some permanency in their relationship.

Rene, strong, fearless in his battling with the sea, will yet some day be caught by it.

"When the sea takes him I will come to you," she says, and is rewarded by the sound of Paolo's soft, but triumphant laughter as he sneaks away in the dawn. The woman, Annette, is but a shadowy figure after the first few chapters of the book, but she is the pivot of the story.

She is only "a woman" to Rene, whose cruelty has kept her in subjection. Economic need, the fear of penalties that awaited prostitutes in that age, have kept her beneath his roof. Even her growing love for Paolo is not strong enough to make her break away, fearing the vengeance that Rene would wreak on them both.

Annette prepares to go to the beach, turbulent with emotion.

Breaking in on her smouldering rebellion and her task of gutting the fish comes the announcement from Rene that he is going to take a mate, and his suggestion of Paolo as such.

Annette's newly-born fears that he suspects her unfaithfulness are lulled by

her remembrance of his lantern, burning all night on his boat.

"A clever idea—to mark Rene's boat far out at sea—as surely as the bell does the goat!"

Rene's plans mature. Annette and Paolo, without even a glance between them, remember "When the sea takes him I will come to you."

The two men depart. Annette moves restlessly about the cabin thinking through long hours of the tragedy that is doubtless by now being enacted far out at sea.

"Paolo would watch, and watch, and talk—then swiftly raise the oar," she muses.

Footsteps on a creaking board. "Paolo," she thinks. A monstrous shadow loomed out of the blackness—Rene.

"You have killed him."

"He killed himself—all tangled up in the net. I pulled in at once, even as I did last night."

"As you did—last night?"

Annette ran to the window and saw a lamp gleaming far out on the sea where Rene's boat always stopped to fish. Slowly she turned—she understood.

NEARBY the Vermet family awake to

the dawn and the day's undertaking. Jean and his son, Sebastian, set out to fish, despite the gale that even then was lashing the waves to foam. Money is owed to Paolo Visari, he will come that day for it, and protesting that "God does not drown honest men for the profit of rogues like Paolo," Jean sets off. His wife, Louise, and daughter, Marie, return to the cabin too fearful even to pray.

Rene, nearby, puts out the light in his cabin, and all unconsciously sets out on his life's great adventure.

The howling gale increases in fury, Jean, struck by an oar, is hurled into the sea, and Sebastian, half mad with grief and partly conscious, gets taken aboard the galleass of wandering Moslem pirates.

Chained to the oars, he is too weary to be fully aware of all that is happening around him, until, lashed to consciousness by the cruel sting of the whip, he is made aware of the man chained beside him—Rene Farron, another dervish of the storm.

SHORT ... REVIEWS

"Good-bye, Russia." Captain Evan Cameron. Increased knowledge and appreciation of the part Britain played in the closing years of the Tsarist regime in Russia comes to us through the medium of Captain Evan Cameron's pen. In "Good-bye, Russia," he has given us a simple, straightforward story, attractively written, of the adventures of H.M. transport Rio Negro, and by it adds fresh laurels to the men of the British Merchant Service.

The story deals with the transport of White refugees from Odessa and Batoum following the Russian revolution, and is profusely illustrated with photographs taken by the author. He was in command of a small transport with accommodation for 750, but its human cargo on one occasion at least was more than twice that number. Under fire from the Bolsheviks, with sickness rampant, one doctor, but no nurses, Captain Cameron set off in the blinding snow through a channel made dangerous with ice and floating mines. All these things are recorded as part of a day's duty, but they read as unbelievable achievement.

There is much that is new in the book, much that is revealing. While events were current, and for official reasons the plight of the refugees only and little account of their rescuers was reported to the general public. To-day, in retrospect, we are better able to absorb details of the wonderful organisation and personal courage that were submerged in the more spectacular stories of the period.

Captain Cameron has revealed some of them, and perpetuated the name of gallant men and their exploits. Captain Cameron is known to many Australians, for he is the popular commander of R.M.S. Orana. (Hodder and Stoughton, 12/6.)

HOBST HOLBROOK says: For picking of it is a brew of excellent quality.***

PAOLO VISARI, loosed from the nets, comes next day to collect his dues. No hope of money now, he realises, "but I will wait a little," he tells Louise, and his lecherous eyes, intent on Marie, leave no doubt in the mother's mind as to the payment he will exact.

Louise and Marie flee for safety by way of a cross of marble where, quoth legend, "God stood on the highest step." There, exhausted and spent after hours of ceaseless prayer, they meet Annette, interceding for the soul of the man she loves.

"He lives, and wants Marie," Louise tells in explanation of their own presence. Annette, horrified, departs.

We learn of her later, pursuing vengeance and obtaining it, as she lures Paolo, upon promise of news of Marie, into the depths of the deserted catacombs where she has been driven to shelter.

AND so begins the story. From this

little fishing community and its half-savage men and stalwart women the reader is taken into a world of action, of political intrigue, of personal vendettas. Sebastian, now a pirate commanding a fleet of Red Ships, Rene, his friend and adventurous companion, run a course of dare-devil tyranny that threatens the peace of the King of France, but one in which both portray standards of thought and action that are in contrast to their calling.

Life at the English and French Courts. The love of the Englishman, Sir Peter Kenelm, known as Monsieur le Rat (reminiscent of the Scarlet Pimpernel) for a girl of the French aristocracy whose betrayal of his mission as a spy results in his capture and torture.

Dozens of interesting characters are woven into the fabric of the story, the threads of which are tangled and untangled by the masterly hand of the writer.

Bloodcurdling in parts, in others marked by a delicacy of language that gives a convincing impression of the veneer of social life at that period, the reader will pursue the pages of the book with increasing interest.

"Conflict." E. V. Timms. Angus and Robertson. Price 6/-

Someone to Go With



PETER MULLINER had had a disappointing evening. He had expected to enjoy himself, and hadn't. Now he was home, and trying in vain to get a number on the telephone, and every time he took off the receiver all he heard was a voice, both feminine and business-like (a tiresome misalliance), asking him whether he was the exchange. And things had reached the pitch at which he was prepared to make a chilly answer that began with "Madam, I must really ask you..." when the voice without warning changed its tone to one of penitence and pleading. This was extremely true to sex of it. It said: "Oh, please, do let me have them, please."

"I would if I could, you may be sure," said Peter, "only —"

"I realise it's terribly annoying for you, but at any moment somebody may come in, and then I shall be done for. This is my only chance to get them, really. Couldn't you just this once get off the line?"

"I do keep hanging up, but our lines must be crossed."

"They're crossed out altogether, if you ask me. Oh, what am I to do?"

"Why, tell me what you want," said Peter. "I'll go round to the exchange on foot, knock at the door, and make them ring up and explain themselves to you."

"They mustn't ring up here. No one must."

"If I can do anything at all..."

"If you mean that, listen. I want the exchange to ring a number in the morning, call a man, tell him it's half-past seven, and make certain he gets up. I can't ring him myself from here, but he must be called. He isn't home this evening, and I don't know where he is. To-morrow I shan't be able to use this phone at all, and so I want the exchange to put a call through for me."

"Pretend I'm the exchange. I'll wake him up all right."

"But can you? Will you? If you do, say this — that I've already started, and I shall be at the Albert Gate to Kensington Gardens by the time you ring him. You must be sure to say I've gone, and then he can't call it off."

"Believe me," said Peter, jotting down the number she now gave him, "I shall not forget you."

My Favorite Poem

The Conclusion

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.
—Sir Walter Raleigh.
Sent in by "Cec," Gympie, Qld.

That could be taken both ways. "Well, you're an angel," said the voice, and went. The funny thing was that she left him feeling as if he were one, really.

VALERIE LESLIE stood on the kerb. Her little hat was snow-flecked; there was snow even on her nose. Her cheeks were pink, her hands were in the pockets of her coat, her feet were close together as if to guard against the possibility of frost-bite. Behind her was a suit-case, and her eyes looked up the main road in an anxious manner. When a car really pulled up, however, she didn't recognise it, and yet out stepped a young man who approached her hat in hand. The snow blew across his hair.

"Excuse me, but I think you must be the lady I spoke to on the telephone last night. I'm the man who said he'd ring up on your behalf, and the fact is I've done so, but I had to come along in person. There's bad news."

"He isn't still in bed... leaving me here on a day like this?"

"Well, he's got influenza."

Complete Short Story

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

"What?" Her look was horrified. "Does he say that? He means he's sneezed twice."

"He says," reported Peter, "that he has a temperature which is 150 one minute, and 14 the next, with aches and pains in his legs and arms, neuralgia, and semi-blindness. And that his doctor is practically outside with a gun in his hand to stop him getting up."

"Then what does he expect me to do?"

"He said you had better go home again, and wait until he's better."

"Now, what do you think of that?" asked Valerie Leslie.

"I thought of you waiting in the snow."

"That's nice of you." She gave him a scrutinising look, as if comparing him with the image she had conjured up last night, and she did not seem disappointed. "But I don't see why you should be bothered. Did he know who you were?"

"I said I was the exchange."

"Then how did he expect I was going to hear from you, considering I'd left home?"

"He supposed you would wait a certain time and then go home in disgust, and he would ring you there."

"He didn't say why he hadn't told me all this last night?"

"He didn't. No."

"Then the fact is he had forgotten all about it, as I feared he would. And that's just how things turn out. The only person you can depend on in the world proves to be spineless."

"I'm afraid I'm absolutely in the dark about the whole business."

She gave him a steady look, and then, as if deciding to trust him, and to save time by avoiding all prevarication, she said levelly:

"I'm running away."

"But surely, not with him?"

"Good gracious, no. He's my brother. He simply said that if it ever got too much for me, I was to let him know, and he'd run me down to the country in his car, to save the fare. You see I haven't got any money of my own at all."

"That," he said, "is always a predicament."

"And it did get too much, and I did tell him. And he said I was to pack and be ready, and then slip out of the house in the early morning and meet him, so nobody would know then whether he knew where I'd gone or not. So there you are, one day he was all sympathy and fine promises, and on the vital one he pretends he's too ill to move. Why, if he were in trouble, I'd get out of bed if I had pneumonia. You say he said I would go home again?"

"He hoped so."

"I'm not the kind of girl who goes home again."

"I don't believe you are."

"Besides I left a note there. Am I to go home and explain to them in person what it meant?"

He looked unhappily up the road. She stamped her foot and her cheeks grew pinker.

"You might, of course, ring up your-



Valerie Leslie stood on the kerb. Her little hat was snow-flecked. There was snow even on her nose.

self," said Peter. "But I don't think I would."

"If he's made up his mind to leave me in the lurch, because he's sneezed twice, that's the end of it."

"Then," said Peter gravely, "you had better let me take his place."

She now regarded him with sedate and yet seductive eyes. Her hair was dark, and her lips were red in spite of the cold. The corners of her mouth expressed her mood in a subtle way.

"One always seems to get more kindness from other people's brothers than from one's own. I couldn't let you do anything. I mean, there's no reason for drawing you into it at all. It was simply that our lines crossed. I couldn't get out to phone. I didn't want them to hear me ringing up, and I did want to make sure he was called. And the phone's in their room, so I couldn't use it this morning, even."

"But don't you realise," said Peter, "you are standing in the snow. You haven't any money, and you don't intend to go back. And even if you

He watched her walk down the road towards a call-box on the corner. Then he picked up her bag and was going to put it into his dicky when he noticed a long ribbon hanging down. He stooped to open the catches sufficiently to raise the lid, and push this ribbon out of sight, but when it was open he stayed looking into it with a surprised expression.

The ribbon belonged to an apron which lay on top. The remaining contents of the bag were solely articles of silver. They had been bundled in anyhow, and tightly packed. Proudly thoughtful, he lifted the bag at last, and put it away in the dicky, and then he stood by the bonnet waiting for Valerie to come back, and his brows were drawn together.

PETER had been worrying, and now that they had been driving for half an hour, he broached the subject.

"I don't know whether you care to say anything about all this to a

A girl runs away—and meets love

did have money, and it wasn't snowing, and you could go back, I should still hope you would let me drive you where you want to go."

"But it's right down in Hampshire."

"Just a nice drive."

"Do you really mean you'll take me?"

"Certainly."

"Then I will just ring up my brother once, and tell him exactly what I think of him, and I'll say that after this he need never bother about me ever again."

She turned away, but swung back and faced him. "I'm awfully sorry, but could you lend me two-pence? I haven't got a penny."

"You don't think you ought to go over and see your brother?"

"No, I don't. I know his ailments. He always imagines he's got something. Let someone else look after him. No one looks after me. Except," she added, impulsively, "you."

stranger like myself, but I keep wondering why you are running away, and what exactly from? Have you been a companion to somebody?"

"Hardly that. Just a step-daughter."

"Oh, your father..."

"My father is a very cross, excitable and selfish old man, and my mother's dead. My father married again, and I was one of the articles of furniture taken over with the home. He wouldn't let me go out and earn my own living. He wanted me at their beck and call all the time, to help in the house. Well while he was a widower I didn't mind but he's chosen to marry a woman nobody likes. She hates me and I hate her. He won't give me an allowance, and she controls everything I spend, as if I were sixteen. In fact, I even have to go to her for bus fares. They won't let me earn my living, and they want me to marry an idiotic creature

By
Hylton
Cleaver

whom I also hate. The only way was to turn out and work for myself, and I can never do that from that house, so I had to bunk. And as I haven't any money at all, I had to depend on my brother to get me away, and you see how good he was, don't you?"

"And so," he said quietly, "all your possessions are in that bag behind?" She did not look at him; she was keeping her eyes fixed on the leafless trees ahead.

"Possessions? I don't really dare to call these clothes my own. They were bought for me by her out of what she likes to call 'their money.'"

After a moment's thought upon this she turned and looked at his profile shrewdly.

"Are you a fighter... like I am?"

"Good Lord, yes... One of my ancestors was Irish."

"And are you going to be on my side?"

"I am at your side now, and here I stay."

She smiled as she thought things over. "When you take things into your hands at last, you have to risk a bit. I've risked it. There'll be no end of a row. And I don't want you drawn into it."

"I don't see why any fight you have should be a private one."

"Because that bag behind is full of silver."

"You don't say so?"

"It's all I brought. An apron somebody gave me to do housework in, and all my swimming prizes."

PETER changed his expression slightly as he drove. The snow was still falling, and the road was shushy.

"You must be a bit of a champion to have won all these pots already?"

"They're all mine anyway. I didn't even bring my clothes they'd given me, except what I'm wearing now. I had to come in something. But I'm going to pawn these prizes, and then get whatever I most need for myself."

"I'm not sure that won't make you a 'pro,'... pawning prizes."

"I can't help it. I would be a 'pro.' If there were any jobs going, but in midwinter that's too hopeless. The girl I'm going to now is an old friend of mine, and she runs a tea-shop in Farnham. And she gives dancing lessons, too. I'm going to help her till she gets somebody else."

"I wonder," said Peter, "whether she puts up boards. I wouldn't mind coming and staying there for Christmas."

"Are you a lonely person, too?"

"An awful person, that's why I'm left so alone. I don't know about you, but I didn't wait for any breakfast before I started out this morning. In fact, I didn't even shave. We'd better stop here and have ham and eggs, I think. We could both do with some of that."

"I'm afraid I can't run to breakfast. You men don't understand. I'm broke. I'm on the run."

"Then you must pick up all you get on route. That's only common sense." He offered her a comical grimace and drew in beside the kerb.

"Wait till you notice the small of kidneys and bacon, you won't be able to resist it."

Slowly she followed him in with a rather worried look, and when she was at his side again, she said:

"I'm beginning to wonder what you do for a living, and whether you oughtn't to be at some city office by now, and what will happen when you don't turn up."

"The world will still go on," said Peter. "Some people have to die before they realise their very small importance in the whole machinery, but I can quite appreciate mine now."

Her dark eyes were upon his still. He certainly intrigued her.

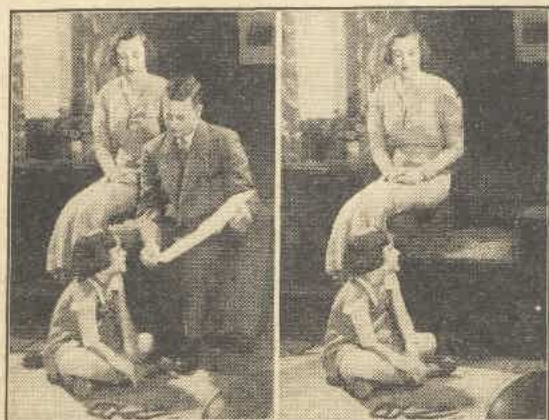
THE policeman was there when they came out. He must, in fact, have been there quite a time. He was a mobile policeman, and he had not come in to look for the owner of the car; he was too busy taking notes, and he turned as Peter emerged with Valerie at his side. The way he pointed his pencil marked that subtle distinction between the manner of the law's representative when he feels quite sure we could never break the law, and when he feels just as sure that we have broken it already.

"I see the taxing of your car is out of date."

Please turn to Page 35



"A sure friend in uncertain times."



Supposing your chair fell vacant?

AN unpleasant thought, but it is well for a man to face it; what would happen to your family if, through accident or sudden fatal illness, your place in the family circle fell vacant? What provision have you made for that possibility? You can make provision quite simply by becoming a member of the A.M.P. Say that you are 30 next birthday. You can make provision for your wife to receive £1,000 in the event of your death (even if it should occur the next day) by making a quarterly deposit equal to less than 10/- a week. The moment the first deposit is made the provision is made; the obligation to protect your family is met. If, as you expect, you live to a ripe old age, bonuses may easily double the amount assured; at least, that has been the experience of members; some policies have even trebled.

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Essence of the CONTRACT

A Complete Short Story



THE butler showed Jimmy Stocks directly into the study where, impressively tall and immaculate, Mr. Fortescue was seated before a log fire.

"My daughter told me that probably you would call," said Mr. Fortescue with detached courtesy, and

to Jimmy's faint surprise stretched out a slender hand to the bell. "Perhaps it would be as well to send for her," he added, and in this contrived to render a strict, but rather detached, impartiality the keynote of the interview, as though he designed that her presence should preclude the possibility of bias.

Betty came in, her blue and silver dinner frock adding so poignantly to her beauty that, as always at first sight of her, Jimmy had trouble with his heart and breathing.

"Good evening, Jimmy dear," she said, and kissed him unrestrainedly; and in that unsolicited caress her father recognised something in the nature of an ultimatum. However, beyond a slight tightening of the lips, he made no sign that he realised it as such.

"And now?" he said levelly, when both were seated, Jimmy in the chair facing him, and Betty on the chesterfield.

Jimmy drew a deep breath, and glancing across at Betty, drew both encouragement and instruction from her glance. He pulled himself together. "Mr. Fortescue," he said bravely, "this afternoon I asked Betty to marry me, and, subject to your approval, she so honored me as to consent. I have come to ask your approval of our engagement."

"Upon what grounds?" inquired Mr. Fortescue.

The question came with a detached impartiality that left Jimmy, momentarily, at a loss. What exactly did he mean, anyway?

"Upon the grounds that we—er—love one another," he said at last, rather inadequately.

"Which, even granting my daughter's support, may be regarded less as justification than an excuse," observed Mr. Fortescue.

This was simply awful. Jimmy broke into a gentle, but perceptible perspiration, and as there didn't seem any answer adequate to the occasion, there was nothing to do but wait for the next move.

"How old are you?" Mr. Fortescue went on detachedly to inquire.

"Thirty-two," said Jimmy, now on firmer ground.

"And your record?" said Mr. Fortescue interestedly.

Another snag. Jimmy glanced across at Betty, who smiled further tremulous encouragement. Jimmy swallowed nervously.

"I'm afraid I've been a bit of a drifter, sir," he said at last. "I got rather badly crooked in '18, and was more or less under the weather for two or three years; until, in fact, the trade slump came. You see, I went on, 'I have a few hundred a year of my own, and no very expensive tastes.'"

"Which means, I take it," said Betty's father, "that at the moment you have no profession whatever?"

"Nothing to speak of," Jimmy admitted, with a feeling of mental nakedness.

BETTY glanced at her father, and then very deliberately got up from her seat and perched herself on the arm of Jimmy's chair, her arm flung across the broad back. A declaration at which, even if his jaw tightened a little further, her father made no direct comment. Instead, he passed on to a biographical cross-examination which elicited from the perspiring supplicant the information that his father had been vicar in a Yorkshire city. That in the intervals of preparatory and public school Jimmy had lived there, but that, left an orphan during the war, he now occupied a two-room suite in the Adelphi. The only spark of relief to Jimmy was that, apart from acquired and unavoidable idleness, the cross-examination elicited nothing to his detriment.

But when, these points more or less assimilated, Mr. Fortescue turned to Betty, Jimmy became conscious of a change in the atmosphere. In a way he found it difficult to define, for there was no relaxation in the detached impartiality of the older man's features; it was borne in upon him how great a gift he was demanding.

"And you," said her father to Betty, "what have you to say? Is it your wish to marry Mr.—er—Stocks?"

"I shouldn't be sitting here if it wasn't," said Betty simply.

Followed a brief silence, during which, presumably, each contemplated the position.

"You realise, I hope," Mr. Fortescue said at last, turning his calm gaze upon Jimmy, "that from a worldly point of view my daughter's choice is, perhaps, not particularly fortunate?"

JIMMY flushed. Until the utterly glorious moment when he had awakened to the fact that Betty was not only in his arms, but was making no apparent effort to be elsewhere, this was the point which had kept him silent. Now, involuntarily, his hand crept upwards to meet the one drooping over the chair back.

"Of course, I know I've got to have some kind of an assured position before..." He allowed the remainder of the assurance to take care of itself.

"Have you any such position in view?" inquired the older man.

"Er—not at the moment," Jimmy admitted, the feeling of bodily dampness once more asserting itself.

Then: "Do you know anything about dyeing?" Mr. Fortescue asked surprisingly.

Jimmy raised his eyebrows. "I was in France for four years," he said.

So far as, in Jimmy's brief experience, Mr. Fortescue's countenance

By **L. C. DOUTHWAITE**

was capable of change, it registered perplexity now. Then light seemed to dawn. "I was not referring to human mortality," he explained rather coldly, "but to the business of dyeing."

Jimmy flushed, feeling more than ever an ass. "I've never had much to do with business at all," he said. "Of course, living in Bradford, I was brought into fairly intimate contact with the trade, but never actively."

Mr. Fortescue appeared to reflect. "A pity," he said. "Otherwise it would have given me pleasure to—er—make a suggestion to you."

Jimmy looked up alertly. "Of course I'll do anything I can," he said.

Mr. Fortescue considered for a moment, and when he spoke it was slowly and deliberately. "Some time ago I financed the installation of a small dye-works," he said at last, "and although the result of the first year's trading was extremely satisfactory, it is my wish to dispose of my interest."

He paused, regarding Jimmy with an intentness the latter found rather disconcerting. "I suggest that you endeavor to arrange the sale," he added. "If you are successful, come to me again, and—the rather chilly refinement of the voice was warmed momentarily by a suggestion of cordiality—"well, it will be possible to discuss your future relationship with my daughter on a more satisfactory basis."

An amazing suggestion, surely. Jimmy stared rather helplessly before him. Then he was aware that the small hand he lightly held withdrew itself to close with definite pressure over his own. He did not know why, but he became immediately conscious of a sense of warning. After all, why should a man—particularly one whose keenness of vision was evidenced by unusual commercial prosperity—wish to sell out of a concern which, by his own showing, possessed all the earmarks of ultimate success?

It appeared, however, that the cards were to be on the table. Afterwards Jimmy wondered if the prospective vendor had noticed, and appreciated at its correct significance that silent pressure of the hand.

"I may say that the circumstance which influences this decision," Mr. Fortescue went on, "is that, under trial, the process, which is new, and in a measure experimental, displays a grave and insurmountable defect. It is necessary, therefore, to sell out before the fault becomes generally evident and the concern collapses."

Jimmy remained silent, assimilating both the information and the ethical position involved. Before he was ready to speak, however, Mr. Fortescue broke in again.

"To list the business for sale would be a confession of weakness," he said. "Hence it will be necessary for me to be approached to sell, rather than that I should put the concern openly on the market." He gave a slight cough. "Thus," he concluded, "the transaction is one likely to afford a convincing test of your capacity." A point upon which, after a hurried mental review of the position, Jimmy was in wholehearted agreement.

"Quite," he said. And as he spoke had a curious impression that the fingers about his hand rather relaxed their pressure. "Er—what, exactly, is this weakness you speak of?" he went on to inquire.

"The colors are not sufficiently durable," Mr. Fortescue explained. "I know of none more beautiful for the fabrics they are designed for—curtains, cushion-covers, and the like—nor which stand up so well under any known laboratory test. It was upon these qualities that so large a business has been founded in such a short time." Came again one of those eminently significant pauses.

"Recently, however, and particularly from the tropics, where the major portion of our business is transacted, there have been complaints of the colors fading. Complaints which upon investigation have proved to be only too fully justified. A little frown corrugated his forehead.

"Fortunately," Mr. Fortescue added, on a more encouraging note, "the complaints came too late to affect our present balance-sheet. It will be next year, when the repeat orders fail to materialize, that the figures will be adverse. And naturally," he reasoned calmly, "I should like to get out before the fundamental weakness of our position becomes generally known."

The position thus made clear, Jimmy nodded. He understood completely. When he spoke there was a little light in his eyes which Mr. Fortescue did not fail to observe.

"And you wish me to undertake the sale?" inquired Jimmy.

"Only," Mr. Fortescue reminded him, "in order to—er—test your capabilities."

"Very good, sir," said Jimmy. "I'll do my best."

IN a way he was unable to pin down, Betty's attitude towards the suggested test was not as responsive as he might have wished. It was as though, somehow, she was holding something back.

"At any rate your father didn't treat me with the scorn and derision the fact that I've never done an honest day's work in my life would seem to call for," he observed in the drawing-room afterwards.

"Satisfactory—so far as it goes," she said in a rather detached voice, her eyes searching his.

"And now, of course, it's up to me," he said, with not too much assurance. There was a quality in the directness of her glance he found rather disconcerting.

"Yes," she agreed; "it's up to you."

As he sat beside her in what should have been an hour of especial happiness he was conscious of the same absence of spontaneity. The shining moment had come, and its lustre was lacking in splendour. Her spirit did not go out to meet his in the frankness of which, previously, he had been so joyously conscious.

As he walked home he asked himself if it were possible that, now the decisive step had been taken, she was beginning to regret.

However, turning it over dispassionately, he did not think that this was the explanation of her new reserve. She had not given her love lightly, nor confessed it prematurely, and she was not of the type who change. He thought of the look that had come into her eyes when first he had kissed her—the look which in a woman's life but one man may call forth—and of how her arms had clung to him.

More convincing still was the bravery with which, when the interview with her father was going against him, she had left the neutrality of the chesterfield to range herself on the arm of his chair. He felt that at all costs the veil which threatened the clean and tender frankness of their love must be swept definitely aside. He had fought too hard to run the risk of losing her.

Please turn to Page 25

LOWDOWN About a Highbrow PARTY!

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

One of the Bourgeoisie looks in at a Soiree

I'm afraid I shall never be cultured. Lord knows I've tried, but somehow when people see me they say, "Who's that bourgeois bouncer?" or something like that, and the hostess replies, "Oh, I had to ask him because he's so handy at winding up the gramophone. There's no need to talk to him. He doesn't expect it."

I went to a soiree last Tuesday. I was not too sure what a soiree was, so I went along out of pure curiosity.

WHEN I got there the place was full of geniuses lounging about chatting about Beethoven. I didn't know who the chap was, but by the conversation he must have been a head man, so entering into the spirit of the thing I said that in my opinion "Doggry" Matthews was the greatest lightweight that ever fought in a ring. They just sort of looked at me and one kindly fellow said: "Reallah! How interesting!"

And that was that. Then some chinless youth with a moustache like the shadow of an anaemic cut-worm started to play the piano, and one of the ladies present said to me, "Don't you adore Wagner?"

I wasn't going to be caught again without a struggle, so I said, "Well I do and I don't." But it was no good. She kept at me and at the finish I said, "Well, to tell you the truth, I've never eaten the stuff." That was a wide.

They served tea then. TEA!! If it was meant as a joke it was in very poor taste. An author put a cushion on the floor and sat next to me. The hostess explained to me later than he had to do this because he was a Bohemian. She confided to me that he once actually walked through the city with no collar and tie on just for devilment.

Well, a man like that has got to be respected. He said to me, "You know, looking at it negatively, so to speak, Dadaism is frightfully ephemeral."

I said, "Yes. You're quite right."

"Speaking from your soul, now—although I am not sure of the soul—what is your real opinion of Dadaism?"

"I think Bernard Shaw was right," I replied.

He dropped his cup on the floor and giggled girlishly. More Bohemianism, I suppose. I asked him who published his books and he said that no one published his books because publishers had no understanding of soul, and he said that he wrote them to express his subconsciousness. He did not care for inwardness. He was hell bent for outwardness. I told him that I was heartily in favor of it myself.

"Do you play Mah Jong, Mr. Lower?" asked the hostess, waiting up to me.

I was getting a bit fed up by this time. "Mah Jong," I said, "went out with straw hats and diablo. I'll pull you on at Tip-the-Finger if you like."

This was too ruffianly for her, so I suggested a game of Hiddings.

"Hiddings? How do you play?" she asked.

"Well, you all go and hide while I count a hundred real slow and then I go and sing out, 'Coming, ready or not,' and look for you and the first one I find is IT."

One of the geniuses said that he thought it would be awfully amusing, and the Bohemian said that it would be thrillingly unconventional, so the game started.

They all biffed off and planted themselves securely.

I started to count and got my hat and stick and spats and opened the door very quietly and left, and for all I know

Illustrated by WEP

An intense moment at the highbrow party.



they are still hiding. Which is O.K. by me, maestro.

The Boston Spirit

NOW, for a real party commend me to the Fourth of July, when all the exiled Yanks in town gather together and burn their eyeballs off with fireworks, and their tongs out with fire-water. The fact that you were born in Australia makes no difference to the celebration.

I finished up weeping bitterly because George Washington was dead. You all know about George Washington; he was the only American who ever told the truth, and he became world-famous on account of it. He used to give his father a hand about the orchard with his little hatchet. He it was who said, "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, come up and see me some time," or words to that effect.

I had a Side-car and a Mule's Hoof before the party started (always best to

get in early), and then we sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and I obliged with "Advance Australia's Fare" to give the thing a cosmopolitan flavor, and they gave me another Side-car.

I wanted to play my musical saw but had forgotten to bring my music, so as I cannot play with my ear I had to call it off. The music, that is. There was a beautiful girl there. She sat on my knee. Very intelligent girl, too. She said I was clever. She sang "Gravy Bones." Her sweet voice still haunts me: "Gravy

bones; sitting in the scum; how you goin' to do your day's work dumb . . ."

Anyhow, about half-way through the party we decided to knock off for breakfast, and I fell asleep in mine and remembered nothing more until I awoke curled up alongside the bacon with egg all over my new suit.

So I missed the best part, but I'm going into training, and next Independence Day you ought to watch the Stop-Press column in the newspapers and read about me.

BID HIGH With Care WHEN Playing CONTRACT!

Sound Foundation for Successful Play

Upon the accuracy of partner's responses depends the whole edifice of contract bridge bidding, as Ely Culbertson, world's champion player, and Dr. F. V. McAdam, Australia's well-known contract bridge authority, emphasise in the following article.

Beginners at contract bridge will find these weekly articles extremely helpful.

By Dr. F. V. McADAM

THE raising of an original suit bid is a contract fundamental where precision is vital. Slipshod methods and haphazard guesswork will wreck the entire structure.

The responding hand counts up:
(1) Trump honors and lengths.
(2) Side honors and lengths.
(3) Short suits (trumping tricks).

The total of these three types of tricks is the number of playing tricks in the supporting hand. The original bid announces 2½ honor tricks, and four playing tricks. Supporting hand adds its playing tricks to those already announced by declarer and raises (or passes) accordingly. Holding 4 (or 3½)

By ELY CULBERTSON: No. XXV—Bridge Fundamentals.

Raises of Suit Bids of One

IN raising partner's suit bid of one, a player should remember that his partner's bid may be an absolute minimum; but that on the other hand it may consist of a five honor-trick hand. Therefore, he should endeavor to give his partner a chance to rebid, even when his hand is quite weak. A raise of the latter type is known as a "shaded raise."

The Distributional Count

THE scale of raises depends entirely on the distributional count, which divides tricks in the responding hand into four classes—namely, honor-tricks, trump-tricks, long-suit tricks and short-suit tricks.

Honor-tricks are counted in the re-

playing tricks, responding hand realises that up to this stage of the bidding the partnership has, all told, eight tricks with the suit named as trumps.

The declaration is raised once, and the contract is for 2 odd. With 5 playing tricks the partnership has a total of 9 tricks. A double raise is given, and the contract is for 3 odd. With six supporting tricks in the responding hand, the partnership can account for 10 tricks, and the contract in major suits is for 4 odd or game.

It is worthy of note that a double raise should usually include about 1½ honor tricks, while to raise partner's one bid to game definitely proclaims the presence of 2½ honor tricks in the hand.

spending hand in the same way as they are counted in the opening hand.

Trump-tricks are counted as follows:

TRUMP-TRICKS IN PARTNER'S BID SUIT

Trump Length	Count	Trump Honors*	Count
With 3 cards	0 trick	Ace	1 trick
4 cards	3 trick**	King	1 trick
5 cards	1 trick	Queen	1 trick
		Knave	1 trick
6 cards	2 tricks	Queen	1 trick

To trump-tricks counted for length, add honors if holding at least 3 trumps.

*To avoid duplication of values, do not count more than 1½ tricks for honors in partner's bid suit, no matter how many are held.

**Count four of partner's suit as worth 1 trick for length if headed by knave,

or 10-9, but, as only ½ trick for length if headed by any other cards.

Tricks in side suits include long-suit tricks and short-suit tricks. In counting long-suit tricks in side suits, no value is given to a three-card suit. A four-card suit counts as 1 trick, a five-card suit as a full trick, and a six-card suit as two tricks. No tricks should be counted for a four-card suit headed by a card below the ten, and no long-suit tricks at all should be counted in a suit bid by the opponents.

In counting short-suit tricks, again no value is given to a three-card suit. A two-card suit, or a doubleton, however, is counted as one full trick if the hand contains four trumps. If the hand contains only three trumps, it is worth but half a trick. This is only natural because of the increased chances of being able to ruff partner's losers if the trump suit is longer. When a singleton is held, it is counted as ½ trick with four trumps, or as one trick with three trumps. A void suit counts, respectively, as 3 tricks and 2 tricks.

The player should learn to count all his supporting tricks each time before considering a raise. He should also be sure never to raise unless his hand contains adequate trump support, which consists of either Q x x or x x x x. A shaded single raise (from one to two); should be given on 2½ to 3½ supporting tricks, even if the hand contains no honor-tricks whatsoever. If necessary in order to give partner another chance to bid.

If the opponent to the right of the responding hand has over-called the opening bid, a single raise should be given only on 3½ to 4½ supporting tricks. A double raise should be given on about 5 to 6 supporting tricks, including 2 to 2½ honor-tricks (exceptionally 1½). A triple raise should be given on 6½ to 7½ supporting tricks, including 2½ to 3-plus honor tricks.

These raising requirements apply particularly to major. In the case of minor suits it is frequently advisable to reserve part of the full number of raises the hand contains so as not to shut out a possible contract of three no-trump.

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FOR COUGHS and COLDS

An Editorial

JULY 14, 1934.

WOMAN AND DEMOCRACY

FEDERAL elections, looming ahead, call attention to the happy position of woman in general, and the Australian woman in particular, under a democratic form of government.



Women visitors from abroad have frequently expressed the opinion that Australian women take very little active interest in politics and they have suggested that this indicates a sense of inferiority. The fact is that, though she may not take a public part in politics, the Australian woman exercises a potent influence at election times, not only because of her voting power, but because of the high esteem in which her opinion is held by the male members of her household.

Side by side with their menfolk, the women of Australia have fought the battles of a new land. The victories and defeats of their lives have developed in them a warmth of heart, a generous sympathy with the trials of others, which are the very pillars of Democracy.

There has never been any serious question of the Australian woman being in an "inferior" position because of her sex. If differences of political opinions do not bother her greatly, it is because she sees the man, the child, and the home as more important than any passing phase of politics.

A glance round the world of to-day amply proves that no other form of government gives woman so fair a deal as a democratic government. A further glance should convince the average Australian woman that her lot is Paradise, indeed, compared with that of the majority of women in the other countries of the world.

Australian women have not had to struggle for political freedom. This privilege, to which our present generation of women has been born, is a blessing unknown to the women of many other lands. Undoubtedly, there is a danger that our women may feel there is no call for any special effort on their part to preserve their heritage.

More serious thought should show that the privileges so freely granted by Democracy are worth a great effort to hold and develop.

There is much in our own house which calls for the help of the Australian woman to set in order, and everything done well in Australia will bring nearer the realisation of that federation of the countries of the world of which all good men and women dream.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Ocean Careers for Boys

A MOVE is afoot to train Australian boys for the sea. Less than a quarter of the seamen and boatswains employed round our coasts are Australian-born. Yet Australians are proverbially energetic, adaptable and lovers of change. Apart from other considerations, the sea should provide many of them with a congenial means of earning a livelihood.

One thing is quite certain. If we do not man our coastal vessels with Australians, that avenue of work will eagerly be seized by young men of other nationalities.

The dramatic re-entry of Greece into the world of shipping is at present astounding the world and causing much distress among British seamen. Surely it holds a lesson Australia might well heed.

Heads and Tails

ONCE every twenty years or so men decide to modify their fashions and, at the moment, there is an upheaval in head and "tails" modes.

English manufacturers are confident of a boom in straw hats, and factories are making tons of them. Nor are these straws all of the plain cream variety. Fancy shades of fawn and brown to match men's suits are being made, by one firm alone, at the rate of 180 dozen a day. So the battle of the boater is won, and it only remains for women to cheer the spoils of the victors.

Tails, too, have undergone a searching change. In the best circles, tails are now longer, narrower, and the evening coats which they adorn are cutaway to the modern ballooning trend in trousers.

But women need not greatly fear a theft of their fashion limelight. The male mind only grapples with one fashion problem per generation, and men still have to weigh the question of each of their twenty-seven superfluous pockets before radically modifying their passion for sombre and stuffy attire.

A Hard Deal

SURELY there is need for governmental legislation to safeguard purchasers of second-hand furniture and antiques from securing at auction places riddled with the borer. Purchases are introduced into the home, and the destructive pest extends its operations to other fields, generally making for the nearest wooden article.

Unscrupulous dealers camouflage borer-eaten articles in various ways, while others make no attempt to hide the damage. Many people do not get time to make a careful examination of articles put up for sale, and all too often the discovery is made too late. It would be a solution of the problem if the law provided a suitable penalty for the sale of borer-infected furniture.—"Devon."

Motors and Millinery

AMERICA'S Secretary of Labor, Miss Frances Perkins, has been orating vigorously against the new fashions in motor cars. "Putting style into the automobile is one of the most absurd things the industry ever did," she says, and she also contends that "Keeping up with Paris" in hats is another industrial calamity.

She would like to see styles in cars and hats standardised. This, she holds, would make for a stable flow of work and abolish the recurrent peaks and valleys in production. She herself wears the same style of hat year in, year out.

Here seems a short view. Progress demands change, and human nature thrives on it. A dead level of monotony in styles of cars, hats, or anything else now subject to fashion fluctuations, would not necessarily result in a steady flow of output.

If all hats are alike many people will go bareheaded. If all cars are alike fewer cars will be bought. Such stabilisation will abolish the peaks of production and deepen the valleys. Surely the best thing that could happen to industry would be to extend the scrapping process of old models in cars, hats, and their like.

Breaking a Record

THIS is an age in which we acclaim, often with extravagant huzzas, the breakers of records, and so we have developed an enthusiasm for record-breaking which is only partly justifiable.

We can scarcely over-praise the Great Adventurers of history, the men who patiently plodded out a new caravan track, charted a new sea route or blazed a new track across the skies.

Yet, at the back of these men were other record-breakers, of whom history is usually distressingly silent. What of the men whose skill at designing and engineering or plain hammering and riveting placed the man at the helm or in the cockpit? Could we not sometimes spare a handclap for the humblest workman of them all?

And can we not recognise as pure bunk such "record-breaking" as the dancing or swimming



THE VESPER BELL: For centuries the pealing of bells has summoned countless generations of human beings to religious worship. There are few sounds that arouse deeper feelings and stir the emotions more than a chime of bells.

or pole-sitting or tree-roosting for an incredible number of hours. When cupidity, vanity or a passion for advertisement are the forces behind a "record-breaking" stunt, it scarcely deserves the kudos it usually collects.

Imprisoned by Wives

THE law relating to wife maintenance has been arousing interest among women's organisations in Victoria, and all agree that more stringent measures should be adopted to enforce payment to deserted wives. Gaol and the threat of gaol has been suggested as a panacea to thwart delinquent husbands.

Is this wise in all circumstances? Consider the recent incarceration of two old men, one 80 and the other 83 years of age, in the Metropolitan Gaol (Melbourne), for non-compliance with maintenance orders. Not by order of the court, but by their wives signing commitment warrants, these two poor old chaps were imprisoned until they could find money to comply with orders. Their wives' wishes had to be carried out by law.

Sympathetic penal authorities released the ancients unconditionally, after three days and nights in the cells, although the period of imprisonment is indefinite. A Court of Domestic Relations, as has been advocated in The Australian Women's Weekly, is obviously needed.—M.B.

Mrs. Brown and the Garden Sparrows' Nest!

This charming real life parable, written by a prominent Queensland woman, is a defence of woman's notorious lack of logic. As Mrs. Ellerton remarks: "If women were logical, the world would be a less happy place."

By FLORENCE HUNTER ELLERTON

MRS. BROWN is my housekeeper and rules with a rod of iron all those immediately under her control.

Her recreation is in the garden, and for many moons we have had much discussion regarding sparrows and their depredations.

"What's to be done about them?" Mrs. Brown asked. "They want killing," she said, "with a gun."

According to her account these feathered rascals picked out her newly-planted seed, or ate the tiny shoots as they appeared; and during the limited time in which they were not occupied in these ways they made holes for their dust baths among her most precious seedlings, with wings and feet scattering them to the four winds.

"Something will have to be done!" I said upon many occasions. When I could find the gun I couldn't locate the man. And when the man stood by my side I certainly couldn't find the gun.

So time passed, but unfortunately with its passing the sparrows did not improve their ways, and Mrs. Brown grew more insistent that something must be done to kill them all, or they would eat up the whole garden.

"Paris green would settle the plague without any trouble to them, or to us," she said. "A neighbor tried it, and the sparrows simply ate it for their breakfast, flew away, and did not return."

A FEW days ago we had a bad thunderstorm, with so much rain that a sparrow's nest was swept out of a tree, containing two tiny unfledged birds which were rescued by Mrs. Brown in the height of the storm from being swept down a gutter.

She threw the nest away because "It was wet and not fit for baby birds," and kept them in a flannel blanket in her bed until morning.

"They have to be fed hourly!" she said. "Their parents would feed them as often as that," so with them on her knee, and chirping as well as she could, she got them to open their very large beaks and swallow little scraps of food, softened in warm milk.

IN the morning the baby sparrows were put on the sunny lawn in the blanket in order that the mother bird might hear or see them, and come to feed them.

Mrs. Brown could attend to no household duties. They had to be watched lest pussy should find her way near.

A few large butterflies flitted past. Orange ones, blue ones, and cream, but the babies on the blanket did not interest them. Then a pair of willy-wagtails made an inspection, but claimed no relationship, and off they flew.

Their first chirrup brought a little fawn sparrow from a nearby tree. It was Mamma, who, after much twittering and fussing, excitedly flew back to the tree and brought down what was presumably the whole naughty sparrow family.

A corroboree was held, and finally Papa and Mamma were left alone with their offspring. The latter, evidently with no time to spare, flew hither and thither, catching unwary insects on the wing, and there was no filling those babies' noisy little squawks, mainly consisting of mouth.

At dusk they were carried on the blanket each evening by Mrs. Brown to her bedroom (lest cat or rat might account for them) until about a week later they were able to fly off with Mamma, when the household work was resumed as before their arrival.

"If women were logical, the world would be a less happy spot."

A Woman's "Who's Who"

IN England, the House of Hutchinson has published the first woman's "Who's Who." The publication classifies women in all departments of life, and gives an eloquent index to what women have done in the last few years. For instance, there are now in England 2500 women doctors, 2500 women Justices of the Peace, 84 women architects, 26 women veterinary-surgeons, 300 women County Councillors, and 150 women air pilots.

A woman's "Who's Who" in Australia is needed to let us know everybody who is anybody. Relatively, its index would be as illuminating as the English publication.—V.M.

FROM SUE TO LOU

A Bright Girl's Letters.



The Greater LOVE

A COMPLETE
SHORT STORY

SHE had not meant it to happen, but there was something inevitable in it. Five years of waiting, and then this moment... She was oblivious of everything that she should have remembered....

SOMEBODY was singing in the square. An old woman in tattered black, with an old, quavering voice. Deirdre Seymour leaned from her bedroom window and flung down a coin. The woman bent and groped for it with clawlike fingers, lifted a lined face in momentary thanks, then took up her song again.

The girl moved back into the room, her eyes bright with pain.

If only she would sing something else. She couldn't bear to hear that song to-night—the haunting melody with its memory-torturing words rising so incongruously from the tattered, hopeless figure.

"The Wayfarer's Song." It was five years since she had heard it last. She had wanted never to hear it again.

"Night in the valley and wind on the heath.

A roof of stars and the warm earth beneath.

Leaves for a bed when the day's work is done...."

She slipped on her frock, a soft, filmy thing of misty blue. It was only when it was on that she remembered with angry pain that she had been wearing just that shade of blue on that night, five years ago....

It was ridiculous that she should feel like that, she told herself sharply. Absurd that she should feel anything at all for a man who had not cared—enough.

The song had done it. The strange coincidence that she should be hearing it to-night of all nights, just when she was going to see Philip Cottenham again for the first time for five years.

Sally Denham had rung her up this morning to say that he was back and was coming to her dance.

"He'll be glad to see you," Sally had

"Sometime. When I've made good. There's a fine opening for the right sort of man where I'm going, but success doesn't come quickly. It may be years.

"You'll write to me?" she implored. "Of course."

He had written—at first, letters that made her heart leap wildly at the sight of his writing on the envelope, and then seem to grow lifeless and heavy, like a dull weight inside her.

They had been friendly letters—just that and nothing more. Telling her of his new life and his work, with not one word in them of what she so longed to hear—that he loved her and wanted her to wait for him. That he would come back at the very first moment to claim her.

After about a year the letters had ceased altogether. She had known the truth then—that he did not love her as she loved him.

"He travels the fastest who travels alone...."

She turned to the window and alighted it down. Pride stirred in her fiercely. No woman with any self-respect clung to the memory of an unwanted love. She would not think of the past any more, only of the present—the present that held John.

She had been engaged to John Stebbings now for six months, and in a month they were to be married. The thought of their marriage gave her a serene happiness that was comfortably lacking in any more disturbing emotion.

John was the best man in the world, and she loved him—not with the mad, breathless passion of that earlier love, but with a calm affection that was much better.

She wanted peace now and security. The things which were represented by the man she was to marry. The man who loved her so deeply.

Sometimes she felt a little ashamed at the thought of John's love. As if she were cheating. But she would do her best to be a good wife to him, and to make him happy. She would give him freely all that was in her to give.

"I heard this morning that Philip Cottenham is back," John said as they sped along the Kingston by-pass.

THE Denham's house was set among the Surrey Hills. Deirdre was glad that it was too dark for him to see her face.

"Is he?" she returned carelessly. "You'll be glad to see him again."

"Philip's one of the best," he remarked quietly.

She wondered what he was thinking. Whether he realised how much Philip had once meant to her and had warned her of his return on purpose.

But John had been up in the north on business during those few mad weeks. It was probably only pleasure at the thought of meeting an old friend again that made him mention the other man. They had always been attached to each other—a David and Jonathan kind of friendship that had been interrupted by Philip's going away.

No, she was sure that John didn't suspect. But because he loved her he was quick to notice anything that affected her. Remembering this made her terribly self-conscious and nervous when the inevitable moment came.

It was John himself who introduced them—as if they needed any introduction. As if every nerve of her was not leaping and quivering with the memory that she had tried for five long years to stifle.

"Have you met Deirdre Seymour?" I forget whether you used to know her in the old days. Deirdre, this is Philip Cottenham. You've often heard me speak of him."

"Of course. And I know Mr. Cottenham quite well. We met the summer before he went abroad."

She managed to speak fairly calmly, but she did not offer to shake hands. She knew her hand would tremble if she did. And she wished her heart wouldn't beat in that absurd way.



Illustrated by
WEP

"She was in his arms again, yielding herself freely and unthinkingly to the rapture of being there."

By a Girl of 17—

Pipes

Over the hills at break of day,
Over the hills, away, away,
A piper piped a fairy lay,
Over the hills, away, away.
He piped of summer drawing near,
He piped of trickling waters clear;
I asked him where he caught his song
And why he piped it all day long.
He piped of meadows wide and green,
He piped an ode to the Fairy Queen,
While clearly through his tune there ran
The words, "I pipe to God, not man!"
—YVONNE WEBB.

remarked in her tactless way. "You know, we always used to think...."

Deirdre snapped a string of moonstones almost viciously round her throat.

"We used to think...."

She wondered resentfully exactly how much people had guessed about her and Philip in those old days. They hadn't taken much trouble to hide what they felt, either of them. She had been wildly, passionately in love with him. And Philip?

She had been so sure that he loved her. Every look had told her so, every tone of his voice. And on that last night....

Even now she could feel the close, warm touch of his arms around her, the bitter-sweet pain of his kisses that brought with them an aching sense of having found something very precious, only to lose it again.

"Deirdre, my darling, I'm going away." There had been something in his voice that had seemed to match hers. "I have to go, dear. But it's going to be hard. Hard for both of us."

"You'll come back?"

She had steeled herself to face this meeting quietly, but somehow it was much worse than she had thought it would be. She had not reckoned on the effect the sight of Philip would have on her.

The thin face, rather lined now, with the crooked smile that always made her feel a little breathless, as if she had run too fast.... the way his hair grew in a determined though fiercely repressed kink just at the top.... the set of the dark brows above eyes as blue as her own—eyes that held hers so that, try as she would, she could not take them away.

He said something in reply to her greeting, though she did not know

that it would mean nothing to Philip. But he might have asked her for a dance....

The omission rankled oddly and ridiculously. Courtesy, she told herself, demanded that she should ask her for at least one dance. But he did not want to dance with her. Or was it that he could not trust himself?

She could not forget the expression in his eyes as they had first met hers, a searching, almost hungry look. Then his face had gone quite blank, as if he had drawn a mask over it when John had told him of their engagement.

He did still care then, a little. Enough

somehow. I don't think he's the marrying sort. What is it?"

He looked down at her in surprise as she disengaged herself from his arm almost roughly.

"I think I'll go into the garden," she said. "No, don't come with me, there's a dear. I want to be alone. I'm tired."

HE let her go without protest. He was always like that, understanding and sympathetic with her moods. He was too good for her, a thousand times too good, she told herself with a sense of uneasy shame. He deserved the very best from the woman he loved, and all she had to give him was second-best.

For she knew to-night clearly what she had really known in her heart for five years—that she hadn't forgotten, as she tried to convince herself she had. Her love for Philip had been a smouldering fire that the sight of him had touched into leaping, searing flames.

It hurt to love like that. The hurt of it was somehow almost greater than the rapture. Even if Philip had loved her in return she felt that it would still have hurt. She would be afraid to grasp happiness lest she should lose it again. That would be like somebody seizing hold of your heart and tearing it out.

Oh, why had he come back to turn her world upside down again like this? She had been happy before, or at least content. She had been glad at the thought of being John's wife. He stood for the steady things of life, the sane things.

By MARIAN MARAN

what. Then John broke in again.

"I hope you're home on long leave. You must come down and stay with us when we are married, mustn't he, Deirdre?"

"You mean?"

"Deirdre and I are to be married next month." John's voice was filled with quiet satisfaction. "I'd have written and told you of our engagement only you didn't send me your address when you went up country. But you are in time to congratulate me."

"I do that with all my heart."

His hostess claimed him and he turned away. Deirdre felt rather cheated, as if a big moment had come and gone, and turned out to be quite small after all.

What had she expected of this meeting? She might have known

to be piqued that another man had secured what he himself did not want. And he was aware of her, just as she was of him. All the time she was dancing she felt that live thread of awareness linking them together.

John claimed most of her dances. She liked to dance with him, their steps went so comfortably together. Just like their life together would be.

But was that enough? Wasn't there something dull and unsatisfying in a marriage like that?

"I'm glad Philip's back," John remarked in that serene way of his that somehow made her want to scream to-night. "We'll rope him in for our best man, shall we?"

"I wonder he has never married himself," she said.

He steered her towards the door. "I can't imagine Philip married,

Please turn to Page 34

The Fashion Parade

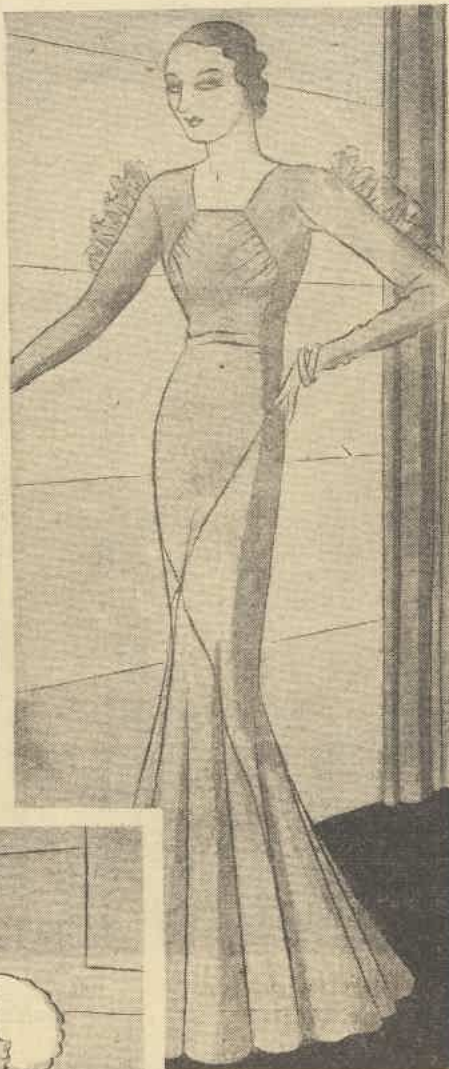
by Jessie Tait,
sketched by Petrov



HOSTESS GOWN in chiffon velvet. The bodice with its kimono sleeves is in bright green, and the skirt is black. The green sash is lined with the black.

HOSTESS GOWNS

Distinctive Dinner and Bridge Frocks!



MULBERRY sheer wool crepe fashions this dinner dress. The long tight sleeves and yoke are cut in one piece. Ruffles are placed at the back of the upper arm.

Extreme Left:
DRESS of deep blue wool crepe-de-chine, made on plain lines with low, square decollete. Over it is worn a long-sleeved bolero with a ruffled neckline, in pale blue taffeta printed in deep blue.

Left:
BRIGHT bottle-green velvet is used for this smart hostess gown. The split sleeves are very chic. The bunch of shaggy chiffon flowers in shades of pale green.

Right:
A LOW-NECKED brown velvet evening dress is turned into an informal gown by adding a long-sleeved and frontless velvet jacket. On the cuffs and from the neck around the back of the jacket is brown fur.

WIDE sashes with huge bows are seen on evening and day dresses. Mainbocher has a dress of fine black wool, and around the waist is a wide sash, drawn up to a point in front, and tying at the left side in a big bow of black and white checked taffeta. Bright chiffon sashes, the whole width of the material, surround the waist-lines and hang to the ground in ends of lace, chiffon, and crepe evening gowns.

THE "hostess gown," as worn abroad for home entertaining, can be put to other practical uses—for dinner, for bridge, for changing into at home to save one's other clothes.

In Paris, a special interest has developed in hostess fashions. Among all the collections one finds smart frocks, whose length and general outline place them in the evening mode, while their color and indefinable air hint at the hospitality of the home.

If you are giving a cocktail or evening bridge party, the idea is never to appear more dressed up than your guests. Hence the vogue for dark colors and for subdued surfaces in preference to shiny ones.

Equally suitable for dinners, bridge, entertaining, or a quiet evening at home, are ankle length, long-sleeved gowns of velvet or wool crepe in black, brown, dark green, henna, deep blue or mulberry.

The skirts should fall simply in flares—no frills or flounces. The bodice is high to the neck in back and generally high in front, although some of the newest gowns have a low square or V decollete.

Sleeves are long—raglan or kimono style, sometimes tight-fitting all the way down, or else very loose at the arm-hole.

The more sophisticated dress leaves the top of the arm bare—the top part of the sleeve falling away from the arm-hole in a little cowl.

When the dress is of one color, a bright sash is often worn, tying in a knot and hanging to the floor. More often, two brilliant clips at the neckline are the sole trimming.

THERE is another style which has the same long dark skirt, but is worn with a contrasting jumper, blouse, or tunic. This upper part may be of the same fabric as the skirt, or else totally different.

Velvet skirts have contrasting velvet tops, crepe and satin blouses, brocade jumpers, velvet tunics. Bright red, bright green, yellow or pastel pink, green and blue, all look smart with a black skirt. Delightful two-piece frocks can be formed by combining a pale and dark shade of one color—such as a raspberry skirt and a very pale raspberry pink velvet top. Deep bottle-green velvet is lovely combined with a pale shade of green or dirty pink.

Sheer wools such as wool crepe-de-chine and wool remain in clear colors make admirable frocks of this kind. They are warm and light, and have the added attraction of being turned into street dresses later on by having their skirts shortened. If you have this in mind, be careful to choose a straight skirt style—have the fullness let in by inverted pleats, placed low down.

Wool crepe dresses may be given a festive air by adding odd little collars and cuffs of dull gold lame or velvet. These frocks should be all one color with just the contrasting collars, bows or sashes. Green, blue, tomato, red and henna are good colors, and they can have black and dark brown accessories.

To Save Your Clothes

IT is quite impossible to keep your street clothes fresh and in shape if you wear them lounging about the house. Unless you can afford to be always having your frocks cleaned, or have the time to press them continually, the only way to preserve them is to take them off as soon as you arrive home.

It is then necessary to have something suitable to change into. Have for the daytime long flannel slacks—not the masculine type, but made with wide flared legs—worn with woolen sweaters and cardigans; for evening a dress of the hostess type previously described, wool crepe or chiffon velvet being the most practical fabrics.

Navy blue, bottle green, black or brown flannel trousers worn with sweaters and scarves will look nice, feel warm, and will give you perfect comfort. You don't even have to wear corsets beneath, but be sure and make the trousers wide and loose—except when they fit around the hips. They will then look like an ankle length skirt. Wool jersey can be used, but it stretches a great deal.

You will find, if you take this advice, that your good clothes will last ever so much longer and look much better.

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

TAFFETA is the most popular material for spring clothes. It is used for everything; evening wraps and dresses, street frocks and suits, hats, bags, gloves and scarves. Wool and crepe suits have taffeta lapels and linings and blouses.

NAVY blue is the color for spring. Usually combined with white or pale blue, it is used for both day and evening.

A pale turquoise blue combined with nigger brown accessories is seen a great deal—especially for tailored street frocks. The buttons, belt and scarf are brown and the dress blue.

THE smartest spring coats just fail to meet in front, or they just meet at the waist, and the dress shows through, both above and below.



TRAVELLERS' ATTIRE from wind-veil to swagger coat



• **PARISIAN CHAPEAU.** Brown and beige striped velvet was used by Gaby Mono to fashion this very attractive model. Artistic fingers have contrived soft folds in the material to supplement its charm, but the piece de resistance is the wind-veil, stiffened with narrow bandings of very fine straw. Stiffened veils give the impression of a wide-brimmed hat, and it is murmured that picture hats will be with us in the spring.



• **TAILLEUR.** Brown and off-white flecked tweed makes this striking tailleur. A severely tailored cape accentuates the shoulder-line, while Jane Bauchot has banded the hat of white straw with cigar-brown. Twisted leather bracelets hold the gauntlets firmly at the wrists.



• **TRAVELLING SUIT.** Jean Patou designed this three-piece ensemble for the debutante. The effect is both gay and snug, for a dove-grey flannel is used in the suit, and the knitted blouse is a warm shade of cardinal red.



• **SPORTS JACKET.** A bold check has been used to very good effect in this snappy little sports jacket, which would cater very ably for the golfer's needs.



• **SWAGGER.** Over a black frock of finest woollen weave, this three-quarter length swagger coat achieves a noteworthy effect. The material is grey-blue tweed with the new raised check surface.

STYLE POINTS from PARIS

Long Mitten Sleeves ... and Bare Shoulders

From
MURIEL SEGAL
Our Special Representative
in Europe.

A FEATURE of interest from this season's style notes is the introduction of the cape-like wrap which slips over the head and falls in graceful classical folds to the feet. It is quite the most delightful thing in evening cloaks.

One example of this vogue is shown by M. Lucien Lelong in one of his newest models. The gown of white rosalia has a draped bodice, appliqued in gold at each side of the waist. It is completely covered by a long black velvet cloak which slips over the head. A wide back treatment gives the effect of a cape and, instead of sleeves there are extremely wide armholes, reaching almost to the ground, and edged with bands of ermine. The ensemble reminds one of Portia, and the model is appropriately named "Florentine."

ANOTHER slip-over-the-head wrap is made of grey velvet, heavily trimmed with grey fox, covering an elegant gown of pearl-grey phosphora-satin. "Katinka" is a model typical of the very latest evening gown. It is made in violet crepe-tamaris, and has long mitten sleeves, widened below the elbow by rounded flounce frills. The

shoulders, however, are left bare, and there is an unusually high neckline at the back, which justifies itself by having a narrow split reaching to the waist.

The idea of long mitten sleeves and bare shoulders appears again in a hostess gown of periwinkle blue lame, which has a Grecian girle of silvered twisted cord. Tea-gowns are a slightly less formal interpretation of the dining-at-home frock or hostess pyjama. But the tea-gown which is shown so much this season is a strange combination of all three. Sometimes it is pyjama style, but the trousers are so wide as to give the effect of a divided skirt until the wearer walks. Sometimes it is very full, with the old-fashioned "sweeper" skirt which rustles as one moves. But, in every case, it is definitely feminine, and feathers and flowers are used as trimmings, and laces and velvets and rich satins are the chosen materials.

STRAIGHT three-quarter coats seem the most popular for sports wear. More formal coats often take a closely moulded silhouette, and the trimming in vogue is fox, dyed in varied and original ways. I have noticed several smart coats collared in

fox, dyed plum brown-red, and, in other instances, the fox is dyed in several shades of grey.

Coat frocks are "in" this season, a fact to be rejoiced about, for there is no more useful or becoming garment. Bands of fur trimmed one chic coat frock of black cashmere, which had the fashionable metal thread woven in, forming a plaid-like pattern. A large metal buckle fastened the wide suede belt at the back, and a similar buckle caught the pink cashmere scarf at the throat.

SCARVES and colored ties are a very important feature, but they are a part of the garment this year instead of being the separate and independent entities of yesteryear. They pass through slits made in the bodice of the dress, or are stitched to the shoulder or slip through the epaulets, but in every case they very definitely belong.

Tailored suits take seven-eighths length coats in numerous cases. For instance, one model in black Angora cloth has the seven-eighths coat buttoned up to the neck with a small military collar. Removable cuffs and complete yoke of astrachan make this suit ideal for either winter or between-season wear.

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Rexol, the new toothpaste has been formulated to meet the requirements of to-day. It is absolutely modern, and far more efficient than the best of the old-fashioned toothpastes could be. [Sold at the commonsense price of 1/3d. per full-size large tube.]

**Rexol
the modern
TOOTH PASTE**

20-1-32

PREPARED BY REXONA PROPRIETARY LTD.

LOUISE MACK ADVISES ...

A Way Wives Have!

Do not turn your husband against your friends. It may react against yourself! No husband can feel the same to the wife he adored, once she has let him see all her pettiness, and spite, and meanness, dark things he had never suspected till her best friend came to stay!

HERE'S a real life story with a vengeance. Fay writes:—"I had a friend, a married woman, and lately I went to stay with her. She was the sweetest thing till then. I had a wretched experience. She turned her husband against me continually."

"At first I couldn't understand it. Then gradually it dawned on me that when they were alone she kept saying nasty things about me."

"Would you cut her out altogether? He tried to apologise. But I wouldn't let him."

I THINK you would have to cut out a great many friends if they have husbands, Fay, because wives do whisper into their husband's ears, even if it's about their own best friend.

In fact, I might make that sentence, "especially if it's about their best friend!" Why?

Human nature, and its pathetic inability to be always big enough for the situation that brings the best friend and the husband together.

Such a situation demands largeness of heart from the wife, and a sense of values, as well as fair play.

She has brought into her home another woman whom she has been praising and extolling continually.

Until now. Her husband has heard always: "Fay is so charming! Fay is so clever at her clothes! Fay plays divinely! Fay is so amusing. Fay knows how to give a party! Fay has beautiful hair! Fay dresses perfectly."

Then Fay comes to stay, and the husband is able to see for himself whether all these things are true.

Probably, he quickly decides that they are true.

Probably, he is delighted to have such a winning, charming personality under his roof.

Probably he grows amiable, merry, friendly, and eventually confidential, seeing that this charming lady is his wife's best friend, and is so greatly admired by his wife.

Gradually, longer and longer conversations develop between the two, himself and Fay.

While the wife is putting the children to bed, nice Fay is chatting by the fire, brightly and amusingly, to the tired husband, about gold shares.

While the wife is dishing the dinner, nice Fay is discussing the cricket with him, or the coming elections, or books and articles.

And, mind you, Fay is intelligent. Fay is clever, very clever—the wife herself has told him so!

WHY, then, this dark frown when the wife finds her husband entirely agreeing with her about Fay and not worrying as to how long dinner is going to be while he and Fay are discussing some fascinating book by the fire?

She has a headache, she tells them, a trifle sourly. (She doesn't add that Fay has been helping her all day long!) And that night, alone with her husband, she mentions casually that Fay is frightfully in debt!

"It doesn't worry her either, though it would simply break my heart. I tell her she ought to economise. She rather scoffs at me. She just won't economise. Perhaps she is looking for someone to pay her debts."

No husband likes debts, and that's the beginning of the thin end of the wife's wedge.

It's So Easy!

IT'S all so easy.

The husband's ear is at the wife's everlasting disposal.

All she has to do is whisper against Fay.

"Fay wants me to touch up my hair but I told her you'd hate it."

"Fay has a lot of sympathy with communists I do believe, from what she tells me secretly."

"Fay is terribly lazy. I wish she'd get up or breakfast. She never understands what a lot I've got to do."

"Fay bought two new hats to-day, and she really doesn't want one!"

Finally, the wife decides that she has now given her husband a perfectly new version of Fay, but the right one. She feels easier.

The talks over the fire are ended. Why? What has happened to them?

Well, after that first significant remark from the husband, "My wife is a very tired woman," Fay feels that she has been caught out neglecting her duties, and she goes into the kitchen instead of sitting by the lounge fire, and she helps with the dinner instead of talking to the husband.

"He likes to read his paper," smiles

the wife. She is happy again. Fay's visit will soon be over, and it is quite obvious now that Fay is lazy, extravagant, selfish, mean, and dyes her hair into the bargain.

He has "got" all that.

HAS the wife scored?

She thinks so, and gradually she feels quite happy again, and even is prepared to like Fay just as much as ever, and begins bustling after her.

But what she has forgotten is that onlookers see most of the game.

And to her game, there were two onlookers!

On matters
of everyday
concern to
WOMEN

Her friend and her husband both saw the game she was playing.

Being her husband, the man played up to her, if he was a sport.

If he was a cad, he played up to the friend—and gave his wife away, apologetically.

But in either case the friend saw, the friend realised; the friend gradually perhaps, but none the less bitterly, understood!

And she is not prepared to like her friend as much as ever; how could she? Could you?

And that's how good friends and true are often lost through wives putting their husbands against them.

And worse, much worse.

That's how husbands are lost also!

My advice is "Restrain the tongue, for it is a spender, and few women have repented them of silence."

SAFE tinting of HAIR

DON'T sign a paper that you accept all risks having your hair tinted. Use **Naturaline** instead. There are NO risks with **Naturaline**. DON'T pay 2/- to have your hair tinted. You can tint your hair FOUR times for SIX Shillings (1/6 per treatment) with **Naturaline**. DON'T use a dangerous tint that will always be injuring your hair. **Naturaline** will IMPROVE your hair, even when damaged by other tints or bleaches!

NATURALINE

is the most famous of all tinting methods, is absolutely safe, and is genuinely economical. Always use **Naturaline**—obtainable from any chemist, in any shade, at 3/6 or 6/-, or write direct to—
EDWIN HOLLAND PTY. LTD.,
349 Little Collins Street,
MELBOURNE, C.I.

Marcus Clark's



three styles from our
every-day frock
section and they're
all less than
a pound!

Tailored Suit of Grey Pen-
cil Flannel Suiting. It's
double breasted, with wide
lapel collar and 2 patch
pockets. In Grey effects.
Sizes S.W., W. Usually
25/11.
SPECIAL .. 19/11

Frock of the best quality
all-wool Flannel, made
with smartly cut cover col-
lar. There are 2 pleats in
the skirt, finely stitched.
Brown, Lido, Black, Navy.
S.S.W., S.W., W.
SPECIAL 17/11

Jersey Wool Frock, made
with a new flat collar and
turn back cuffs to tone,
trimming of buttons.
Shades: Lido, Black, Nig-
ger, Cherry. Sizes, S.S.W.,
S.W. and W. Usual Price,
25/11.
SPECIAL 19/11

MARCUS CLARK & CO. LTD.
CENTRAL SQUARE - - - SYDNEY

Some Old Friends . . . in New Roles



MOST OF THE PICTURES we have seen of this girl have shown her in tragedy roles. Here is Merle Oberon, the Australian-British film star, in jovial mood.



THE INIMITABLE "MO" and Dorothy Dunkley, make-up expert, preparing for a shot in Cinesound's new film, "Strike Me Lucky."



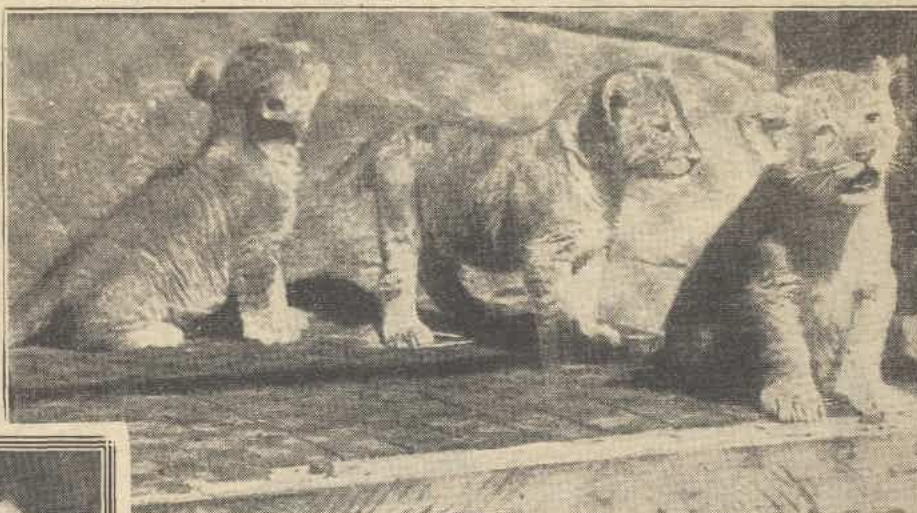
ABOVE: An unusual study of Anna May Wong, the famous Chinese girl film star, whom we used to see such a lot of, and who has lately been acting for British film producers. Miss Wong is an accomplished dancer as well as an actress.



RIGHT: A modern "siren" on the ancient rocks off Capri, where Ulysses, of Greek mythology, was lured. The "siren" in this photo is none other than Betty Stockfield, another Australian girl to make good in British films.



A UNIQUE PAPER CHASE on horses was held recently in the heart of Dartmoor, England. An unusual view of the meet through the legs of one of the mounts when the party of riders met at Two Bridges. Societies, which are trying to put down fox hunting are hoping this new form of "hunt" will take on.



LEFT: A magnificent study by the Taronga Park official photographer, Sydney, of Watch, the lioness at the Zoo. The picture was taken at night, and shows why the lion's eyes shine in the dark. Note the rings round the eyes.

ABOVE: These cubs of the lion below look harmless and lovable enough. Taronga has named them Stop, Look, and Listen. Each is about the size of a large tomcat. The spots on the head, peculiar to lion cubs will disappear.



LEFT: Two popular members of the Australian Chinese Younger Set. Thelma Yin, daughter of Mrs. F. Yin of Bendigo, and Alma Wah Shang, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wah Shang of Cairns. Both took part in a recent Chinese play presented by the Chinese Nationalist Party in Sydney.

ABOVE: Having her shoes oiled because the faintest squeak may spoil the making of a talkie. Florine McKinney, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star bud, makes her shoes safe before going on lot.

MUSIC of the WEEK

By ROBERT McCALL

Russian Ballet for Australia

AFTER five years we are to taste again the delights of the Russian ballet, which last year was offered to us by the incomparable Anna Pavlova and her company.

The death of the great ballerina was a sad blow to the world of choreography and the many Australians who in her two seasons had come under the spell of her exquisite art.

Now the Williamson-Tait enterprises have engaged a Russian ballet with the primary purpose of playing in Melbourne during the Centenary celebrations.

The company, which has been organised by Victor Dandre, Madame Pavlova's husband, will open its tour in Brisbane on October 6, and then move on to Sydney. A New Zealand tour also is contemplated.

Thirty artists have been engaged, the

principal ballerina being Olga Spessereva from the Paris opera, and the leading male dancer, Anatole Wilsak. Other notable dancers will be Mile. Bojkovich (principal ballerina of the Belgrade Theatre), Elvira Rone, Noia Michel, Juliana Evakieva, M. Rostoff, Stanley Jackson, and Otto Kruger.

An orchestra of forty is to be conducted by Franz Schickstanz, and the ballets will include "Les Sylphides," "Lac de Cygne," "Fil Mal Garde," and "Prince Igor."

Burlakov-Lightfoot

MEANWHILE the enterprising Sydney teachers, Mischea Burlakov and Louise Lightfoot, are preparing another Conservatorium programme for July 24. The main ballets will be "Coppelia" to the music of Delibes, "Autumn Leaves" to an arrangement of Chopin No-

turnes and impromptus—and "Krishna and Rhada" based on the "Chanson Arabe" (third movement of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade").

Elsa Stralia Broadcasts

CONTINUING her Commonwealth tour for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, Elsa Stralia is to begin a fortnight's season of recitals over the national network on July 17.

Antique Violin Recital

FOR his recital of works by Old English composers on Monday night, July 16, from 2BL, Keith Kennedy will use an 18th century violin from the Sydney Musical Museum. The accompaniments will be played by his wife, Elizabeth Kennedy.

Mr. Kennedy is an authority on the evolution of stringed instruments. He was a pupil of the famous Professor Sevcik, of Vienna, who died this year.



MR. MOORE-MACMAHON

The violin which Mr. Kennedy will play was made when the luthiers, as violin makers were called, were experimenting with the newly-evolved violin form.

Violinist Aviator

MR. MOORE-MACMAHON, Australian violinist and aviator, commenced an aerial concert tour of Australasia, piloting his own aeroplane, "The Wings of Song," last week.

Mr. Moore-MacMahon is well known in Sydney for his work on the concert platform, and also as an examiner for the Australian Music Examinations Board. Those who remember the recitals of that great artist Josef Szigeti, will be interested to know that Mr. Moore-MacMahon received his musical education with Szigeti in Geneva, enjoying not only the association of teacher and pupil, but also the friendship of this great violinist. Whilst in Europe Mr. Moore-MacMahon made many appearances on the concert platforms of the capitals, and since returning to Australia has made himself esteemed as one of Australia's foremost violinists.

The associate artist will be Mr. Frank Warbrick from the Royal College of Music, London, who will play pianoforte solos in addition to his appearances with Mr. Moore-MacMahon.

Church History Play

AN interesting show to be presented here shortly is Nora W. Collison's Pageant Play of Church History, "Christus Consummator," which will be produced at the Conservatorium Hall on July 17 and 19 in aid of the Australian Board of Missions. Two hundred performers will take part in the pageant, which deals with history of the Christian Church from the earliest times up till to-day, and eight Sydney parishes are working hard on the presentation of the different scenes.

The author of "Christus Consummator," Miss Collison, is at present headmistress of Lowther Hall C. of E. Girls' School in Melbourne, and previous to that was Secretary for the League of Nations Union in Victoria. The pageant was first written for the Anglican Church Congress held in Adelaide in 1928, and it was presented there with such success that it was later given in Broken Hill and Newcastle.

Music and Charity

THE organisers of "Music Week, 1934," have decided to link music and charity in a novel scheme. This scheme, in brief, is to obtain the co-operation of all business houses, clubs, associations and other bodies, to the end that each of these bodies will fly a flag of striking and characteristic design during Music Week. This flag will bear the name of the firm, association, etc., sponsoring it, and will also bear in large letters the slogan "Music Week."

The proceeds of the sale of these flags will be given to the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children (Darlington).

With this flag scheme will be coupled "The Melba Memorial Flag." The organisers of "Music Week," who would like to see some striking tribute to Melba's memory, have adopted the suggestion of one of their vice-presidents, Madame Emily Marks, that a large flag of simple yet outstanding design should be manufactured, to be flown from some central and prominent flagstaff in Sydney during Music Week and Extended Week. It is also proposed to fly the "Melba" flag on every occasion of important historical interest, to show that Australia is proud of her great countrywoman, the most beautiful singer the world has ever known!

"It Is Enough"

ARNOLD MOTE, well-known Sydney musician and president of the N.S.W. Music Week Committee, had the members of the Music Lovers' Club laughing the other night. During a talk on "Humor in Music" he told a story of the late Signor Hazen. The conductor was hearing an applicant for a place in the Royal Philharmonic. The man had chosen for his test piece "It Is Enough," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." However, the aria had not proceeded far when Signor Hazen sprang up and shouted, "It is too much! Get out!"

"...A line full of spotless snow-white clothes...and myself feeling none the worse after wash-day"

HAVE YOU CHANGED TO Easy WASHING-DAYS YET?

Millions of women, worn out by the rubbing and scrubbing of the weekly wash have tried Persil, and found the way to easy washing-days. Just try Persil as they have done, and soon you will be a constant Persil user—soon you'll have said good-bye for ever to the old-time drudgery of washing-day.

PERSIL WASHES Automatically WITH ACTIVE OXYGEN-CHARGED SUDS

Now you can forget that you ever had to rub the clothes! Just mix Persil according to the instructions and pour the solution into your washing water. As soon as you pour it in it begins to release countless tiny bubbles of oxygen—nature's own purifier and cleanser. These little bubbles push busily to and fro, passing right through the closest weave. Deep in the fabric their dirt-loosening oxygen does its work—these bubbles work like thousands of eager little hands. They wash while you watch. Out comes the last speck of dirt—and this without a moment's rubbing. You save your energy, and you save your clothes from rubbing wear—and wait till you see them on the line!

KEEPS Woollies SOFT AND FLUFFY AND Silks AS GAY AS NEW

Even in hardly-warm water Persil washes thoroughly. That is why it is the safest thing for all your dainty silks and woollies. Everything you wash is safer in Persil—and there's nothing kinder to your hands.

£100 GUARANTEE THAT THIS LETTER IS ENTIRELY GENUINE AND UNSOLICITED...

PERSIL washes best ALONE... Absolutely

NO BAR SOAPS, WASHING-TABLETS, SOAP POWDERS needed

3,500,000

English women, who now use it for all washing, say "Try Persil!"

For Best Results...SPECIAL PERSIL METHOD



1. Allow one heaped tablespoon of Persil to the paste with more cold water until it is a milky mix to a smooth paste in liquid, add to cold water a bowl with a little cold water.
2. After thinning down the paste with more cold water until it is a milky mix to a smooth paste in liquid, add to cold water a bowl with a little cold water.
3. For silks and woolens make a solution of Persil, as above, and add to warm water. Full directions on every packet.

THE SIMPLE WAY is the

PERSIL (Australia) PTY. LTD., Box 1590B G.P.O., Sydney.

that was the happy experience of
Mrs. NEWMAN,
OF CAMPSIE ST., CAMPSIE, N.S.W.

"On the advice of your lady demonstrator visiting Ham-mill Bros., grocer of Campsie, I purchased a packet of Persil. At the time I was unable to do the usual rubbing which wash-day brings, so having bought a packet of Persil and heard how wonderful it was, I was anxious to give it a trial. I mixed Persil as directed, then I filled the copper with water and put sheets, pillow-slip, table-cloth, tea-towel and face-towels in and boiled for about 20 minutes, and the result was wonderful—a line full of spotless snow-white clothes and myself feeling none the worse after wash-day, and it is also just as good for all woolies, keeping them so soft and in shape. Good for all and does not make them rough and sore. I have recommended it to my friends. I wish Persil (Sgd.) Mrs. E. E. NEWMAN, 41 Campsie Street, Campsie, N.S.W."

(Sgd.) Mrs. E. E. NEWMAN, 41 Campsie Street, Campsie, N.S.W.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK
IF PERSIL DOES NOT GIVE YOU THE EASIEST WASHING DAYS YOU'VE EVER HAD... Write TO THE ADDRESS BELOW...



Persil WAY

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by
L. W. LOWER

Managing-Director
to clerk who has
just asked for a
rise: A rise? Look
here, Brown, if you
worry me any
more about a rise
I'll make you a
partner — and
you'll get nothing.



"DADDY, PLAY 'HOME, SWEET HOME.'"



"No need to be alarmed, Missus; the Captain's heaving-
to."
"Well, it must be rough to make him heave, too."



"TOMKINS, you always go too far."



"Through Sahara's worst sandstorm
I have come to fetch thee, Nellie!"
"Aye, Sheik, thou must surely be a
man of grit."



DEALER: Here is a rare old revolver, dates back to the
time of the Romans.
CUSTOMER: But they didn't have revolvers in those
days.
DEALER: That's why it's so rare.



"WHAT are you staring at—is this the
first car you have seen?"
"NO, but it looks very like it."



"EXCUSE me, but was that L.W. or stumped?"

KILLS GERMS OF CATARRH AND TONSILS

Poisons from catarrh and septic tonsils pour into the blood stream and cripple thousands with rheumatism, arthritis, gastritis, catarrhal deafness, head noises, falling eyelids, and chronic headaches.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH AND GERM INFECTION are frequent colds, "run-
ning nose," "hawking" and spitting,
bad breath, snoring, deafness, chronic
headaches, falling eyelids, sore throat,
head noises, and stomach trouble.
If you or your children suffer in this
way, get a flask of Kanatox from your
chemist and put 5 drops into the nos-
trils every bedtime for Kanatox sur-
rounds and kills the germs that cause
these diseases.
Dr. Brodie's Kanatox will make opera-
tions for tonsils and adenoids unneces-
sary, and prevent the re-growth.
Everyone can afford Kanatox, for six
weeks' treatment costs only 18/-, or
the trial flask 3/6, at your chemist's.
These recent reports on Kanatox are
interesting.



HOW TO USE KANATOX

Adenoids. Drop 3 to 5 drops of Kanatox into each nostril after breakfast, and at bedtime each day, and, if possible, after lunch as well. If Kanatox appears too strong at first, mix it with an equal quantity of Paraffin or Olive Oil, returning to full strength as soon as possible. **After Operations.** After tonsil and adenoid operations, Kanatox should be used as above every night to prevent their re-growth.
Catarrh, Hay Fever, Head Noises, Deafness. According to the age of the patient and the severity of the disease, drop 3 to 10 drops of Kanatox into each nostril after every meal and at bed-time. Press your finger on one nostril to close it while putting the drops in the other, and inhale the drops, strongly drawing them through the nostril into the throat. Repeat this with the other nostril, closing the treated one with the finger this time. **Hawking.** Put 5 to 10 drops into each nostril at bedtime each night, to stop snoring quickly and permanently.
Coughs. Use in nostrils as for catarrh, and take 5 drops of Kanatox on sugar or in water every 2 or 3 hours.
Tonsillitis, Sore Throat, Loss of Voice. Put 20 drops of Kanatox in a wineglass of warm water and gargle every 3 hours. Kanatox is absolutely harmless, and contains no drugs.
Get a 10/- flask (6 weeks' treatment) or a 3/6 trial flask from your chemist (each complete with special English dropper).

MAN OF 70 LOSES HIS CATARRH
Mr. McAndrew says of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox:
"Kanatox is the best remedy I have ever known for catarrh. No one has suffered more from catarrh than I have, and I have used many things without success. One large flask of Kanatox has practically cured me; my hearing is much improved, and I am quite capable of directing my business, which is an extensive one, although I have passed 70 years of age. Everyone with catarrh should use Kanatox. Thanking you—A. McANDREW."

ADENOIDS DISSOLVED
Mrs. Norton writes:
"Please send me another flask of Kanatox. I am very grateful for the good that Dr. Brodie's Kanatox has done for my children, Jack and Shirley. They were both very much troubled with adenoids, caught colds easily, and were frequently out of sorts.
"I have used one sample bottle of KANATOX and one standard one, and already there is a wonderful improve-
ment in them. They are so much brighter and better tempered, and the adenoids are certainly going. They know it is doing them good, and use it themselves without any trouble. Thanking you—(Mrs.) L. NORTON."

DOCTOR BRODIE'S **KANATOX**

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each
joke used.

MEMBER of Anti-Gambling League:
I will not say I have never gambled,
I once bought a ticket in a raffle for
my wife.
One of the Audience: So that's how
you got her, is it?

"WHAT happens if my parachute
doesn't open?" inquired the pupil
at the flying school.
"Bring it back, and we'll give you
another," snarled the instructor.

FIRST Juror: Do you think she's
guilty, Tom?
"No, she don't look innocent enough
to be guilty."

WIFE: It's a shame, John, that I have
to sit here mending your old clothes.
Husband: Don't say a word about it
dear; the least said the soonest mended.

BERYL (doing housework): What on
earth were the Gorgons, Eddie?
Eddie: Oh, they were three sisters
who looked like women, only more hor-
rible.

NOTICE on the porch of a church:
Worshippers who intend to put but-
tons in the collection box are requested
to give their own and not pull them off
the hassocks.

THE bride of a few weeks noticed that
her husband was depressed.
"Darling," she said, "I know some-
thing is troubling you, and I want you
to tell me what it is; your worries are
not your worries now; they are our wor-
ries."
"Oh, very well," he said. "We've just
had a letter from a girl in Hobart, and
she's suing us for breach of promise."



CURLYPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

Rub Curlypet on baby's head instead of washing each day to make baby's hair grow from straight to naturally curly. Curlypet is antiseptic, too, and helps to prevent dandruff and "cradle cap." There's 30 days' treatment in each tube, 3/6 at all chemists and stores, or send stamps or postal note to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 3877, T. G.P.O., Sydney, to bring Curlypet to you by return mail. **CURLYPET**

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE Takes Terrible Toll

IF one year no less than twelve thousand Australians died prematurely from the effects of High Blood Pressure, and included in that number were some of the Commonwealth's most valuable citizens.

- SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE**—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follows:
1. Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.
 2. Head noises.
 3. Dizziness, fullness, and heaviness of the head.
 4. Flashes to head and throat.
 5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
 6. Tremulous and nervousness.
 7. Failing eyesight.
 8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
 9. Fear of impending disaster.
 10. Irritability and depression.
 11. Loss of will power.
 12. Bladder weakness.
 13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART. If you suffer in this way, act quickly and at once, because High Blood Pressure gradually gets worse and worse, attacking and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries, so that you are never quite well at any time, and you must die before your time.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE, like Cancer, gives no early warning of its presence, and one or more of these symptoms occur when the blood pressure has been high for some time, so that immediate action must be taken to keep the pressure down to a safe level.

Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's Mentheta occasionally after meals. Mentheta being a most powerful herbal anesthetic medicine in convenient form, which neutralises and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream, and relieves the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal. For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Mentheta is sufficient for this purpose. **NATURE'S OWN REMEDY.** Dr. Mackenzie's Mentheta is Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure, for Mentheta sweeps your blood stream free of poisons, keeps your arteries youthful, and tones up your stomach, liver, and kidneys, and makes you feel young and vigorous. If you suffer from any of these symptoms, go to your chemist to-day, and get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Mentheta, and take one Mentheta at meal time. You can get large flasks of Dr. Mackenzie's Mentheta, containing enough for one month's continuous treatment, for 6/6, or smaller flasks for 2/6, from any up-to-date chemist in the Commonwealth.

FREE DIET CHART. In every flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Mentheta is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send it to **MENTHOL LABORATORIES, Dept. 3, Box 3877, G.P.O., Sydney.** D. MACKENZIE & CO., Dept. 3, Petry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; C. E. LLOYD & CO., Dept. 2, 241 La. Collins St., Melbourne; DUNCAN AGENTS, Dept. 2, Theatrical Buildings, Hindley St., Adelaide; or R. D. BENJAMIN, Dept. 3, 23B Murray St., Perth, and your Dr. Mackenzie's Mentheta will reach you by return mail, complete with Diet Chart enclosed. Be sure and get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Mentheta in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine which contains no drugs.

YOUR Chance to WIN Film FAME!



MR. A. E. CROUCHER, M.A. St.
Canowindra.



MISS MADELEINE TALON,
Luxor Flats, Springfield Av.,
King's Cross.
—Hos. studios.

A wonderful chance to win the fame and fortune which a successful film career means, awaits the winners of the screen personality quest being conducted by this paper in co-operation with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy.

This competition is open to everybody — men and women, young and old, the beautiful and the typical. The screen needs all types, and personality and a good recording voice count more than any other qualities.

Do not let this golden chance pass you by. Entries close on August 4, so make up your mind to send yours in right away.



MISS SHEILA HIGGINS,
Howard St., Canterbury.
—Paramount.



MR. JOHN K. MACNAUGHTON,
West St., North Sydney.
—The Johnson studios



MISS NANCY BIRD, Griffith
St., Manly.
—Peter Pan studios.



MR. ERIC MEARES, Kellott Av.,
King's Cross.

MANY are the interesting entries pouring in. Some are of well-known people. Others from men and women who resemble well-known film stars, but the bulk are from people who have had no experience, but have confidence in their own personality.

Amongst the photographs to-day is one of Miss Nancy Bird, the youngest pilot in Australia. She secured her "A" license at the age of 17, and is now qualifying for her "B" license, which

will give her the entree to commercial aviation, and she is also studying aerial navigation. She is secretary to the Younger Social Set of the Australian Corps Association, so Nancy, having achieved fame in the air, now seeks it on the earth.

Practically only three weeks remain before closing date for this splendid film contest. August 4 is the last day for receiving entries, so competitors are urged not to delay in sending their photographs and entry forms.

Method of Judging

PARTICULARS are now available as to the exact method of the judges. For the preliminary test all candidates may select their own speech, but it must not exceed two minutes in length. By this arrangement it is felt that a competitor will have the fairest chance of displaying to the judge the type they believe themselves best able to represent.

The place of the first test will be decided on shortly, but it will not be in any large hall, as loud speaking is not

necessary for film work—rather a pleasant voice, well modulated.

From the first test any number may be selected, even perhaps from fifty to one hundred. These will be required to dramatise a speech of about two minutes' duration, but the speech will be selected by the adjudicator, and give ample scope for expression of varying moods. Candidates will be able to study this speech before presentation.

The twelve finalists will be then selected, and these will all submit to a screen test, from which the winners will eventually be chosen, and these will be given a part in a Cinesound production. However, the remaining ten, if suitable, will also have a chance of appearing with Cinesound. Also the two winners will receive £50 each and free tuition at the Cinema Academy. These prizes are in addition to the prizes offered by the City of Sydney Eisteddfod Committee.

Entrants should write to The Australian Women's Weekly for a printed syllabus. An entry form will be found in each issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. The entrance fee is 2/6, which is handed to the City of Sydney Eisteddfod Committee.

Competitors are reminded that points will be awarded as follows:

Personality	40
Dramatic Ability	25
Diction	20
Appearance	15
Total	100

The Northbridge Auxiliary to the Royal North Shore Hospital is showing interest in the contest, and has arranged for a Screen Personality Contest at its hall.

ENTRY FORM

SECOND ANNUAL CITY OF SYDNEY EISTEDDFOD, 1934.

To SCREEN PERSONALITY CONTEST,
c/o Organising Secretary,
City of Sydney Eisteddfod,
Box No. 127CC, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please accept the following entry, subject to rules and conditions in Syllabus.

SECTION	ENT. FEE	NAME AND ADDRESS	AGE
202 ^o (woman)			
or			
203 (man)			
SIGNATURE OF ENTRANT			
WITNESS TO SIGNATURE			
Do you desire to be judged in Sydney * Country centre			

*Cross out section not required.
At least one photograph in accompany entry.
Entries should be forwarded as early as possible. Closing date, Saturday, August 4, 1934.
Closing date for country judging, July 31.
No entries accepted unless fees are enclosed.

The BIG Prizes

£50 For the
Woman Winner.

£50 For the
Man Winner.

A part in a Cinesound production.

Free Course of tuition at the Cinema Academy.

Cash prizes and certificates from the City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

Screen Tests costing £25 each for twelve finalists.

Are YOU a coming Star?

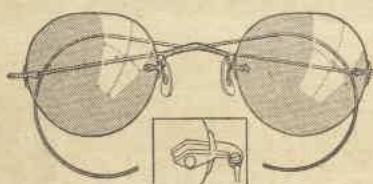


Let us test you . . . free of charge. You may win the Screen Personality Contest, thus qualifying for a course in screen acting at our expense. But, if not, that won't prevent you from making a place for yourself on the screen. The Cinema Academy can help you to realise your ambition.

Nearly twenty students of The Cinema Academy have been selected to play parts in the new Cinesound Production, "Strike Me Lucky," among them Miss Lorraine Smith in a leading role. It is expected that the Academy will be asked to supply many more as "extras."

THE CINEMA ACADEMY
(Under Patronage of Cinesound Productions Ltd.)
GRACE BUILDING, 77 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.
Phone: MA1581.

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comfort of Rimless Glasses without fear of constant breakages.

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SENSATIONAL MEDICAL ATTRACTION
"WHITE HORSE INN"
SEASON CLOSURE SAT. JULY 21.

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CRITERION at 8
MATS. WED. AND SAT. AT 2.
THE WIND and the RAIN
With GEORGE THELWELL.
The Latest London and New York Comedy Success.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY
READERS

That Did It

A YOUNG naval officer was showing my sister and myself over the ship recently, and took great pains to mention almost everything in detail. "Awfully interesting," said my sister. "I suppose you close the port holes when the tide rises." —J.S.

Kind and Gentle

A FARMER whose cow had been killed while being conveyed by rail was trying hard to fill out a railway claim-sheet. He came to the last item, "Disposition of the carcass," and after a long pause he wrote, "Kind and gentle." —E.W.

Thy Name Is Vanity

WHEN one attends sales of lost property one buys antiques "blind," that is, without knowing what the contents are. A purchaser has all the thrills of a lucky dip. I recently bought one, and, on opening it found a pair of ladies' silk pyjamas, a pair of milanes silk stockings, powder puff, and an old-age pension book of a woman of 60.—C.G.C.

Signs of the Times

AT a Queensland north coast seaside resort the other day my husband and a male friend were out fishing, when, owing to the rising tide they were compelled to roll their trousers above their knees.

My husband noticed a number of bruises on his friend's shins, and ventured to say, "Been playing football? Your shins are in a bad way!" "Oh, no!" said the other. "Been playing a lot of bridge with the wife lately." —V.

Forecasting the Weather

OUR cat is a never-failing weather forecaster. If he is seen to wash over his ears we can safely say that within 24 hours it will be raining. I wonder if any reader has discovered this habit in their cat. I believe it is common. Just watch and see.—J.L.F.

Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So they say

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters. "New Writer."

PITY THE POLICEMAN

I HAVE often wondered why so many people are "down" on policemen, although they are the first ones we all turn to when any trouble occurs. One often reads of a policeman trying to arrest someone who has disturbed the peace, while as many as 100 are looking on, not offering any assistance whatever.

It is something which I cannot understand, for when I read of the police tracking down madmen, hunting murderers, and fighting with burglars, etc., and I think of how the safety of thousands of lives depends on their wonderful courage, it seems to me base ingratitude that they can expect no help from those whose lives they shield before their own.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. R. Cockinzi, 16 Queen St., Croydon, Vic.

POPULARITY EXPLAINED

HOW often does one find women who slavishly follow the advice given on the all-intriguing question of popularity. They dress well, are beautifully groomed, have cultivated, bright conversational powers, and yet, to their chagrin, still remain unpopular.

One of such asked me the other day, why, after all the efforts put forth she was not sought out. Her company was not longed for and she could not make enduring friendships. Being a coward, I evaded the point not caring to tell her that she gave absolutely nothing, put nothing into the lives of others, and therefore really mattered nothing to them.

Of course people notice when they are being exploited.

Miss J. B. Haddon, C/o Mrs. Gulson, 93 Lagoon St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

MAN DEFENDS HIMSELF

MISS M. THOMPSON, in her letter (30/6/34), seems to be under the delusion that chivalry has passed away. This is a call to arms, and, as a member of the much-maligned male sex, I cannot let your innumerable readers think that we are satisfied to let it pass unchallenged. I have no hesitation in asserting that chivalry is not dead. Proofs of this are to be found every day, but pass by unnoticed because chivalry, an innate quality in every man worthy of the name, is accepted by the recipients thereof much in the same manner as they accept the warmth of the sun. We men honor women far more than we honor ourselves, and whenever it is put to the test I know that our chivalry will rise triumphant.

Take the case of a man in love. He'd let the woman trample on his soul, and, strangely enough, if she loves him, she does. He will humble himself, and sink his pride, and order his life so that it will be best spent to her advantage. No sacrifice is too great, and yet one solitary and misguided member of the fortunate sex admits that chivalry has passed away.

Stuart MacIntyre, 6 Cross St., Guildford.

A MAN ASKS!

PERMIT me to discuss a big subject in a few words—compulsory military training.

I hold that compulsory training should commence again.

Every mother loves her sons. Every mother would die to protect them. But remember this: Your sons are part of a nation; the furtherance of its glory and its defence is a heritage they cannot escape; nor do they wish to, for they will gladly bear arms in a national emergency.

And is it not best that when the time comes, and it may be in the near future, that your sons will be ready, and then, when they face the enemy, they will be able to preserve their lives best by knowing best what to do?

I am not a war-monger, but I do believe that to be prepared is half the battle. Compulsory training should return. Am I right? Tell me, mothers and sisters.

Brian Toohy, 63 Malakoff St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Girls Who Assist Their Fathers: Strenuous Work

IN reply to Mrs. Wheatley in The Australian Women's Weekly, 30/6/34, in which she asks for other readers' opinions on "Should Girls Help Fathers?" I say "Yes." For years now I have always delighted in helping my father with all sorts of jobs, mostly on motor cars (he being a motor mechanic). We have no sons in our home, but I think my father really appreciates my efforts to help as much as if I were a son.

Miss B. Collins, Woodlands Rd., Taree Point, N.S.W.

No Strain

YES, Mrs. Wheatley, girls should certainly assist their fathers, and in farm work they are known to be every bit as good—even better—than boys, at the work. Those hundreds of girls who took the men's places during the war when every man was wanted did not feel the strain half as much as the girls who are taking up the strenuous sports of to-day.

M. Allague, 19 George St., St. Peters, Adelaide.

A Day's Work

I WAS interested in Mrs. Wheatley's letter re girls helping father. The time has gone when it was thought unmanly to mount a horse and spend hours stock riding rather than sit at home to sew a fine seam. I know a girl who is up betimes in the morning, helps her father with the milking and cleans up the dairy before breakfast, then, after an hour's rest, rides away on her pony to draft cattle into different feeding paddocks, hurries home, and harnesses a horse into the milky and drives about a mile and delivers the cream at the depot. Before lunch she finds time to practise her music, sometimes knits or finishes off a frock before beginning the same routine in the afternoon. The exercise keeps her slim and fit, and her hands are admired more often than some hands of leisure.

Mrs. H. Lee, Slidebottom P.O., via Taree, N.S.W.

Should Not

IN reply to Mrs. Wheatley re "Should Girls Help Fathers?" I would say that I do not think girls should do much work as driving ploughs, harvesting, milking, etc. I consider a girl's place is in the house. Outdoor work makes girls dislike housework in my opinion.

Mrs. Sparkes, Thorold St., Woolloowin, Brisbane, Qld.

How Royalty Says Centenary

THERE should be no doubt as to how the word "Centenary" should be pronounced—Mary Irvine and others, 30/6/34—just follow the King!

In connection with the London University College centenary celebrations there was much confusion concerning the correct pronunciation of the debated word "centenary." When the King officially opened the celebrations, His Majesty used the word "centenary" in the very first sentence of his speech, and pronounced it with the second "e" long, i.e., "sen-te-nari."

Mrs. J. Allardice, Welwyn Crescent, Coorparoo, Qld.

Annoying Habit

WHILE travelling to and from the city, I have noticed that the majority of girls and women possess a very annoying habit of reading the book or paper of the passenger beside them. In most cases this may be due to thoughtlessness, but in a number of instances I have seen the culprits decidedly snubbed and still persist in peering into the literature.

Miss E. Brotherson, 92 Evans St., Rozelle.

M.A.'s Opinion

THE best English and American dictionaries give the following as permissible: Sen-to-na-ri, sen-te-na-ri, senti-ne-ri, sen-ten-ari, senti-l-nari, senti-nari, sen-ten-a-ri.

I thought these were exhaustive, and that no one could go wrong. Then I met a happy individual on the tram one evening and asked him:

"It go-sh li' thish," he said thickly, laying a hand affectionately on my arm. "It's shen (hic)—shen (hic)—shen—tin-triri!" That settled it.

John Nicholls, M.A. (Melb.), 133 Pitt St., Sydney.

Humorous Touch

THERE is really no need to be puzzled about the correct pronunciation of the word "Centenary."

One has only to know the reason why the Duke of Gloucester, and not Prince George, is to come to Australia—England knows we have the "Melbourne Centenary," "The Centenary Air Race," the "Centenary postage stamp," so that's the reason she "Centenary" (Sent Henry).

Mrs. E. Harry, 16 George St., Mayfield East, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Why Does The 1934 Boy Escape Criticism

I should not be difficult, I think, to supply the correct answer to Miss Esther Hume's question (30/6/34) as to why the modern girl comes in for so much criticism that the modern young man escapes. Young men act as they please. No peccadillo on the part of a young blade has ever surprised his contemporaries very much, whether in the 15th or the 20th century or in the reign of Cheops III. But the young woman of past ages has been compelled by the very fact of her sex, to submit to an entirely different code of conduct from that of her brothers. Now, however, the young women of our own time are breaking the shackles of the past, and their new-found freedom from outworn conventions has somewhat shocked the older generation—hence the criticism.

Miss E. C. Holland, 20 Bond St., Sydney.

Commands Attention

IN reply to Miss Hume's letter of 30/6/34, I would like to say that it is only natural that the modern girl must be in the limelight while her equally modern brother escapes notice. Looking back through the pages of history, woman's acts and behaviour have ever been more noted and criticised than man's. Why?

For one reason, woman is made by nature to be the attraction while man is the attracted one. Must she not, therefore, receive more notice? Woman is recognised as being of a more refined nature than man, and so more is expected of her. Thus her actions must command more notice than those of the stronger sex.

Miss N. Kearney, 301 Pigdon St., Princes Hill, Melbourne.

A Man's World

MISS HUME asks (30/6/34), why the modern boy is not condemned. Because, Miss Hume, this is a man's world, and from the earliest days a man has been above reproach, no matter what he does. I think the men who are so ready to condemn our modern girls are either staid bachelors or old men who are jealous of their youth, and the freedom they enjoy, which was not their lot. Our girls have other interests than finding fault with the modern youth, and a man never condemns his own sex.

Mrs. F. E. Horn, 32 Wonga St., Canterbury, Sydney.

Few Changes

MISS HUME asks why the modern boy escapes criticism. A few reasons are because boys still act the same, their mode of dress is still masculine. They do not look ridiculous or conspicuous in any way. Perhaps they are a little less courteous, but that is undoubtedly our fault. The archbishops that have criticised us have done so only because of the modern girl's idiotic headgear, their distasteful habits of smoking, cocktail drinking, and of their wearing male attire.

If we continue to take all the charm, beauty and grace that men so admire in women out of femininity, and behave as some of us do, we must expect criticism from members of the opposite sex.

Mrs. A. C. Mackenzie, Cr. Pine St. and Beach, Wynnham, S. Qld.

Not Smart

WHY does the modern young man escape criticism? queries a correspondent in your columns. Probably and possibly because the eternal feminine is brought into the limelight so much through the whims and moods of Dame Fashion. Nevertheless, it is high time the masculine Aussie came into the picture.

From a mere visitor's point of view he is not smart enough for the adorable "lovelies" one sees in the various Australian towns. In the first place he does not have a hair-cut often enough, his finger nails require attention, and why, oh why, does he insist upon bracing his pants half-way up his calves? The only time I get a thrill out of the male here is when he is parading in a surf costume upon a sandy beach. Place the same person in an ordinary suit, and he becomes the embodiment of "The Beggar's Opera." Yes, sir I'm telling you!

Mrs. B. Marguerite Allen, 67 Macleay St., Potts Point, Sydney.

SELFISH EMPLOYERS

WHEN prospective employers advertise for a girl to fill a vacant position in their offices, I wonder if they ever think of the inconvenience they cause by not clearly stating the essential qualifications required of the successful applicant. Some insert very vague advertisements, and after paying her fare into town, a girl takes her place in a long queue, usually in a draughty passage, and waits sometimes two hours, only to learn that the advertiser requires a "bookkeeper" instead of a "stenographer." If the advertiser had stated what he wanted her time and money for fares would be saved.

Then, again, there is the type of business man who, after interviewing applicants, asks them to return after lunch, which means they have to purchase lunch or go without.

Miss M. Taylor, Wallalla, Kelra St., Port Kembla, N.S.W.

HAPPY MARRIAGES

WHAT things, in other readers' opinions, are necessary to make happy marriages?

From observation (never having been married) I cannot speak from experience! I have proved that there is only one thing necessary—and that is that the couple be really in love with each other. For if they are really in love nothing else matters and they will "stay in love."

What matters excessive wealth—or excessive poverty? What matter if the wife is not the best of cooks or the best

ETIQUETTE



WHETHER it be skiing, dancing, golf, or tennis, the novice should never wear garish colors. They only invite ridicule, and add to her mental torture when things go wrong.

of housekeepers? Or if either of them has some falling? Love is blind! Look at the couples around, and the really happy ones are, you'll find, only those who are really in love.

Miss Ailsa B. Crawford, Burrumburlock, via Albury, N.S.W.

BRIDGE PRIZES

WHEN inviting a few friends to your home for a game of bridge (eight for instance), should it be necessary to give prizes? Supposing the hostess feels that she cannot afford expensive prizes, and that little inexpensive trifles seem childish and absurd to give to grown-up people?

As she invites only people she likes and admires, she would like to think that her friends came to see her for the same reason, and found the little party of sufficient interest so as to make the omission of prizes of no consequence.

I would be interested to get an opinion on this subject from readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Mrs. M. Ponton, 18 Fern St., Buranda, South Brisbane, Qld.

HOSPITAL MEALS

KATHLEEN NORRIS, in her article "Where Hospitals Fail, etc.," for The Australian Women's Weekly, June 30, has put her finger on the exact spot of trouble. In some of the hospitals I have seen food served in this careless way—the same old things served every day, and sometimes twice a day. Thick ghee and rice are some of them. And it could, if properly cooked, and served, be appetizing and nourishing.

And the crockery it is served on is sometimes a disgrace. Chipped enamel basins and cracked and handleless cups, do not help the appetite.

Mrs. E. McRae, Ferry St., Forbes, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

JOEL McCREA
SHOT 102 BASKETS WITHOUT A MISS DURING COLLEGE BASKET-BALL PRACTICE

LEE TRACY
RECEIVED 100,000 LETTERS FROM FANS PROTESTING HIS SUSPENSION AND DEMANDING HIS RETURN TO THE SCREEN.

MAE WEST
NOW WEARS BROWN SLACKS, LOW-HEELED SHOES AND A BERET!

AN "AQUARIUM" IN A MOVIE STUDIO IS NOT A FISHBOWL BUT THE GLASS-ENCLOSED ROOM WHICH HOUSES THE SOUND TECHNICIAN.

RICHARD TAUBER Once More!



TAUBER, in the character of Schubert, with Paul Graetz, who plays the father of Lilli.

BEFORE Tauber had ever walked across the screen, his voice was known the world over to a vastly greater public than his concert audiences through his gramophone records. These, with the further assistance of wireless, have brought his singing into countless homes. In his own time his popularity is unsurpassed. Whereas Kiepura's voice is displayed to best advantage in grand opera, Tauber's is associated chiefly with the singing of ballads and popular airs. He has sung frequently in opera too. But it is probably in the simpler little songs of sentiment that he makes his greatest appeal.

Tauber has been seen already on the screen in Australia. There was a film in which he appeared 18 months or more ago, entitled "The End of the Rainbow". In this he played the part of a Tyrolean innkeeper. As he sings to a company of villagers in the inn, his voice attracts the attention of a Berlin impresario, and he is persuaded to change his life of happy simplicity amidst homely surroundings for the glories and heartaches of an operatic career. It was a film very well suited to Tauber's personality, and naturally it gave him splendid vocal opportunities.

Never Married

IT was hinted at the time that the story bore some relationship to Tauber's own life. Whether, as in the film, he did lose his sweetheart through the pursuit of professional ambition, we cannot say. He has certainly remained unmarried, and he is now round about forty years of age. But as regards an early life of rustic obscurity that finds no parallel in Tauber's own personal history. His father was once producer-in-chief at the Opera House of Chemnitz in Saxony, and always dreamed of a stage career for his son.

Another film, entitled "The Right to Happiness", in which Tauber appears again as a grand opera tenor, is to precede "Blossom Time" by a few weeks. But both "The Right to Happiness" and "The End of the Rainbow" are German films with English subtitles superimposed.

THE story of the film is strongly reminiscent of "Lilac Time", in which the late John Rafton created the part of Schubert for Australian audiences, but it is different in several particulars. It does, however, bring in Schubert's unfulfilled romance. The composer was very susceptible, as is Tauber, who impersonates him, to feminine charm. But he never married. He lost the only woman whom he really loved.

At the time of her marriage Schubert was the local choir master and conductor of church music. During the wedding ceremony he was called upon in his professional capacity to sing and play. He did it, but afterwards said

HIS voice of Richard Tauber is to be heard presently in a new film, entitled "Blossom Time," which has a story woven round the life of Franz Schubert. Judging by its cast and the reports to hand concerning the production, it should be of wide and popular appeal.

What gives it special importance is that this is the first English film to be made by Tauber. Every word of dialogue and song will be given in English.



JANE BAXTER and Willy Eichberger, as Lilli and the Austrian officer, whom she marries.

very bitterly: "Women cannot love; they can only play with men."

This incident has been used in the film, where Tauber, as Schubert, sings at the wedding of Jane Baxter, who plays Lilli, to the young Austrian officer played by the German actor Willy Eichberger.

For the scene of the wedding in the cathedral an innovation was successfully attempted. The interior setting was, of course, built in the studio at Elstree, and Tauber sings his part with the choir there. But organ music was relayed from a church in Highgate by land line.

Music of the Film

THE other music in the film has points of interest. Naturally Schubert's own compositions are used, but one of the songs has never been published or even sung in public before.

It was discovered by Paul Stern, the director of the film, in a portfolio of Schubert material belonging to Professor Deutsch, who has just completed a biography of the composer, and who allowed the song to be included in the film. Apparently Schubert wrote it for

his "Magic Harp". However, during the rehearsals for this piece he conceived a strong dislike for the style of the principal tenor. When the music was being finally run through, he suddenly shouted out: "You may ruin the rest of the show, but you shall not ruin that song. I will cut it out!"

From that time the song has lain perdu; but Tauber sings it. Other incidental numbers have been composed by Tauber himself.

ON the evening of May 11 last, the famous tenor had the honor of singing before Their Majesties the King and Queen at the Albert Hall. He had been singing nearly all day in the studio for "Blossom Time", but his voice was as fresh as in the morning.

"You seem to put your whole heart into your singing," said the King to Tauber afterwards. This is no doubt one of the secrets of his success. In the film studio he first conducts the orchestra which is to accompany him, getting just the desired expression into the music to suit his voice. Then he steps on to the set and sings as though he meant every word—*and*

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

* THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Will Hay, Iris Hony, Angela Baddeley, (B.I.P.)

PINERO'S "The Magistrate" was a favorite farce in its day, and has been frequently revived. This film adaptation must also be counted a distinct success. Great pains have been taken over the clothes, manners, and customs of Londoners in the 'nineties, and as a result we are offered what is probably a perfect "period" piece. Going beyond the lines of the original farce, main items on the programme of an old-time music hall have been inserted along with the business of the chairman and the serving of refreshments to the audience.

What gusto they put into things then in their own leisurely way! It is all so different from the feverish modern note. Yet ladies, we can be sure, were not unduly hampered by their ample, dragging skirts, and heavily veiled picture hats. And the dashing Captain Vale (Claude Allister) could well afford to despise the leers of passers-by when his antique motor refused to start. The plot in many of its details can be foreseen, but there is continual amusement to be extracted from the acting of an excellent cast. Good humor and a zestful swing pervade the piece. Those were the days, indeed!—*Civic*.

* THE MAN FROM TORONTO

Jessie Matthews, Ian Hunter, Fred Kerr (B.D.F.)

IT might be more satisfactory in real life, but it would be pretty hard on some authors, if eccentric wills had to be cut out for the future. Here Jessie Matthews, as a young English widow of extravagant habits, and Ian Hunter, not very recognisably Canadian but still a very personable young man of the no-nonsense-about-him kind, each unacquainted with the other, are the unwilling co-heiress and heir of a deceased millionaire who attached a string to his legacy. Naturally, Miss Matthews flies off the handle and begins a regime of furious economy in a country cottage, and the "Man From Toronto" is lukewarm about even crossing the Atlantic to have a look at the tiresome creature his uncle had wished to foist on him.

But you can guess something of what happens. There are some delightfully observed scenes of village life and some well-presented types, including a strenuous worker for the revival of village industries (Margaret Yarde), and a mild vicar (Kenneth Kove). That old dear, the late Fred Kerr, is the not wholly disinterested solicitor. Jessie Matthews' attractive appearance is somewhat discounted by poor make-up or photography.—*Mayfair*.

* BOMBAY MAIL

Edmund Lowe, Shirley Grey, Ralph Forbes (Universal)

ALL the devices used in previous films to suggest a train hurtling across a vast country are skillfully utilised here. The story, too, of stolen rubies and political murder is feasible. Where the picture might have been improved is in the casting. The debonair Edmund Lowe makes a very fair job of his role as Inspector Dyke, in the employ of the Government of India; but he can hardly be expected to seem the real thing. As for Ferdinand Gottschalk, he is a poor choice for the Governor of Bengal, lacking, as he does, the dignity and ease of manner proper to the higher branches of the diplomatic service. His lady (Hedda Hopper) is similarly wanting.

In fact, though it is subdued, there is too much American accent for the place and circumstances. The Maharajah, about the least likely person to have acquired it, betrays himself in this way. Even the two Englishmen who are aide-de-camp to the Governor seem to have accommodated their speech to it now and then. And the story put over by Shirley Grey, as a prima donna of Canadian extraction, is pretty thin. Still, the film is competent and holds one's interest.—*State*.

* SING AND LIKE IT

Zasu Pitts, Edward Everett Horton, Nat Pendleton (R.K.O.)

ADAMIRERS of Miss Pitts will rejoice in this film. She is here in fine form as a bank employee with yearning for the stage, and her sentimental yearning about a man's best friend being his mother so touches the tough gangster's heart of Nat Pendleton that he determines she shall be a star. Edward Everett Horton is the distracted producer whom he ropes in to give this budding prima donna a lead in his forthcoming musical show; and Ned Sparks is the cynical second-in-command of the gang, who make it their business to see that the first night is a howling success.

The vein of extravagant burlesque is well maintained, with rich additions in the parts of a female gangster, whose discarded gun sticks to everything, and a mild fellow employee of the bank who

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

hopes in several years' time to marry Miss Pitts and have a little house with a garden where they can grow tomatoes. The audience, taking their time from the applause of an intimidated critic, particularly pleased us. An entertaining piece.—*Plaza*.

* YOU'RE TELLING ME

W. C. Fields, Joan Marsh, Larry Crabbe (Paramount)

W. C. FIELDS is an engaging humorist, with an imperturbable manner that rarely deserts him even under the most surprising circumstances. Here he is one of the less reputable citizens of Crystal Springs, a man who spends his time between inventing impossible gadgets and drinking with his cronies, instead of being a hustling business man and a credit to his family. But it is an invention of a puncture-proof tyre that, after various comical misadventures, leads to his acquaintance with a Royal Princess, who is travelling incognito through the Middle West, and establishes the family fortunes in a most dazzling fashion.

He is inclined to overplay his part. Taking an ostrich home with him as a peace offering for his wife, he is very funny. But the business of playing off the first tee of the new municipal golf course might have been curtailed. Still, he is shrewd enough to disbelieve in Adrienne Ames as a princess; and there we are entirely with him.—*Prince Edward*.

* FOG

Mary Brian, Donald Cook, Reginald Denny (Columbia)

IF in a film story of murders you notice any person of specially clear and candid gaze, you may be pretty sure that you have found the guilty party. The film is no exception to a useful rule. But the passengers on the liner were naturally and excusably baffled by the thick fog that overhung the vessel from the time she left New York harbor on her fatal passage. There were motives and plausible suspects enough, besides, in all conscience. In fact, the story is a little too involved to be a first-class example of its kind. But it is sufficiently spooky to satisfy the amateur of such thrills, and it is worked to the usual happy conclusion when the fog appropriately lifts.—*Capitol*.

* JIMMY THE GENT

James Cagney, Bette Davis, Alice White (Warner Bros.)

WE always expect a certain liveliness in a Cagney film, and we are not disappointed here. The character represented by our hero is by no means a model to imitate, for he is an energetic racketeer whose rough and ready methods have disgraced his one-time assistant (Bette Davis). She has been impressed by the superior savvy of his rival (Alan Dinehart), who is really quite as big a scoundrel in business and even more reprehensible in his personal dealings, but who makes great play with "ethics."

This film is a fairly complete demonstration of "double crossing" and man-handling, but it is quite often boisterously entertaining. The most amusing portion shows the ambitious Cagney adopting the refined office technique of Dinehart and injuring his digestion by repeated cups of highly sugared afternoon tea.

* THE FORTUNATE FOOL

Hugh Wakefield, Joan Wyndham (Assoc. Talking Pictures)

DION TITHERIDGE is responsible for the story of this film, which has points of originality in its character drawing, and contains some polished acting. It will, however, like a number of British pictures, probably seem too dim and slow an affair for those audiences used to the snap and rattling speed of Hollywood productions. On the other hand, though the tempo might have been quickened with advantage, the picture will please those who can savor its well-defined English types.

Joan Wyndham is charming as a forlorn little typist, rescued by a wealthy and whimsical novelist (Hugh Wakefield). There are also excellent studies of a butler, and of an ex-pugilist, who has a difficulty in running straight

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKE R

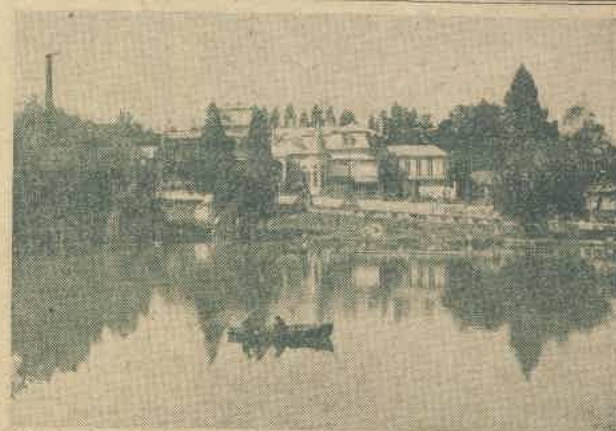
Saturday, July 14, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One



THE ROMAN FOUNTAIN built by George Lansell, on the site of one of his worked-out gold mines—one of the beauty spots of this luxury home, which contained treasures from every corner of the globe.



FORTUNA, Bendigo, Victoria, one of Australia's most famous pioneer homes—now but a shell in its lavish 13-acre setting.



A magnificent Louis Quatorze lady's writing table, brass and tortoiseshell inlay. One of the many Fortuna treasures brought to Australia by the Lansells on one of their trips round the world.

The Passing of ANOTHER HISTORIC Australian Home

Lavish Mansion of "Quartz King," where Prince Stayed, Falls Under Auctioneer's Hammer

Fortuna, the historic old home of the late George Lansell, and all its treasures have recently come under the hammer. Though the house was passed in, practically everything in it brought satisfactory prices.

Buyers from all over the continent hurried to Bendigo to this 3000-lot sale of one of the finest and most comprehensive collections of furniture and art treasures in Australia. No fewer than 17,000 people were shown through Fortuna, and 2733 of them were present with the light of battle in their eyes on the first day of the sale.

The sale of Fortuna means more than a splendid spree for antique dealers and connoisseurs. It means the breaking-up of one of Australia's most famous historic landmarks.

THIS house, the name of Lansell, and the surrounding mines are so linked with the history of gold-mining in Victoria that it is impossible to think of one without the other.

What a pity Fortuna could not have been bought by the nation and maintained as a permanent monument to our pioneers in the gold industry. Unfortunately, it would cost a fortune to do this, so another link in our short history is broken even before a hundred years have passed.

The Romance of Gold

GEORGE LANSELL came to Bendigo with £18 in his pocket in 1853. His first adventures in mining were unsuccessful, but before long he was a leading mine-owner. He was the pioneer of deep mining in Victoria, and his success undoubtedly played a big part in the growth of Bendigo. Before he died



BEAUTIFUL exhibition rose-wood table from Fortuna.

in 1906 at the ripe old age of 83, Mr. Lansell was the sole proprietor of the famous Cornet, Red, White, and Blue, and No. 83 mines, and was known far and wide as the "Quartz King."

In the midst of his success he went back to England, intending to stay there, and from the moment he left mining in Bendigo suffered a collapse.

Soon he received a round robin, signed by 2600 Bendigonians, asking him to come back.

He returned to the Golden City, bought Fortuna, along with its attendant mine, for a reasonable sum, and settled there for the rest of his life. Within a year the mine had yielded nearly five times the purchase price in gold.

Fifty-one Rooms

FORTUNA was built and named in 1871 by a successful German speculator, Balesriede, who sold out to Mr. Lansell and returned to Germany. He is chiefly remembered for his musical parties. His daughter-in-law, as hostess, always appeared in three different costumes. She received in pink brocade, sipped in mulberry velvet, and fawn-welled the guests in mauve tulle.

The stately pile, with its 51 rooms, belongs to no one period. It was added to and enlarged from time to time. In accordance with the demands of Mr. Lansell's family or the wishes of his wife. Both were much travelled, and wherever they went they acquired some treasure for their beloved home.

The house is built on one of the sandhills that grew up round the mines, but there was a time when the city fathers of Bendigo took exception to the other unsightly sandhills about. They instructed Mr. Lansell to remove them.

Mr. Lansell refused to move them. He was proud of them, and he promised to convert them into things of beauty. Thus he proceeded to spend £130,000 in creating a beautiful garden where there had once been nothing but waste sand.

The result is the present 13 acres of lawns, flower and vegetable gardens, including, among other things, three ornamental lakes, and vast asparagus beds that are justly famous.

An avenue of spreading eucalyptus winds from the gates to the flower garden, and here enormous and venerable orange trees grown from pipe mingle with the standard roses on the lawns between the house and the large lake that is bordered with roses. The huge camellia trees that still flower were

planted before the property belonged to the Lansells.

The whole place is surrounded by evidences of Mr. Lansell's mining associations. Erected on one sandhill, and something of a monument, is a large metal line that was originally a counterweight on the old see-saw pump used in the mine. It weighs five tons.

Fortuna is one of the few houses in Australia that has a strongroom, and it has held thousands of pounds' worth of gold in its day.

A wide verandah runs the length of the front of the house and balconies, lavished with creepers, rise above. The whole place was centrally heated and fitted with hot water, electric light, and a telephonic system.

The statuary surrounding the elaborate Roman fountain, reproduced on this page, has been sold and may eventually find its way into Bendigo Gardens.

Art Treasures

WIDE stone steps lead to the entrance hall, where Longstaff's portrait of Mr. Lansell always looked down over the stone fireplace. Either side were huge Japanese bronze incense-burners standing 6ft. high, and across the hall three bits of oak, black with age. The carved settle, sold for £50, dates from 1645, and the letters on the back proclaim that it was "Carved by Sir Nicholas Yarbrough and his wife, Dame

Faith, nee Dawney, who welcome the coming, and speed the parting guest." Its neighbor was a grandfather clock dated 1635, and close by stood the handsome cabinet that was originally the property of Thomas Howard in 1621.

Down winding stairs are the billiard and dining-rooms, the former built by day labor in a time of acute industrial distress to provide work for unemployed. The two rooms together, one on a higher level than the others, were adapted for private theatricals, and it is here that Longstaff's portraits of Mrs. Lansell and Miss Edith Lansell hung. They were in the company of many fine paintings, and nearby stood a cabinet of Georgian crystal.

The little drawing-room, wherein stood its Paris Exhibition furniture of the mid-Victorian period, leads to the long drawing-room, or music-room, with its many large windows looking out over garden, lake, and conservatory. Here were housed many treasures of art, including some exquisite Roman mosaics.

Mrs. Lansell's bedroom suite, bought at the Paris Exhibition for 600 guineas, was sold for £105. The wardrobe of mahogany with claret satin facings is ornamented with a brass and copper filigree design. The dressing-table has a marble top, and even the bedroom chairs, also of brass and copper, take a man-sized muscle to lift.

CLEVER IDEAS

EQUAL QUANTITIES of milk and white of egg mixed together work wonders with the covers of old books. Apply with a piece of soft flannel, and then polish with an old silk handkerchief. Sometimes annoying specks of mildew will make their appearance. If this has happened, rub with a little oil of lavender, which will not only remove the mildew, but prevents its reappearance. —"Alice," Brisbane.

BEFORE TURNING out boiled or steamed puddings, let them stand for a few minutes, so that the mixture may shrink slightly from the sides of the basin. —"Janet," Rockhampton, Qld.

A SMALL teaspoonful of vinegar added to a dish of stewed prunes, when cooked, will improve the flavor. —"Joan," Marriekville, N.S.W.

TRY THIS method of preventing patent shoes from cracking. Before wear, rub them all over with vaseline. Leave for a few days, then wipe off the grease and polish with a soft duster, or shoe pad. This makes them waterproof also. —Mrs. O.H., Port Pirie, S.A.

TO PRESERVE parsley. Dip it in cold water, shake well, and place in a warm oven for about 35 minutes, when it should come out looking crisp and bright green. Pick off the main stem, rub through a colander, and store in airtight bottles in a dark, dry cupboard. —"J.M.," Bendigo, Vic.

SLUGS and snails will leave your seedlings severely alone if you sprinkle soot mixed with pepper around them. —A.B., Ivanhoe, Vic.

Let's Have Attractive Corners in Our Homes

Make Them Cosy, Inviting ... and "Different"

THIS week I thought I would have a little talk with you about the so often neglected corners of the home—neglected in so far as their general arrangement and furnishings are concerned... corners can be transformed from dull, uninteresting or "cluttered" affairs into cosy, interesting, and withal charming spots.



By...
**OUR HOME
DECORATOR**

A cosy inviting corner in the living-room of the flat shared by Joyce Kirby and Constance Godridge, Gaumont-British "baby" stars.



WHEN one becomes "corner-conscious," it is surprising to find how, on immediately entering any room, your eyes stray inquiringly to its four corners.

Sometimes your mind registers intense pleasure, and your eyes linger admiringly on an artistic grouping and arrangement of furniture and furnishings. It may only be a low comfy chair with a small table upon which stands a colorful bowl of exquisitely-arranged flowers, and over which the sun, from a near-by window, sheds a warming radiance; or it may be a tall, slender standard lamp with a quaint, vellum shade diffusing a soft glow on the charming objects around; or again, a few corner shelves in a breakfast room softly attractive

The corner of a business girl's one-room flat. The bed by day is a divan camouflaged by luxurious looking cushions and an attractive, but plain, cover. Note the shelves above.

A charming old-world effect in a modern bedroom. The coral-pink draped dressing table corner-wise—the taffeta drapes matching the background of the chintz curtains. A plain deal kitchen table can be used for this dressing table—lacquer, taffeta and your own capable hands do the rest.



with lovely pieces of fragile china.

There are scores of other ways of treating dull corners, artistically, with the simplest possessions you have by you.

Become "corner-conscious," too, and you'll find them responding with surprising charm, and perhaps changing completely the "face" of your room.

NOW, on this page I am picturing three different but very attractive corners.

The top picture shows a corner of a living-room belonging to two very fascinating young girls—Joyce Kirby and Constance Godridge, of Gaumont-British. Their cosy flat overlooks the broad reaches of the Thames, some twenty miles above London.

There is nothing garish about their little flat, and they are proud of it.

The glass curtains at the window, which run to one-half the whole length of the room, are carried out in soft primrose shades, and match perfectly the plain, daintily patterned walls.

The heavier curtains are carried out in blue, as is also the velvet upholstered divan. Upon the mirror-topped table, a lovely bowl of yellow tulips stands, and to the right of Constance and Joyce, tucked cozily on the lounge, you glimpse books and more flowers.

By day the sun (when it shines!) streams through the window and by night a tall standard lamp sheds soft radiance around.

A Bedroom Glimpse

IN the next picture you glimpse quite another scene—the corner of a bedroom.

Draped dressing tables of an older generation have come back into fashion. I think nothing more attractively feminine than this type of dressing table has ever been devised. And such embellishment offers scope for much ingenuity.

In this instance, coral pink taffeta has been used and matches the background of the chintz curtains to perfection.

The plain mirror reflects a patch of the scalloped bedspread—also carried out in the coral-pink taffeta. Deep cream felt covers the floor and the accessories are in deep powder blue—a delightful, charming corner, you will admit.

AN attractive corner in a business girl's one-room flat is the subject of the third illustration.

The bed is disguised completely as a divan and the pile of cushions adds considerable beauty by reason of their arrangement, colors, and variety of shapes.

The little corner shelf above, with its books and bowls, might well be copied to advantage by anyone.

Pictures are few, but their choice and grouping are in keeping with the artistic hand and brain of the owner.

These are just a few examples of what can be done in the average home to make corners more interesting.

Try your hand in your own home when the spirit moves you. The outcome may surprise you, give you additional pride in your little possessions, and give a new look to rooms which, through your eyes, seemed to look so tired.—E.E.G.

Sale-End Bargains

FARMER'S are winding up their winter sale this week with extra special reductions throughout all departments.

A particularly generous offer is being made in the coat and cardigan departments. All fur-trimmed coats, ranging from 45/- to £5/15/6, and all overseas cardigans and pullovers, are to be sacrificed at half-price. One of the many astonishing values is a ribbed boucle coat fully lined, with a shorn lamb collar in colors—black, brown, cruise blue, olive green, and navy. They may be obtained in sizes S.S.W., S.W., W., and O.S.

An astounding slipper bargain is also being offered. Rich plush velvet Alberts with cosy sole and heel in 15 glorious shades—usually 4/11—specially reduced for the sale to 3/11.



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AND EFFORT...
as well as MONEY**

ELECTRIC cooking costs less than 1d. per person per day, because, with electric cooking, there is no waste heat, no waste time, no spoiled food, and no burned utensils. The amount of food saved more than pays for the electricity used.

Electric Ranges on Easy Terms — 20% Deposit!

Every woman within the Supply Area of the Municipal Council of Sydney can now buy an approved Electric Range from any electrical dealer on the low deposit of 20%. Two years are allowed for payment of the balance and the range will be fully guaranteed for 2 years. The Electricity Department offers to have the Range installed free of charge (up to a

cost of £6, which is the average cost). The Department will also supply such electric range owners with ALL household electricity at the specially reduced rate of 1d. per unit, after primary units have been consumed. See the display of approved Electric Ranges at the Town Hall Showroom of The Electricity Department, Municipal Council of Sydney (Druitt Street Entrance), Sydney.

ELECTRIC COOKING DEMONSTRATIONS

Every Tuesday and Friday at 3 p.m., and Wednesday at 11 a.m., interesting electric cooking demonstrations are given at the Electricity Showrooms, Town Hall, Sydney (Druitt Street Entrance). You are cordially invited to attend.

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Needless Pain!



Sitruac Banishes Headaches

Headaches—the bane of every woman's life, but a haunting fear no longer for everyone is turning to SITRUAC for safe speedy relief.

SITRUAC soothes in seventy seconds, and banishes headaches and all nerve pains, whilst it is invaluable in combating dreaded "flu."

SITRUAC HEADACHE POWDERS are definitely better than Aspirin, for not only do they bring relief quickly and surely, but they only remain in the system for three hours, and can have no reactionary or cumulative effects.

Women find SITRUAC of the greatest assistance at all times, especially at those periods when the delicate nervous system is specially susceptible to pain.

Buy a carton, containing eight SITRUAC powders to-day. Your local Chemist and good stores everywhere stock them. 1/6 per carton.

Sitruac
HEADACHE POWDERS
SOOTHE IN TO SECONDS
At all Chemists and Good Stores Everywhere

Here is the Smart Way to Do It!



ABOVE: The smart way to do it when cocktails are served. Old English Pewter platters bearing tiny sausages piping hot and a pile of crisp, fried whitebait—and the lustrous hand-hammered shaker for the cocktail. Note close-up of this standing on the modern glass and chromium tray. AT RIGHT: A pewter tea service is charming. Hand-hammered, every design is in perfect accord with the hand-wrought masterpieces of the Tudor period. Specially imported by David Jones, it will find pride of place on every up-to-date table.

Emerging from the oblivion of a hundred years, Old English Pewter makes an amazing comeback.

TODAY, on smart tables, lustrous, hand-beaten pewter, once the plate of kings, takes pride of place... Gleaming richly, proudly, antequely, it carries us back hundreds of years to the days of gold brocade and lace, glowing color, sumptuous dresses and enormous ruffles, gaiety, luxury—back to the Tudor period, into the reigns of Henry VIII and of Good Queen Bess.

IT is quite natural to expect that pewter-ware will become the vogue here in Australia.

With a glowing charm all its own, it outdistances the quality of its ancestors in that it contains little or no lead.

Early pewter was said to be a composition of tin, copper and antimony; also an alloy of tin and lead. But lovely, modern pewter is made of a much

With the modern craze for antiques what could be more fitting than pewter in an old-world setting?

On the other hand, how well it would combine with chromium furniture and fittings of this age!

Safest for Liquids

PEWTER is the safest of all metals for liquids. It needs practically no



harder metal, and therein lies the secret of its gleaming finish.

Because of this it will have extra appeal for home-lovers.

For special spring cleaning occasions it may be washed with warm water and soap, rinsed in clear water, and then polished with a soft cloth or chamois.

PICTURED on this page are several pieces of genuine hand-hammered, old English pewter, imported from London by David Jones' to meet the coming demand. Overseas it is already enjoying a wonderful popularity.

These examples are genuine reproductions of the pewter of the Tudor period. Reflected back in the dark green centre of one of the popular glass and chromium



MISS DOT RANKIN, a member of the committee for the eighth annual Washington H. Soul, Pattinson and Co. Ltd. Charity Fund Ball, to be held at Farmer's Blackland Galleries on Wednesday, July 18, in aid of Hospital Cots Fund.

How to Clean Enamel Kettles

TO clean the inside of an enamel kettle, boil lemon juice or vinegar in it and then scald out with borax water. Rinsing the kettle thoroughly after using will help to prevent the sediment forming, while an oyster shell, well washed and put inside the kettle, will stop the lime adhering to the inside.

trays stands a cocktail-shaker—surely an interesting piece when we consider that such a recent fashion is being perpetuated in such an antique design.

The second picture shows the full beauty of pewter as a tea service. Its glowing light is reflected in the polished wood of the table.

Among the many items to choose from at David Jones' are sugar-shakers, cake-stands, biscuit-barrels, butter-dishes, coffee sets, ice pails, sauce holders, hot water jugs, serviette rings, tea-caddies, trays, cocktail-shakers, and casseroles.

DRASTIC SHOE CLEARANCE

RIGNEYS 10% CASH SALE

The Sale where EVERYTHING'S REDUCED at least 10%—NO EXCEPTIONS

CHIROPODY SALON: Charges for all treatments ordered or appointments made during sale are subject to 10% reduction

LADIES' Ruthless Reductions on SALE SPECIALS in both Depts. MEN'S

BEDGOODS FAMOUS "MAUREEN" LAST in black glaze. Neatly slashed side. The Shoe, covered Cuban heels, and flexible welted soles. Usually 29/6.

Sale Price 26/7

SPECIAL SALE PURCHASE of high grade BLACK GLAZE OPERA COURTS. Genuine hand-turned pumps, still or baby still heels, medium toes. Usually 24/6 and 21/- value.

Sale Price 18/11

The ever popular BETTY & QUEEN LASTS by Spencer, in black or brown kid, ties or courts, high or low heels. Black. Usually 29/6.

Sale Price 26/7

Brown. Usually 31/6. Sale Price, 28/5.

"HARKNESS" black or brown kid, arch support, the shoes, baby Louis heels, medium toes. Usually 37/6.

Sale Price 33/9

"SHARWOODS" for women who require good fitting long lasts. Inspect these. Ties and courts in best quality imported black glaze kid. Courts. Usually 35/-.

Sale Price 31/7

Ties, Usually 37/6. Sale Price, 33/9.

WELTS. Every regular stock welt carries a reduction of 2/- in the £. In addition we are having a grand clean up of samples, oddments and broken

ranges at 12/6

SLIPPERS. Drastic reductions in all winter slippers. Many are half price and less. We are determined to clear the entire winter stock regardless of price.

High Grade "WESTBROOK" black glaze step-in court, medium heels, and made off the perfect fitting "Success" last. Usually 32/6.

Sale Price 29/3

These shoes will never be repeated at these prices.

BOYS & YOUTHS. In response to the demand for solid Hard-wearing quality Shoes, Rigneys have opened a new section for young men. Come in with Dad for quality Shoes.

Special sale offer Hansman's Boys and Youths. Usually 25/- and 31/-.

Sale Price 19/11 16/11

"PALAIS." Ask the men that wear them. The best guinea shoe in Sydney. During the Sale all lines 18/11, in addition there are 42 pairs discontinued lines

to be sold at 15/-

RAOUL MERTON. The Shoe that will change your ideas of foot comfort. The toe is soft. Black calf, tan calf, black patent. Usually 27/6.

Sale Price 24/6

YOUNG BUSINESS MEN. Smart, quiet distinction with value, that gives that better than the price look, has always marked Rigneys' black and tan 19/6 shoes.

Sale Price 17/7

ZUG. A whole Golosh Zug, imported upper with a heavy one-piece "Italian" hide sole that's tough as the "Duce." The talk of Sydney at the normal price, 34/6.

A Sale knock-out at 31/-

QUALITY we are certain always pays and pays handsomely in footwear. Using the finest imported materials Hansman, that prince of shoemakers, has produced for Rigneys two shoes that are distinctive in any company.

They are a frogue and a whole golosh oxford with wide welt and stitched heel. Usually 49/6 and 48/6.

Sale Price 43/8

HANSMAN. Black wallaby. Soft, flexible comfort is assured long life and smart appearance a certainty if you buy Hansman's black wallaby value at 33/6.

Sale Price 30/-

SLIPPERS. We are having a grand clean up of all types of slippers in all sizes and materials. Particularly we mention size 5; we are overstocked in this size, and have reduced 38 pairs usually selling 11/6 to 18/11.

All out at 7/6

Isn't it grand to be blooming well small?

Many of these are Specials with Reductions greater than 10%. Be early, they will go quickly!

IT'S ALWAYS GENUINE :: :: THE CASH SALE AT THE HOUSE OF PERFECT FOOTWEAR

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Your doctor recommends Melasol. Ask him about it.

Also unequalled for: Poisoned wounds, skin eruptions, mouth wash, tonsillitis.

Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day, 2/-, 4/6, 9/6.

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Contains 40% Tri-tol (oil), the new Australian germicide and deodorant. Eleven times more powerful than carbolic, but non-irritant and non-poisonous.

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days. Anyone can use. NO ELIM-
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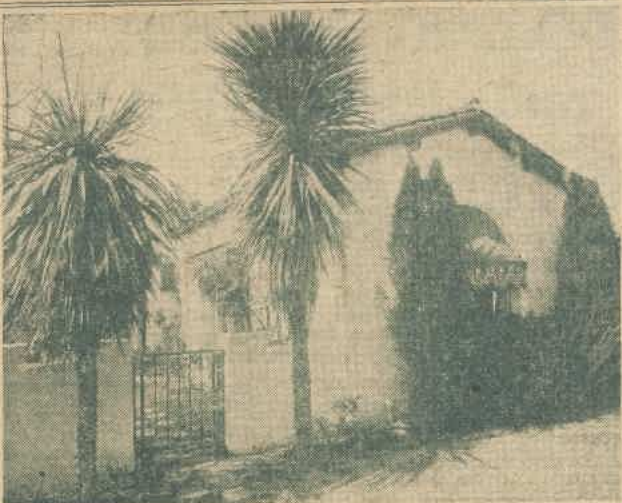
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the beginner is catered for in this book.

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Old Gold, Dental Plates, etc. E. E.
Smith, 111a Pitt St. (near Hunter
St.)



CUPRESSUS MAKES an attractive setting for windows, and Dracaenas—handsome, tropical-looking plants—decorating either side of the gateway, give an unusual touch to this little home. They are both sturdy growers and can be planted now.

SUCCULENT PLANTS from SOUTH AFRICA

Every Garden should have a bed of
these beautiful, interesting and easily
cultivated Plants!

... Says the OLD GARDENER

GARDENING is an occupation adaptable to every-
body—old and young, rich and poor. It provides
the most healthful exercise and recreation. It is
a hobby that gives pleasure to everybody—and annoys
nobody.

But let the Old Gardener, who has a lot of interesting
things to say concerning these quaint, easy-to-grow South
African plants, continue...

YES, I would go on to say that
a house or cottage with a
garden and lawn looks a home,
and, without one—well, cheerless
and uninviting

Now, take this little home of yours,
Miss. How interesting it was for you
to watch the garden taking shape, and
now what a pretty and attractive home
you have.

Week by week we have planned and
worked, enjoying every moment, and we
have achieved success... yet, I see
there is one more place we can im-
prove—have a bed of some of the finest
and quaintest plants that can be grown.

Oh, yes, you seem surprised, but it's
true! The succulent plants of South
Africa, which are beginning to be grown
in Australia, have come to stay. Every
garden should have a bed of these beau-
tiful and most interesting plants. They
are easy to cultivate. They prefer
light open, and sandy soil, abundance
of drainage, and at all times must be
kept only slightly watered, particularly
during the winter months.

The bed should be thoroughly pre-
pared, and if the soil be heavy, char-
coal brick, or rubble should be thor-
oughly intermixed. The bed should be
raised well above the lawn. This allows
for thorough, systematic draining and
drying out in wet seasons.

Succulents need very little attention
after planting out. The only labor
required is the keeping of the bed clean,
the groundwork plants in position, and
keeping the flowers picked off. This
is really no labor at all.

Propagation in these plants is simple.
Nearly all kinds throw off shoots freely
from the base of the plants during the
summer. These can be taken off al-
most at any time, placed in pots of
sandy soil, and, if kept in a dry, sunny
position, they soon root, and a supply
of young plants will always be on hand.

Not for the Bush-house

ON no account place them in the bush-
house, for they do not require the
same amount of water as other plants.
Being of a thick, fleshy nature, and
storing up their own moisture, too much
water would be fatal.

When we speak of making a succu-
lent bed we not only mean the culti-
vation of all kinds of plants having
thick, fleshy leaves and stems, but also
many varieties of sedums and other
moxy or "fuffy" growing plants, such
as when arranged in conjunction with

them would harmonise with the quaint-
ness of the succulents.

There is no waiting for a display from
a well-planted succulent garden. They
are always admired, and are effective
immediately after planting.

Planting a Circular Bed

NOW, I'll just explain how this cir-
cular bed here should be planted.
I've already told you how to build up,
drain, and prepare the bed. A cir-
cular bed of succulents is always ad-
visable because you can walk all round
and admire its beauty.

Well, Miss, get out your pencil and
paper, because I'm going to give you
some tongue-twisting names.

How do I remember them?

Well, that's a secret, but come, let us
get on with this good work.

Now we commence from the centre
of this circle, and plant a tall Yucca,
also called variegata. Then three plants
of the tree, sempervivum Arboreum.
Next, six plants of the tree sempervivum
Phyllodes. Then six plants of
sempervivum Canariense.

The next circle is nine plants of
Echeveria metallica, and nine plants of
sempervivum Haworthii, also alternated
on the outer line—next to the edging
—being 12 plants of Echeveria glauca
metallica, and the same number of Eche-
veria farinosa, the outer edging being
sempervivum Californicum and Eche-
veria secunda glauca, the central por-
tion of the bed being clothed with
flowering mauve-colored mesembryan-
themum conspicuum, and the outer
portion with mesembryanthemum Cor-
difolium variegata.

Now that circle, Miss, when planted
will be the envy of the district.

Other Quaint Varieties

SOME of the other succulent plants
which are known as stone or pebble
plants are: Lithops, Argemone, Glo-
liphillum, Rhamnus, Plectroplus Bolusii,
and Cheiridopsis Azaretifera.

The Stapelias are remarkable, and
when well-grown have thick stems, and
look like the massed ruins of an old
Egyptian temple. They all have flowers,
like a five-pointed star.

The Euphorbias are very interesting,
growing into many weird forms and
shapes.

There are really thousands of suc-
culent plants to tell you about, but I
can see you are tired of writing down
names! See you later about the others.

Dainty Lace Stitch Pure
Shetland Wool Pullovers
with popular crew neck
and long sleeves. Pastel
shades of Rose, Apricot,
Powder Blue; also
Cream. Usually
5/11. NOW 2/11

Ashley's
New System
Store always
gives value
at least
15% better.

**5/11
2/11**

**All knitwear
to clear—many
HALF PRICE
and
LESS**

**9/11
5/11**

**22/6
10/11**

**19/11
12/11**

**29/11
16/11**

**42/6
19/11**

**120 Assorted Cardigans and
Pullovers, both plain and
patterned designs. All wanted
shades, S.S.W. to W. Col. up
to 1/6. NOW ONE PRICE 10/11**

**Cardigans in Super Quality
Tight Weave Wool. Con-
trasting trimmings. S.S.W.
to O.S. Black, Burgundy,
Beige, Cruise, Navy, Rust,
etc. Usually 19/11. Up to
29/11. NOW 16/11**

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SYDNEY'S FIRST NEW SYSTEM STORE
IMPERIAL ARCADE

Good food deserves
good sauce —

**PICK-ME-UP
SAUCE**

*Makes
all the difference!*

Cooler days will bring keener appetites, and this piquant Sauce
will make your meals doubly enjoyable. Pick-Me-Up Sauce is a
Genuine Worcester Sauce made in Australia. A delightful addition
to hot or cold meats, fish and fowl, soups and stews, salads
and savouries, with cheese, sandwiches, etc. Order a bottle from your
grocer.

If you prefer a sweet fruit Sauce — try

LANCASHIRE RELISH

A delicious P.M.U. product.

"Now! you'll find your Electricity Bill lighter!"



"—and get all the light you pay for!"

The Philips Photometer, which proves the efficiency of "cheap" lamps beyond all doubt.

"THANK you, Mr. Brown—
we are going to discard all our 'cheap' lamps and replace with Philips!"

"You are very wise, Madam, for not only will you get much better lighting, but you will get all the light you pay for."

"The fact is, Mr. Brown, we had always used Philips, but we thought we could save money with 'cheap' lamps, even though the light was not quite so good!"

"And did you find 'cheap' lamps more economical?"

"No, Mr. Brown, far from it—we certainly saved a few pence on the cost of the lamps, but in spite of the poor light our electricity account is nearly double!"

"Well, Madam—thousands of women have made the same discovery—'cheap' lamps are 'cheat' lamps, and it pays to use only Philips."

PHILIPS LAMPS
MEASURED LIGHT

NO WONDER HE GOT THE JOB!



Clear eyes, clear skin, abounding vigour—the outcome of the small daily dose of **CARLISTA**—won the position for him.

To do yourself full justice you must be in perfect health—free from constipation; no uric acid, no clogging poisons in the intestinal tract, no predisposition to rheumatism.

All this and more **CARLISTA** will do for you—yet it costs only 2/3 a large jar of at least 64 average doses.

CARLISTA 2/3
MINERAL SPRING SALTS
LARGE JAR
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

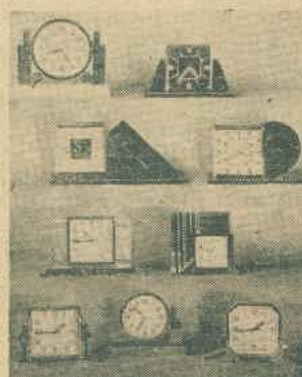
TELLING the TIME ... TRUTHFULLY and BEAUTIFULLY

MANY of you will remember the schoolroom rhyme, which was recited sing-song fashion, and having—like some old copy-book line—a painful twofold moral in its train. If memory serves me right, it ran like this:

*There's a neat little clock, in the schoolroom it stands,
And it points to the time with its two little hands.
May we, like the clock, keep our face clean and bright,
With hands ever ready to do what is right.*

UNFORTUNATELY, however, the twofold moral, as far as our form was concerned, had a flaw in it, for the enamelled face of the school-room clock was not so bright—in fact, it was yellow, parched, and cracked. What is more, it absolutely refused to strike the hour correctly. No cut and dried system about our clock. It just struck the hour most convenient and agreeable at the time.

And as children take everything literally, what psychological effect might this rhyme have had on the lives of the whole form? The boys, I remember—just what could be expected of them, anyway—showed their contempt by consistently making the face of the clock a bull's eye for clayey bullets, fired from pillant rulers, and we girls, tidy crea-



Clocks seem to be the inevitable, the fitting wedding gift, and here you have a handsome collection in modern style from which to choose—in Chromium, and Chromium and Black.

Folding camera clocks, side by side with the smart new flap-jack variety.



tures, just as consistently cleaned its face!

IN the dim, unburied ages, far removed from our school days, people did not divide time into hours, but into days.

They watched the sun, and told by the number of times it rose and set how many days had passed. The sun was man's clock, and even to-day, men who work out-of-doors can tell the time roughly by it.

As the years rolled by, some men found ways of telling the hours.

In Egypt, a water clock was used. A big brass bowl, with a tiny hole in its base, was placed in a pool of water.

Into this the water crept, and lower and lower the bowl sank, as the water rose in it. When full, a gong was struck, and people knew an hour had passed. Six strokes of the gong meant that six hours had passed since sunrise.

The Chinese used another type of water clock. Four copper pots were placed, one above another, on a stairway. Little pipes carried the water from jar to jar. The top jar, or pot, was first filled with water, which ran slowly into the next jar and so on to the lowest one. A wooden ruler was fixed in the last jar in such a way that it rose when the water entered, and thus showed how the time passed. When the lowest jar was filled an hour had elapsed.

DON'T FORGET ...

The Armistice Ball, to be held by the Sydney branches of F.A.S.O.B.U. and N.E.O.S.O.B.U. will take place at the Woolworth on August 2.

The date of the Murrumbidgee Ball, in aid of St. Luke's Hospital, is fixed for August 23.

The annual ball of Lodge Wentworth No. 88 U.G.L. N.S.W. in aid of the Benevolent Fund of Lodge Wentworth, will be held in Paddington Town Hall on July 14.

The Metropolitan Hospital visiting committee of the Country Women's Association will hold an all fresco lunch and reunion of its members—past and present—at Taronga Park on July 20. The rendezvous is the top main entrance, the time 11 a.m., the slogan "bring your own mug and sandwiches."

The fourteenth annual staff dance of the Metropolitan Water, Sewerage, and Drainage Board, to be held at Hordern Bros. on July 28, will be in aid of the Benevolent Society of N.S.W.

Foundation Day will be celebrated at Abbotsleigh during the afternoon and evening of July 21. Proceedings will be opened by a short service for Old and Present Girls, at 1.45 p.m.

City Tailors' annual Hospital Ball will take place at David Jones on July 19. It is in aid of several hospitals. Seventeen debutantes will be presented to Her Excellency, Lady Isaacs.

The Camp Fire Ball will be held under the auspices of the Boy Scout Club at Hordern Bros. on August 4.

The Red Cross Headquarters Younger Set are holding their fourth annual birthday dance at David Jones on July 17.

The sixteenth annual dance of The King's School Old Boys' Union will be held at Farmer's Restaurant (Galleries) on July 30. Tickets obtainable from Messrs. B. B. O'Connor, W. S. Friend, G. B. Sutherland, and R. E. Bond.

The second annual ball of the Federation of Parents and Citizens' Associations will be held at the Westworth on July 14. Debutantes will be presented to Her Excellency, Lady Isaacs.

The Girls' Order of the Covenant are holding their efficiency and choral competitions in the Assembly Hall, Jamison St., on July 14, in the afternoon and evening.

Amazing Specials at Grace Bros. Sale

"SURE to get it at Grace Bros." is a fine slogan—and true.

The three great buildings at Broadway house not only personal and every day household needs, but artistic treasures for home and garden worth coming hundreds of miles to see.

Even these, during the currency of their great winter sale, now at its height, are sensationally cut in price.

Here are two amazing specials for smart day and evening wear, just chosen at random that will intrigue women everywhere.

The first, sequin evening capes made in black and gold, black and silver, white and gold, plain gold, or plain silver. These capes have all been reduced to 12/11.

The second, for daywear—collar and cuffs of plaited lame, in both gold and silver—priced from 6/11. These sets are made in fashionable designs, and give the necessary smart touch to your frock, for street or informal wear.

And these are only two specials among the many outstanding bargains offering at Grace Bros. up until the closing hour of their sale.



LIKE A faithful friend, this great clock (from Grace Brothers), in its polished frame of Australian blackwood, can be relied upon to tell the truth for years on end.

—Photo by courtesy of Grace Bros.

The water was poured back into the top jar and the water-clock started again.

This system was superseded by the candle-clock, used by Alfred the Great in England over a thousand years ago.

Then came the sundial, hour-glass, one-hand clocks, lantern clocks, and so on up to the present day. Now, as you know, we have an endless variety of big and little, decorative, and smart clocks to choose from.

Here in Sydney, installed in the furniture department of Grace Brothers, is perhaps the most wonderful clock ever invented—the Atmos clock.

This amazing clock will go for five hundred years, and will never need winding. It operates on variations in temperature.

Another clock, famous in its way, is the Floral clock at the Zoological Gardens.

This is a copy as far as mechanism is concerned of the floral clock in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh—conceded to be, by the way, the prettiest street in the world.

ON this page, I have had a variety of domestic and travelling clocks pictured, that represent the very latest in artistry and craftsmanship. These came from Grace Brothers.

We all love the grandfather clock, and the chime of this is rich and sweet. Its frame is of lustrous Australian blackwood. The folding camera clocks are novel, but perhaps the smartest of all is the new flap-jack clock, which slips into one's bag so comfortably.

Chromium, gleaming and modern, and chromium allied with polished black metal, are featured in the other group. They'll all count the hours with unerring patience and precision.

If the chime of your clock that marks the passing hours is marred by premonitory jangles and by unpleasant reverberations at the end, or if it sulks, hesitates, and stops without provocation, then turn to any one of these with relief.—Eve Gye.

W. H. WHIDON & COY.
NO CONNECTION WITH
W. H. WHIDON,
EX-DIRECTOR OF
N.S.W. STATE LOTTERY
£1000 for 1/6

Join our new State Lottery Syndicates

You can't go wrong.
One-Fifth Share for 1/6.
Don't Miss This Opportunity

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

One-fifth Share in 4 different 5/ Tickets for

This gives you 4 separate chances to win £1000. (Cheaper than buying a Lottery Ticket, and you have 4 chances!)

The £5000 is due again.

HOW TO SEND

-----COUPON-----
I want to share your Lottery Luck. Enclosing is a Postal Note for £1000 and stamped addressed envelope bearing name and address.

For a Fifth Share send £1000 1/6
For 4 One-Fifth Shares in different Tickets send £4000 5/6

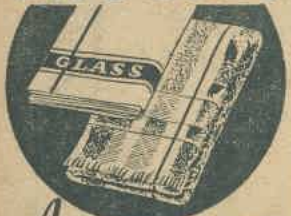
We do NOT publish names and addresses of winning clients without their consent.

SEND TO-DAY—DON'T DELAY.
To-day may be your Lucky Day, and you may be £1000 richer next week.

Remember the address:
THE ORIGINAL W. H. WHIDON & CO. NO CONNECTION WITH W. H. WHIDON, EX-DIRECTOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES STATE LOTTERY

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Save SIREN CROSSES



And CHOOSE YOUR FREE GIFT GLASSCLOTHS BATH-TOWELS

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT

FOR YOUR FREE BATH TOWEL SAVE: 40 crosses from 10 large bars of Siren Soap. FOR YOUR FREE GLASSCLOTH SAVE: 24 crosses from 6 large bars of Siren Soap. Take your crosses to: Gift Shawroom, 360 Kent Street (near King Street), Sydney. OR, Ground Floor, Parkes House, 5-11 Hunter Street, Sydney.

If unable to call, or send personally, post your crosses, with your name and address, to J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., Box 1594, G.P.O., Sydney, stating number of wrappers enclosed and gift required.

OFFER OPEN TILL 31st DEC. SIREN SOAP

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The GRACE and CHARM of Beauty is Priceless

THIS MAY BE YOURS

by treatment for Facial Blemishes, Enlarged Pores, Acne, etc., Superfluous Hairs, and Foot Comfort.

CONSULT THE SPECIALIST



(late Elizabeth Arden, London and New York).

Use Day-Lex Preparations Daily. Sole Distributor.

3rd Floor, 41 Market St., Sydney. M4380 and M42718.



REDUCE SAFELY

ATTAIN CHARMING PROPORTIONS WITHOUT DIET.

FORD'S CORPOREAL CAPSULES

This is a safe remedy for overweight. Endorsed by medical authorities and on fact, it does not harm. No special diet or exercise. Scores of testimonials prove its effectiveness. Many women reduced 10 lb. in six weeks. Send 10/- for six weeks' treatment. Three months' treatment for 20/-. Sent in plain wrapper. Post Free.

NOEL P. FORD, M.P.S. (Syd. Int.), CHEMIST, 248 KING STREET, NEWTOWN. Telephone: L1712.



Kiddies must grow.

Unless very active, children are susceptible to digestive troubles, giving them a little Bile Beans occasionally. Bile Beans are a healthy stimulant to a strong physique. Bile Beans 13/6 3/4



HIGHLIGHTS for READERS

Conducted by Linda Littlejohn

Women's Weekly Session, every day, 9.45 to 10, Myra Dempsey 2 to 3, Dorothea Vautier.

2UW Opens a New Transmitting Unit

THERE are "tides" in the development of institutions as well as in "the affairs of men," and 2UW announces that its new transmitting unit is installed and in perfect working order.

It was built by Amalgamated Wireless, and so huge is the apparatus, including transmitter, generating plant, and control room, that it has necessitated the removal of 2UW's offices to another section on the same floor of the "State."

The new aerial is 250 feet above the heart of the city, and extends 650 feet between the State Theatre tower and Murdoch's, in Park St. The studios are so arranged that the producer commands an uninterrupted view of all studios.

The R.C.A. velocity "mikes" are believed to be the finest yet conceived. The gramophone turntables can be adjusted to many or few revolutions, and last, but by no means least, equipment has been installed for the recording of sound films.

With 2UW's access to the film libraries of Sydney, there is unlimited scope for novelty stunts. All these improvements ensure that 2UW listeners will always get the very best.

forward to a day of rest and quiet, just pleasantly enlivened by good music.

At 3 p.m. there will be the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra playing the Symphony in D Minor. Other features are "Petite Suite," Debussy, at 4 p.m., and Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" played by the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra at 5 p.m.

Daily musical attractions are to be a special offering next week. Monday, at 8.30 p.m., there will be Florence Austral

THUMB NAIL

Autobiography

By CHARLES LAWRENCE

BORN of Scotch, but honest, parents immediately gold was discovered in St. Arnaud, Vic.; forced early to tape measure; on attaining majority took to 3-finger measure, which I have never forsaken. Married wife, who early was



CHARLES LAWRENCE

afflicted by inferiority complex. (Husband can out-talk her at any hour of day or night).

Profession: Laughing; making other people laugh.

Originator of Community Singing in Sydney. (Got out just in time.) The Personality of Cinesound Review, Station 2UW, and Australia?

and Bowring Mummy, two Australian singers who have risen to very great heights in the world of music. On Tuesday at 8.10 p.m. a vaudeville programme will be staged, those taking part being Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert, that inimitable pair; Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward—the cleverest young man in England.

On Thursday, at 9.15, the "Pomp and Circumstance" marches by Sir Edward Elgar will be heard. There are five altogether, and the first, "Land of Hope and Glory," bids to take the place of the existing British National Anthem. These airs will be followed at 9.45 by representative massed bands at the Leicester Band Festival. Where can one hear bands like the English regimental bands? These items should provide a stirring evening's entertainment.

What Has the League Done?

IN these days of unrest and cynicism, it is so easy to blame some intangible body for all evil happenings and for inability to keep the peace of the world. "What has the League of Nations done?" the sceptic asks, quite forgetting that the League is nothing of itself. It is composed of representatives of many countries, and the correct question would be, what have the representatives of 56 countries meeting in conference achieved?

To those who have made a study of this question, the answer is, "Far more than anyone could possibly dream of."

Mr. J. G. Crawford, B.E., will tell the record of the League's achievement on Friday at 2.40 p.m., from 2UW.

2UW Frolics

THE 2UW Frolics, although of quite recent formation, have already a large circle of interested listeners. Next Saturday they will again be heard from 2UW at 8 p.m., and have prepared a very varied programme. This musical farce has been given the amusing title of "Spanish Knights—And Onions."

World News of Women

Many women are so busy that they have little time to delve into overseas papers and glean news of how women in other parts are facing, whether it be in Germany under the present uprising, in that ever-disturbed country of Spain, or the more cleverly organised Fascist country of Italy.

From time to time news of women the world over is brought to listeners at 2UW.

On Friday at 11.15 a.m. Mrs. Littlejohn will recount many matters of interest to women about their sisters over the seas.

An Amazing Career

MALVINA HOFFMAN has been working for five years on a special commission to form a permanent exhibition in sculpture of the living races of mankind. She has travelled all over the world making contact with the peoples of all races—Arabs, Indians, Solomon Islanders and several more. She believes that only by knowing the people and seeing them among their own civilisation can she truly depict the type and character of each people.

Her career is of such widespread interest that one afternoon talk—Monday, at 4 o'clock—will be devoted to her achievements.

Short Stories

A FEATURE that has become very popular in London is the reading of original short stories by their authors. Mrs. Littlejohn will introduce this novel idea here on Wednesday at 4 p.m. She will read the first of a series of short stories she has written herself. These stories have not yet been published, but will appear in book form later.

Gems of Verse

AMONG the women poets, Alice Mayne will long be remembered. On Friday, July 13, at 2.15 p.m., Alice Mayne's verse will be read during the time allotted by Dorothea Vautier to "Gems of Verse."

The German Dance

THE German dance has a definite place in modern life. Its technique is as definite as the technique of the classical ballet. The modern dance demands a flow of movement throughout the entire body, and the training that is required to achieve such a technique is no less arduous than that of ballet training.

It calls for application, intelligence, endurance, strength, creative ability, and a knowledge of line and form. Dorothea Vautier, who is a student of this art, will speak of its fascinations on Monday, July 16, at 2.40 p.m.

For Music Lovers

FROM 2UW at 10.30 a.m. on Sunday a particularly attractive selection of musical items is offered those who look



Does your Money take Wings

PRACTICALLY every man, between youth and old age, handles a fortune.

The question is—"How much of the money which has passed through his hands has simply disappeared, and how much has been used so as to provide against inevitable old age, sickness and death?"

Not every man can make investments that are remunerative and permanent, but, happily, the system of life assurance puts easily within his reach a means of securing the future for himself and those who look to him.

With the great PRUDENTIAL, provident people have taken out 28,000,000 life policies—need anyone look farther?

Or Roots



ASSETS:
£277,000,000

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ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

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HERALD BUILDING PITT ST.

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NEW!

Here's something for winter days. Each Chickube makes a cup of rich and delicious chicken broth. Chickubes cost only one penny and are obtainable at all grocers.

Made by the makers of ANCHOVETTE
Harry Peck & Co. Ltd., London.



Develop A Beautiful Bust

ARE you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is so easy to have the full, firm bust that Fashion demands!

In Just 30 Days

Yes, in just 30 days you can increase the size of your bust—mould them into firm, shapely lines that are so smart and alluring. Hundreds of women everywhere have developed this greatest of feminine charms by following my simple method. Let me tell you how easily you can have the added attraction of the fashionable figure.

Try This To-day

TEST this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't develop you—it costs you nothing! I want you to try it; I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to develop your bust this way is marvellous!

Sent FREE!

If you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself, but hurry!

Tear Coupon—Mail Now!!

MARY MONROE, Dept W2,

107 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "something." I enclose a 3d. stamp for postage.

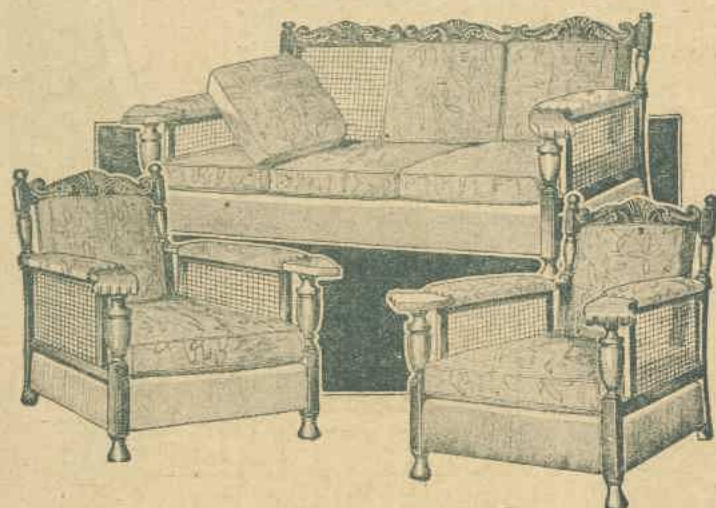
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HERE ARE SOME SPECIAL FURNITURE BARGAINS !

GRACE BROS ... WINTER SALE



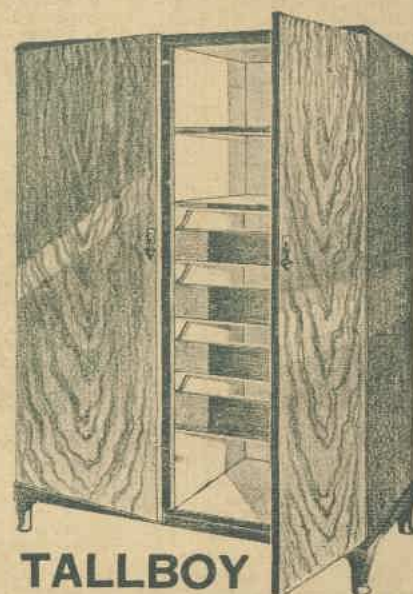
SPECIAL The "IDEAL" CARD CHAIR

Constructed for comfort, this chair has a sprung seat, and is covered in Velvet or Moderne Tapestry.

Sale Price:
18'9

Hand Carved Suite Reduced to £19'19'.

Magnificent in appearance, sturdy and comfortable, this carved back period suite is full value at the old price of £25. Now you can have it for less than that. Arms and back are cane. Loose cushions are provided for back and seat. The deep seat platform is fully sprung. Beautifully covered in period Tapestry with plain velvet two-toning. And Grace guaranteed!



TALLBOY

Nearly Half **£6'12'6**

This TALLBOY is in polished Queensland Walnut on Cabriole Legs, is 5ft. 8in. high, 4ft. wide, and 19in. deep, with two flush figured doors which lock individually. The interior has very high hanging space, the other side is fitted with 4 sliding trays, 2 hat compartments, and shoe recess.
Original Price, £12/19/6.
SALE PRICE **£6'12'6**



SALE PRICE

£16'19'6

NOW!

The "Challenge"

Four Piece LOUNGE SUITE in TAPESTRY

The "Challenge" four-piece Lounge Suite has deep sprung seats, fitted with loose sprung cushions. Correctly designed for supreme comfort, it is excellent in appearance. Covered in strong, durable Period tapestry. A Walnut veneer footstool is included.

SALE SPECIAL AT **£16'19'6**

Bargain from the NURSERY SECTION



Child's Cot is Now

In light or dark finish — Fitted with closely woven wire. Dimp side. Size 4ft. x 2ft. **41'6**



Art Moderne Mirrors

Our famous Hall of Mirrors displays a fine range of the newest thoughts in the treatment of Wall Mirrors. The mirror illustrated at right, for example, measures 18ins. by 15ins., yet the Sale Price is only,

21'.

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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



MY DEAR JULIET—
After taking a bit of a breather to recover from the polo, the week got "all lit up" and ended in quite a blaze of gaiety.

Youth came into its own at the premiere of "The Wind and the Rain" at the Criterion. The play is by a youngish N.Z. doctor, and all the players are young. Over in London and his old New York, they tell me, the piece is breaking box-office records, and the reception it got on Saturday night augurs well for a good long run here.

Three young medical students get most of the limelight. One of them is a mixture beloved by psychologists, and hence he is the hero of the piece.

The course of this young man's true love with a pretty young student of sculpture, Ann Hargreaves, seems to run extremely smoothly... but the theme is so carefully handled that any girl can feel the play is fit for her mother to see.

Special interest for many in the audience attached to the fact that two well-known Sydney girls, Misses Jocelyn Howarth and Patricia Minchin, made their debut on the professional stage in the piece. Both girls acquitted themselves admirably, and their mothers, who watched them from the stalls, must have both felt extremely proud of their chicks.

REGULAR "first-nighters"

turned up in full force, and fine feathers, and the play also attracted so many members of the Younger Set that the numbers of pretty girls in the audience made a gladsome sight.

MRS. HOWARTH, frocked very charmingly in floral blue maroon, entertained a large party, and Mrs. Minchin, in black velvet, also hosted a party. Melbourne people in the audience included Miss Thelma Scott, the young star of "Ten Minute Alibi," and her mother, Mrs. Claude Flemming, who came over with her husband, the producer of "Collins' Inn," and Miss Blanche Best.

Among the many modish gowns worn were several in the lovely wine shades. Lady Kelsie King chose burgundy lace, and Lady Kyrie's velvet gown was of a similar shade. Mrs. Herbert Allen's frock of red flat crepe struck a more vivid hue, as did Mrs. Byron Wrigley's red velvet. Mrs. Fred Searl was in black, and Miss Dorise Hill, very thrilled at the success of Miss Howarth, who was one of her Pickwick group of players, was also smart in black, with lily of the valley corsage. Miss Margaret Allen was attractively frocked in daffodil satin. Mrs. Hilda Weigall chose floral chiffon.

A great ovation was accorded the players at the end of the show, and over the masses of gorgeous flowers towered a tall staff for Miss Howarth appropriately adorned with a vast "J."

AFTER a whitebait and oyster cocktail supper, the Royal Zoological Society's members became so lively at their party at the Porum Club on Saturday that spot dances and Jolly Millers merely left them eager to play tunnel-ball with balloons, thirteen men competing against thirteen women. Even the Jolly Miller was eclipsed by a prize being given to the girl dancing with Mr. Arthur Kinghorn when the music stopped.

The Museum was well represented by Dr. and Mrs. Charles Anderson, Miss Elsie Brameld, and Mr. Fred McCarthy. Mrs. Norman Lowe was absent owing to an accident, but Mrs. Fowler Smith (Dunges) and daughter Meg helped Mr. Lowe to look after the largest party in the room. Mr. K. A. Hinwood and Miss Betty French were jointly in charge of ceremonies. Mr. Le Souef told how bad-tempered animals at the Zoo are treated for nerves with a certain patent health drink.

George Thane and a party of friends ascended after supper to the roof to look at the view, where George climbed the flagpole and urged the others to "Come up and see him some time." They, however, said that they "were no angels."

BIRTHDAY parties seem in the air at present. On Thursday evening Lois Basil-Jones invited a number of her friends, who are mainly young University students, to a twenty-first party at her home. Betty Hungerford is giving a dance at her home on August the first to celebrate her coming of age, her parents having already sent out invita-



THIS PRETTY GIRL is Rona McDonald, only child of Captain and Mrs. G. McDonald, of Singapore. Mrs. McDonald is holidaying in Sydney at present, and is expecting her husband shortly. Rona would not divulge to our camera man the secret of the initials she was so intently carving.

—Women's Weekly photo.



MISS MOLLY STREET, who is shortly leaving for a holiday in Shanghai, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Coard Squarey.

—Dunlop.

tions to about fifty or sixty of her friends. Nancy McNaught has asked "a few" friends, to the number of about thirty, to her birthday party this Friday.

AT her twenty-first birthday party last week, Lulla Field announced her engagement to John Hanna, youngest son of the late Mr. J. Hanna, and of Mrs. Hanna, of Hornsby. Lulla is the third daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Field, of Forbes, and of Mrs. Field, of Waverton.

A BAND of pretty girls in pretty shades of velvet assisted Miss Nancy Johnson dispense supper after the delightful chamber music recital given at Hopwood House last Monday by Mr. T. H. Kelly's trio—Miss Mary Charlton, Mr. Gladstone Bell, and Mr. Kelly himself.

Among the guests were Lady Julius, Mrs. T. H. Kelly (who wore a white satin frock and a wonderful waist-length cape of flame ostrich feathers), Dr. and Mrs. George Brookes, Mrs. Edmund Playfair, and Mrs. L. T. Allsop, of Maitland.

DORIS FITTON'S production of "The Fugitive" on Saturday night attracted a splendid house at the Savoy, and enthusiasm ran high over the new work of the cast. Jane Connolly, cast for the first time as a racing lady, did particularly well. The audience included Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax, Miss Mary Fairfax, Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, Lady Campbell Williams, Mrs. M. Severn, Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Micklethorn, Mrs. Mabelle Harris, Dr. Adele Aitken, Misses Suzanne White and Anne Gordon.

STARTING with whistles at the table of the hon. secretary, Lita Lowe, and ending with everyone rushing round and round the State Assembly's pillars in circles to the tune of a polka, the Roseville College dance, last week, was very gay.

The Chancellor of the Swiss Consul, M. Georges Falquier, who was in Mrs. J. Waller Roberts' party, particularly enjoyed himself, as there were old-fashioned waltzes to the "Blue Danube," which is a great favorite with him, and he won, together with Nina Gordon, the spot dance.

Eleanor and Dagmar Roberts were both in taffeta, Eleanor in leaf green and Dagmar in white, made with a net top trimmed with organdie flowers. In the centre of each flower was a diamante dew-drop. Many of the Roseville College girls live in the country, and Dorothy Buckley was one of the many who came down for the dance.

SO many women graduates wanted to go to the annual dinner, which took place at Beaumont House last Thursday, that Miss Gwatford Davis, the secretary, and Barbara Peden, in her capacity of architect, went carefully over the floor, the tables, and the chairs with foot rules, to see if they could fit them in. Although they at first had visions of a hurried change to a larger restaurant, in the end an extra room solved this year's problem. A change will probably be made next year, however.

Speakers at the party included Miss E. Anderson, who does missionary work in Persia, Miss N. Rosenberg, who, in the German fashion, attended several universities in Germany, and is now visiting her brother in Australia, Winifred Jennings, B.A., of the Country Women's Association, and Isabel Blanche, recently returned from post-graduate study in Paris.

ROMANO'S was the rendezvous for many well-known people on Saturday night. Jocelyn Howarth, who arrived after the first night of "The Wind and the Rain," attracted many admiring glances and was showered with congratulations on her successful debut on the professional stage. The sole ornament on her black ring velvet gown was a diamante shoulder-clip. Mrs. Pat Levy also chose black ring velvet. Cut on stately medieval lines with flowing

MRS. WALTER SWINSON'S musicale at her home, The Cottage, Turramurra, was one of the most enjoyable musical events of the season. Artists who presented the delightful programme included Elsa Corry, Nora Williamson, and Athos Martell.

About a hundred guests were present, including Lady Street, Sir Alexander and Lady Gordon, Mrs. Eardley Lushington, Sir William Cullen and Miss Alice Cullen, Sir Thomas Bayn, General A. T. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Philip Game, Sir Kelsie King and Miss Olive King.

THE Royal Motor Yacht Club of N.S.W.'s "Grand Annual Ball" at the Blaxland Galleries on Saturday certainly was "grand." Its grandeur far transcended anything usually seen in Sydney, and resembled one of those super-parties American millionaires throw in the more splendidous talkies.

The "spectacles, ballets, and wonderful acts" took place at frequent intervals. White mess jackets and sailors' caps were much worn; trumpets blared at the end of each dance; a sucking pig was carried round at the head of a long crocodile.

But the table decorations were the most striking feature of the ballroom. I had to be careful, in passing from one part of the room to the other, not to upset Mr. J. Copeland's winning decoration of a raised bowl full of live goldfish, and not to get my head bumped by the miniature aeroplanes which, by mechanical means, were set chasing each other round and round above another table. Also I had to go yards out of my way to escape a life-size replica of a motor yacht with which Mr. Claude O'Brien surrounded a number of tables.

I thought the decoration at Mr. F. Luk's table was one of the loveliest I'd seen at a Sydney party. Cast up by a realistic sea of cellophane on to a rock-strewn shore was a huge oyster shell, complete with pearl and mermaid. The inspiration was suitably inscribed, "The Sea Hath Its Pearls."

COMMODORE and Mrs. Stuart Doyle entertained a large party, including Mr. W. W. Austin, president of the Sydney Harbor Trust, and Mrs. Austin, whose touch of grey at the front of her hair was fashionable and charming; Commander and Mrs. A. C. Stevens, who was in a simply made, but beautiful, frock of white, through which ran a gold thread; and General and Mrs. Bertie Lloyd, who offset her fairness by black velvet. In Vice-Commodore and Mrs. A. D. Walker's party were Mrs. C. Christmas, Mrs. J. A. Leslie, and Mrs. A. Wall.

Others present included Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Price, Mrs. E. C. Barton in rust velvet, Wendy Randall, and Winifred Mankin, both of whom wore coronet plaits in their fair hair, and frocks of gold satin; Mr. and Mrs. George Rayner, and Mrs. Herbert Field.

THE week ahead promises to be merry and bright, with lots of hostesses keeping alive the social spirit.

Farewell for the present, Juliet. Yours,

Jane Lane

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In the 210th Lottery, drawn last Tuesday, I won nearly another £400, and every penny of this money will be paid to my lucky shareholders. In 33 weeks I have won over £42,000, including two firsts of £5000, five seconds of £1000, four thirds of £500, and hundreds of other prizes, ranging from £300 to £5. I have won for others. Let me win for you. Fifth Shares, which can win £1000, cost 1/6, and Seventh Shares, to win £114, are 1/- each. Send the coupon below, or call at my office at 10 Barrack Street. The whole of the profits from this advertisement are for St. Margaret's Hospital, where over 10,000 little Australians have been born, and where "1/- a day keeps a baby a day."

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NAME

STREET

TOWN

(Cross out the line you do not need.)

JUDGING Begins ... in £250 Knitting CONTEST

Record Entries in N.S.W.

New South Wales women have indeed been busy for months working on the tremendous variety of knitted garments entered in the New South Wales section of The Australian Women's Weekly knitting competition.

Entries were received from every corner of the State and from every suburb of Sydney. The display, which constituted quite the most expensive and comprehensive of its kind ever arranged, was open to the public on Friday afternoon, after the judges had completed their task.

Crowds thronged to see the exhibits at the huge auditorium, which David Jones had courteously made available for the function.

THE Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Parker, and Mrs. Clive Inglis, who judged the N.S.W. entries, were confronted with something like two thousand garments. Judging commenced at 10 o'clock in the morning, and every minute was fully occupied.

Actually, when the keenly interested readers and their friends commenced to arrive, "Gerda," who had been assisting the judges and arranging the display, had not been able to affix the cards to distinguish the selected entries.

Table after table crammed with beautiful knitted wear and ranging in colors from the popular Patou pinks to scarlets, pale yellows to orange and deep Havana browns, and a generous sprinkling of the ever-popular blacks and whites, alone or combined, confronted the judges, who, while fully appreciating the tremendous amount of work involved, were quite undaunted.

Every garment was examined with the utmost care and in detail, and the knowledge and discrimination of these two experts considerably lightened what at first appeared an insurmountable problem.

New South Wales' response to all sections was eminently satisfactory, and possibly the most popular section of all proved to be the "Baby's Outfit."

Here our readers had excelled themselves, and every tiny garment was most beautifully and tastefully worked. Angora wool proved a favorite finish to some of the tiny articles, and nearly every entrant preferred an all-white set. Pale pinks and blues lent a touch



THE LADY MAYORESS (right) and Mrs. Clive Inglis inspected all entries with meticulous care at the judging of entries in our big knitting competition. —Women's Weekly photos.

of color here and there, but no other colors were introduced in this section.

Another extremely popular section was the "Best outfit for five shillings." Apparently there are some extremely economical women in this State, and the number of articles, together with discrimination of taste in color combination and quality, has proved the worth of femininity within the State.

Full advantage was taken of the "Jumpers and Cardigans" sections for both sexes, and here ample scope was given for originality in design and color combination.

Every conceivable stitch in plain and fancy knitting was included, and in the last section (Lady's Singlet) entries reached the peak in daintiness and artistry of design.

THAT every garment showed enterprise and technique, and the whole display was of an extremely high standard, was the substance of the judges' summing up after the preliminary judg-



N.S.W. ENTRIES in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Competition made an interesting and very colorful display at David Jones' Auditorium last week.

The WIND and the RAIN

By Saide Parker

THOUGH the author's objective was not perhaps very clear and the title of the play a trifle obscure, there are elements in "The Wind and the Rain," at the Criterion, that ensure a very delightful evening's entertainment.

The show depends on the dialogue, which is excellent without being particularly witty, rather than the action, which is practically negligible. Dr. Merton Hodges of New Zealand, spent some years at Edinburgh, and he has taken a group of his erstwhile colleagues and depicted them with a sincerity that tends to become labored.

George Thirlwell, the English actor, in the lead, gives a clever and restrained version of an earnest young student, whose home ties are so strong as to render his morals unassailable by lively



MISS MARJORIE HESSE, the well-known young Sydney pianist, who is appearing at the first of the series of "Afternoon Tea Recitals" arranged by the United Associations to take place at Farmers' Blaxland Galleries on Thursday next, July 19.

—Theatrical, N.E.

descriptions of the divers excursions of his room mate, or the tendency to discuss sex, seemingly inseparable from undergraduate circles.

There was a certain suggestion of "Young Woodley," heightened by the contrast afforded by Mr. Tommy Jay as the irrepressible, would-be Don Juan. However, Charles Trifon (George Thirlwell) is more fortunate than Woodley in that his inspiration is supplied by a very charming and equally earnest young sculptress, played by Jocelyn Howarth.

Patricia Minchin, as the girl whom "mother" desired him to marry, gave a vivid portrayal. Of these two Australian girls recruited from the film, Patricia Minchin gave the greater promise, perhaps because she had the greater opportunity to display a range of emotion. Jocelyn Howarth, incredibly slim as to figure, was charming, altogether pleasant, but not quite convincing. Patricia Minchin was vivid, with a quality of voice that has emotional value.

Arundel Nixon, Ron Roberts, Richard Fair, Russell Chapman, and Nan Taylor were satisfactory in lesser roles.

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Awful backache, down-dragging weakness, the constant pain that lines your face and makes life hardly worth while. . . . How much longer are you going to suffer before you realise that weak kidneys cause all your misery?

Surely you do not willingly stay crippled with pain? Why not start to end those "untold agonies," that chronic weakness, crippling rheumatism, as thousands of others have done, by taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for a few days?

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The very young, the weakest and oldest can take De Witt's Pills with confidence. They contain no dangerous drugs, but are a health-giving tonic preparation that will do you good from the very first dose. De Witt's Pills have restored even bed-ridden people to health after years of suffering.



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Go to your chemist and ask him about De Witt's Pills—the remedy with the prescription on the box. He knows all the ingredients and can tell you they have been combined especially for the purpose of driving from the body pain-giving poisons, and to build up vigour and vitality. In 24 hours you will know how quick and certain is their action. Buy a box of "De Witt's" to-day. It will be the best investment you will ever make. Definitely refuse any substitute, for we can honestly assure you there is nothing "just as good" for kidney troubles.

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/6, or larger, more economical size, 6/6. See the name of the manufacturers, E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., clearly printed on the box. Be sure you ask for

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

Intimate Jottings

Have You Noticed—

Mrs. Kenneth Harvie (Grace Patterson) wheeling the perambulator where there are plenty of trams and people, because the baby gets bored otherwise?

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Glen and Ian spending Sunday afternoon sailing in their little dinghy?

Patricia Minchin keeping on her Sunday evening broadcasting as well as acting in "The Wind and the Rain"?

Sadie Budge once more "everywhere" after a holiday in Melbourne?

Mrs. Rodney Dangar and Mrs. Hubert Fairfax with identical lynx collars on their topcoats?

Nora Williamson, preferring to play on an Australian-made violin?

Anniversary Present

MR. AND MRS. E. L. CALLAWAY are rejoicing in the arrival of their first-born—a daughter. Baby arrived last Friday, on the fifth anniversary of her parents' wedding.

Mr. Callaway is the recently-appointed general manager of Toohey's.

Lost—One Trumpet!

DAME MARY HUGHES has an orderly mind, and "Billy's" habit of strewing his papers around gives her a good deal of exercise. However, "Billy" occasionally gets in a witty protest.

Searching unsuccessfully for a paper a few days ago he remarked to a friend: "Ah, well, if Dame Mary dies, and goes to Heaven first, there'll probably be no resurrection day, for the simple reason that Gabriel won't be able to find his trumpet!"

Amateurs of Ice-Skating

WITH the examples of Audrey and Aileen Fay to spur them on, many of the Glaciarium "addicts" are becoming quite proficient. Ainslie Baker is just learning to waltz, and Lesley Eales and John Eales are very good, too.

Ruth Allen is just a beginner, but has hopes, while Mrs. Reg Inglis and Mrs. George Brookes, wife of the eye specialist, Dr. Trixie Durie, Janet Thatcher, and Mrs. Lillian Holmes are all fair average skaters. Dr. Zeelos is a frequent visitor, but he is satisfied with being able to go round without falling, and does not want to learn "the frills."

Dilemma of Bride-to-be

ALTHOUGH Win Cocks has tentatively arranged for her wedding to Commander Jock Slater, R.A.N., to take place in November, the exact date must, until a few weeks before the wedding, remain more or less of a movable feast. For Jock may go home with the Prince, and again he may not.

If he does he will be away for some years, so that, of course, his bride would want to be married some weeks before he sailed, and follow him on a merchant ship. This uncertainty is particularly trying for Win, because she doesn't know whether to collect in her trousseau fragile silks for a Sydney summer, or thick woollies for a London winter.

Maids from All States

VERY State in Australia, I hear, will be represented in the bridesmaids chosen by Deborah Hackett for her wedding to Max Knox on September 4.

Deborah is the daughter of the late Sir Winthrop Hackett and Lady Hackett-Moulden. Sir Winthrop was one of West Australia's most famous men.

Deb's mother is a member of the Drake-Brockman family, which is also known throughout Australia.

It was while visiting her relatives, Judge and Mrs. Drake-Brockman, in Melbourne, that Deborah met her fiance. I hear her future home will be in Melbourne, so Sydney is sure to see this charming girl at important social functions of the near future.

A "Tails" Story

QUITE the latest in full-dress suit fashions for men made its bow to Sydney on Saturday, when Mr. Arundel Nixon appeared as Dr. Duhamel in "The Wind and the Rain."

The new "tails" are calf-length and narrow. The vest has been abbreviated, and the trousers are cut very full at the waist line. So Sydney's notably well-dressed young men will at last have a chance to acquire new dress clothes that look new.

Betty's Amazing Energy

BETTY HIGGINS has been suffering from laryngitis this week. Betty leads the most amazingly energetic life. No sooner had she finished with the "Alice in Wonderland" Ball, than there was the Ascham Dance to organise. Now she is busy with the Picnic Ball, and a Music Week concert.

She was also asked to be secretary for the Aero Club Ball this Tuesday, the "Collits' Inn" Ball on the same night, and for the Music Week revel. Next year, she says, she is going to limit these activities to the Ascham Dance and the Picnic Ball.

In and Out of Society .: By WEP



A Brief Holiday

LORNA AND BETTY

BRADFORD, two of Doone's pretty seniors, went home to Mayfield for the week-end to attend the Newcastle Matrons' Ball.

Mrs. Bradford, their mother, gives delightful weekly parties at her home, where she has a glorious garden, and one of the most wonderful croquet lawns in Australia.

A Pretty Trio

SYBIL HINDER not only finds time for her Varsity work, but manages to pursue her amateur acting. Sybil is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. Hinder, who have let their home in Turramurra, and are now living at Buckhurst, Point Piper.

Sybil, Diana Wentworth, and Mary Evans make a pretty trio of ex-Frensham girls, who still work and play together.

Returning to Sydney

MR. OSWALD CHEEKE

writes to a friend that he is making preparations to return to Sydney, and "simply cannot face another English winter."

He is bringing out some of his old family furniture, and will either take a flat or furnish a suite at an hotel. He will probably also bring some new ideas for parties. It was he who introduced the first midnight cocktail party, and the Sunday midday cocktail party and buffet lunch to this city.

Trip Postponed

SUZANNE WHITE, after

suffering the discomfort of vaccination, will not leave for the East as early as was arranged, as her father, Mr. Victor White, is at present in hospital. Mr. and Mrs. White, with their daughter, hope to embark early in September.

Rough-Cast Cakes

THE rough surfaces that first came into favor for walls and then took fabrics by storm have now appeared in cakes.

Quite a number of cakes at the R.M.Y.S. Ball were rough-surfaced. In one of a most delectable appearance the effect was gained by placing walnuts under the icing.

Did You Know That—

Marie Holmes, with hair a short Eton, but otherwise in pre-accident form, is playing tennis this Friday?

The Field Naturalists went to examine cacti in the pouring rain, and got locked in the Botanic Gardens?

Diana Davidson, daughter of a former Governor of our State, is on her way to Sydney?

Elsa Corry will make her last Australian appearance at Lady Street's reception?

Mr. and Mrs. "Jimmy" McCarthy, of Wolsley Rd., Point Piper, are planning a journey to Europe in the near future?

Mrs. W. S. Lucey, with her daughter Winifred Ann, will visit Mrs. Lucey's brother, Mr. Edgar Rouse, and Mrs. Rouse, at their home in Toorak, Melbourne, before returning to America?

Commander and Mrs. Rednall have come from Flinders Base for two weeks' vacation, which they will spend with Mrs. George Earp at Highgate, Ocean Avenue?



For nightwear it's the sleepest, cosiest fabric ever worn. For sportswear it's cool when you're active, warm when you're not. And for everyday wear there is nothing smarter than Vivella Dress fabrics. Ask your retailer to show you the wonderful range of shades and designs—correct Clan Tartans too.

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VIYELLA "THIRTY-SIX". In an endless variety of pale colours—smart check designs—with exact matching creases in Vivella Knitting Yarn.
NURSERY VIYELLA and NURSERY CLYDELLA, 27 wide in crease—also pretty shades and printed designs for the kiddies.
VIYELLA Socks for children.
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White



It's the rinse in blue water that does it. Wash the linen with ordinary soap or with any special washing powders you like—a last rinse in Blue water is the finishing touch that makes them really white.

WARNING! Make sure it's Reckitt's Blue you buy—see that every knob is labelled "Reckitt's."

Reckitt's BLUE
Remember! Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

Pictures Worth Framing. Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the front page of The Australian Women's Weekly may be had from this office for 2/-.

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

WINTER....as it Affects Children

By...
Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

The three main features of winter weather, as it generally affects children, are lack of sunshine, the consequent tendency to coo them up indoors with lack of fresh air and its stimulation, and the lower atmospheric temperature. The last-mentioned in itself is healthy and stimulating, but when children are soft and "coddled," it predisposes to the coughs and colds and other ailments for which it is commonly blamed.

NORMAL nutrition and development of children are often seriously impaired by the sedentary life imposed on them on account of people living so much indoors instead of outdoors during the winter weather.

Nature intended children to play about freely and joyously for most of the daytime in the open air, getting plenty of active exercise and laying down sure foundations for strong, capable minds in sound, enduring bodies.

In cold weather even more activity is needed. The harm done by keeping children constantly indoors in stuffy, unventilated rooms during cold days makes itself seen in the resultant tendency to poor nutrition, coughs, colds, and, in extreme cases, adenoids and rickets.

Adequate exercise must be taken daily throughout the winter.

As Sir Truby King says, "Pure, cold air is invigorating and prevents catching cold. Warm, stuffy air is poisonous and devastating, and makes babies and children liable to catch cold when taken out into the open."

Wrap your children up in warm, light, non-irritating, non-restricting clothing, then send them out into the fresh, cold air. If they play about naturally at running, skipping, rounders, or other active games, they will come inside with glowing faces and tingling, warm bodies. If a playroom can be spared in the home, skipping before bedtime does away with cold feet and "hot water bags."

The use of hot water bags tends to bring on chilblains in those whose circulation is not of the best.

Bottled Sunshine

TO make up for lack of sunshine in winter we should give our children a very valuable food which is often called "bottled sunshine." This is cod liver oil. Halibut liver oil is also excellent. Both contain a very rich and reliable supply of the sunshine factor, Vitamin D, which is absolutely essential for good health in childhood.

Cod liver oil and halibut liver oil counteract ailments and diseases due to lack of the sun's rays on the body, therefore they are of special importance during the winter. They may be given in the form of an emulsion, or in highly concentrated forms, and can be procured from all chemists.

The giving of cod liver oil, however, does not do away with the need for a well-balanced diet. Cold weather tends to increase the appetite, and mothers must be prepared for extra hungry mouths to feed. An increase should be made in the child's allowance of fat in the form of butter or dripping.

Good nutrition throughout the winter months will show itself in clear eyes, glossy hair, smooth soft skin without eruptions, bright facial expression, mouth kept closed, ability to breathe easily through the nose, clear hearing, shoulders thrown back—not drooping—abdomen not protruding beyond the

chest, muscles well developed, and no dark circles round the eyes.

Remember that children should not be huddled together in front of big fires, nor have their toes "toasted," nor should they be allowed to move from heated rooms to unheated rooms without putting on an extra wrap, as nothing so quickly gives rise to feverish colds.

IF a child shows signs of having caught a slight chill, put him to bed at once in a well-ventilated room, give light nourishment without forcing him to eat, and keep him there till his temperature has been normal for 24 hours.

On no account let any child go to school who is suffering from a cold.

Eucalyptus oil may be sprinkled on handkerchiefs and pillows. As far as possible keep other children in the family away from the sick-room. Do not say "Oh, it's nothing," about a cold—it is just as important to nurse a cold properly as it is to nurse measles properly.

A few days in bed, away from school, will be a wonderful blessing not only to the child himself but to all the school-mates he would otherwise have infected.

Gold for Beauty

£60,000,000 is spent annually in beauty parlors in London, says Dr. A. H. Douthwaite, assistant physician at Guy's Hospital. And a considerable part of it, he says, is spent on trying to get rid of what Shakespeare called "this too, too solid flesh."

BABY must be PETTED!

MODERN methods of rearing babies by leaving them to themselves and not "spoiling" them, are described as "systematized neglect" by Dr. Knight Dunlop, a professor at John Hopkins University, America.

He declares that: "A baby should not be left alone to develop by itself or to devise ways of amusing itself. A baby needs social life just as much as adults. Babies should be talked to, tossed into the air, and petted and coddled as much as possible."

Dr. Dunlop is incidentally a grandfather, and gives some more information about babies below.

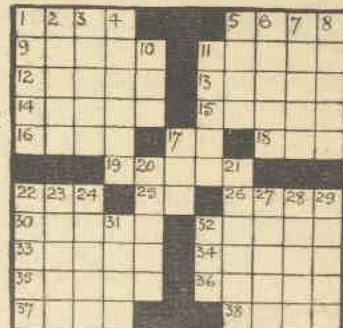
Baby Talk.—It is the adults themselves who set the example. Babies learning to talk are able to learn English just as easily as baby talk.

Spanking.—Not a very good remedy. There are exceptions but usually when a child needs whipping it has done something that its parents should have taught it earlier not to do.

Our Weekly Crossword

ACROSS

- Animal
- Propositions given and admitted
- Imbecile
- Royal
- Part of Indian Ocean off W.A.
- Keen
- Characters in music
- G.E.N.E.R. (initial)
- In this place
- Point of the compass
- Sweet, luscious creatures
- Jewish measure
- Point of the compass
- Devoars
- Prevent
- Indefinite
- Indian word
- Strain of culture or abuse (be-headed)
- Hunted animal
- Stage player
- Passive pronoun



ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE
ACROSS.—Alteration, s'ez, grand, rta, lap, ems, ca, Metabern, and, bud, Lea, dramen, D.S.O., ninepence.
DOWN.—Alteration, rce, neurologist, arm, minimisation, grandad, smerlin, fan, let, pad, mus, adv, mop.

DOWN

- Animal
- Roman official
- Person who directs a weapon
- Covered with tiles or slates
- A valley
- Deputy
- Dawdle
- Make different
- Transcontinental Railway Service
- One who waxes but with temper
- Tout
- Come in
- Look for
- Biblical word for "vase"
- Fig shaped
- Reverend
- Kind of quart
- Historical home
- Prophets
- Spool
- By way of



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Send to-day right away for our FREE book "Better Eyesight," if you suffer from **EYE STRAIN, WEAK EYES, SHORT SIGHT, FAILING VISION, ASTIGMATISM**

Our system will restore your former sight and bring back strong, healthy eyes to young and old alike.

People everywhere, from all parts of the country, write us telling of how they have been helped by our wonderful little book "Better Eyesight."

Mrs. W.H. writes: "Thank you for the wonderful help you have given me. It makes such a wonderful difference to one's whole mental outlook to be rid of horrible glasses."

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THE GRACE BUILDING, SYDNEY.

"The Better Eyesight Service,"

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Please send me without obligation on my part a copy of your book, "Better Eyesight."

I enclose 6d. in stamps for postage and packing.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... W.W. 14/7/34

THE BRUCE EASY PROVEN CERTAIN PILE REMEDY FOR EXTERNAL USE

Read what an eminent chemist reports: The Laboratory, 22 Napoleon St., Sydney, March 14, 1932.

The formula of your pile remedy submitted to me could have no effect other than beneficial. I gave your sample to a client who had suffered for many years, and before he had used half the bottle he reported himself cured.

GROVE JOHNSON, F.R.S. (Lond.)

"Honorary" City & Guilds of London Institute, Analytical and Consulting Chemist.

TESTIMONIALS POSTED FREE.

Price 5/- per bottle

Post free 4/9, securely packed in plain cardboard box.

Obtainable from Robert Bruce, Room 7, 15 Hunter St., Sydney.

Also at 14 Upper Bayview St., McMahons Point, North Sydney.

CHAPPED HANDS



REXONA heals painful cracked skin
"As my work is 'outdoors' in all kinds of weather, my hands and fingers crack with the cold winter winds and frosts and are very painful, but by using Rexona Ointment the pain goes almost immediately. I have great faith in your splendid soothing, healing and reliable ointment."—Mr. A. E. LOWE, St. Peters

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for...

Chafing, abrasions, piles, ulcers, skin blemishes, dandruff, rashes, eczema and all skin complaints.

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP
REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Expectant Mothers

Your baby's future health and safety in infancy depends on its possession of an adequate store of essential vitamins.

You are the only one capable of giving them, and if your food does not contain them, you cannot give what you have not got.

CENOVIS IRRADIATED MEDICINAL YEAST

is richer in Vitamins B and D than any other known substance, and has a vitalising effect on both mother and child, increasing the resistance to illnesses of all kinds, and storing up energy and vitality, whilst at the same time ensuring that the child is free from rickets, and digestive troubles. It protects the child also from future teeth troubles.

Every member of the family should protect their health with a daily teaspoonful of Cenovis Irradiated Yeast. Nature's greatest rejuvenator.

Obtainable through any chemist in Australia. Your chemist can get it for you. **CENOVIS YEAST LTD., LTD.** Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Phone C7509. N.B.—From now on only for, Nos. and 100s. stars will be available in Baking and Medicinal Yeast.

ESSENCE of the Contract

Continued from Page 8

HE smiled as he thought of the nature of the test to which he was subjected. Curious man, Betty's father, with the unconsciously arrogant outlook of the successful man of affairs. All those rich men were the same; convinced that the motive-power by which the sun rose and set was contained in the quality of commercial acumen; judging their fellows solely by their capacity as money-makers.

Still, he supposed that was only natural. There were few men in the city more eminent than Betty's father, and of course his judgment was circumscribed by his own success.

Jimmy was far from quarrelling with the right of a father to protect his daughter from penurious marriage. Plainly it had been Mr. Fortescue's duty to insist that his prospective son-in-law should have some kind of an assured position. It was the precise and specified nature of the test (which, while answering the purpose for which it was designed, would serve the additional purpose of bringing financial benefit to its proposer) that struck Jimmy's fancy, and, incidentally, intrigued his sense of humor.

Of one thing, however, he was determined. He was going to win out. Perhaps the rather disquieting atmosphere of his talk with Betty was indicative of a marking of time on her part, pending the result of his testing? And yet, dash it, that wasn't like Betty as he knew her!

Curious, how interwoven into the fabric of his thoughts on other things was this unease concerning her.

Yet he must run no risk of losing her. Betty, with her vivid beauty and low-pitched, rather husky, voice and graceful gestures. Betty, with the fleet brain and incisive clarity of outlook which, while ignoring essentials, was scornful of nothing but dishonesty in thought or action! Not if he knew it! She was his, and he was going to marry her.

THE following day Jimmy took train to the works, where he was received somewhat gloomily by Jock Murgatroyd, the manager, whom he recognised with interest as having sung in the choir of his father's church in Bradford. Once this recognition was mutual, though his pessimism towards the future outlook remained, the huge-framed Yorkshireman's gloom to some extent evaporated.

Together they went through the works. Certainly there was no evidence of depression. The vats and machinery were new and meticulously maintained; everything running to full capacity. Nor was there any sign of depression or discontent on the part of the staff.

"They don't know it all, by a long sight," Murgatroyd explained in reply to Jimmy's observation to this effect. "No use in puttin' t' wind up 'em afore there's need, an' we can carry on full time for a couple o' months yet on old orders." He paused, spreading his hands. "But after that..." he added significantly. "Cum up into t' office, an' I'll show you," he said.

There, over cigarettes, he produced the books, and the tale was eloquent. For the past three months orders had fallen cumulatively week by week, until of late they had become negligible. And in conjunction with the pile of letters complaining bitterly of the fabrics' failure to retain their coloring and demanding redress, the narrative of defeat was complete.

"There's no gettin' away from it—it's a wash-out," said Murgatroyd gloomily. "Mr. Fortescue bought the process from a German, an' the German sold 'im a pup. The colors won't stand; an' that's all there is to it."

"Wouldn't it be possible to adapt the machinery to the usual process?" suggested Jimmy; but the Yorkshireman shook his head.

"No," he said. "The machines were made specially for our new process. An' even if they wasn't," he added as an afterthought, "we couldn't compete w' Bradford. No it's t' German process as built t' business, an' it's t' German process as'll put us on t' scrapheap."

He sighed unhappily. A Yorkshireman hates being beaten as much as the next best man; nor, in middle age, does he appreciate having to look for a new job.

Later, the two spent a considerable time discussing the fundamental weakness which was the cause of failure. "Once we get over that," said Murgatroyd, "an' we'd goa reef ahead like a steam engine. But there is no gettin' over t' worst luck," he added dismally. Jimmy liked the man and was sorry for him. They parted good friends; arranged another meeting.

Continued on Page 33

HOT HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgonzola Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.***

THE BIGGEST NEWS in SKIN CARE for years The NEW REXONA Soap



MEDICATED

with Cadyl, the new compound of medications, to clear, soothe and stimulate the skin.

*An Old Favourite
now finer still!*

CLEARs THE SKIN ... AND KEEPS IT SMOOTH AND CLEAR

YOUR SKIN NEEDS THIS PROTECTION

Besides purifying and soothing the pores, this new element, Cadyl, in the Rexona lather, has a gently stimulating effect. This constant stimulation tones up the slackened tissues, giving your skin a new youth and vitality—fortifying its resistance to the causes of blemishes. So, each time the Rexona lather touches your skin it helps to correct any present fault, and to protect against future blemishes.

To-day you can buy the New Rexona Soap, containing a remarkable compound of medications that makes it still better for your skin than the old familiar Rexona Soap. If you want a fresh, blemish-free skin, if you want your skin to stay fresh and clear and flawless, you'll welcome this New Rexona Soap. Its medicated lather makes a flattering difference — shows you how smooth and clear your skin can be!



*Keep your
skin clear of
ugly blemishes*

Don't suffer the worry and humiliation of skin blemishes — don't let them steal your poise and ruin your good times, when, with the New Rexona Medicated Soap, you can wash healthy clearness into your skin. Everyone is likely to be troubled by annoying little skin flaws, but the New Rexona Soap, with its penetrating, medicated lather, checks the effects of germs, dust, sun, and wind, before they can spoil the clearness of your skin. Right at the root of pimples and blackheads, deep in the pores, the Cadyl compound of medications in Rexona lather cleanses and purifies, draws away the irritating foreign matter that causes blemishes. This soothing, complete cleansing restores the healthy clearness of your skin, brings back its fresh, natural bloom again.

*Gives your hair
the Silky Gloss
of Health*

Use this New Rexona Soap as a shampoo—it is as good for your hair as it is for your skin. The medicated lather cleans, soothes, and stimulates the whole scalp. Shampoo regularly with the New Rexona Soap, and your hair will keep the dancing gleam of perfect health.

SEE HOW YOUR SKIN RESPONDS TO THIS CORRECTIVE CARE...

The new combination of healing, soothing and stimulating medications in Rexona Soap, makes it an outstandingly valuable aid to skin health. Months and months of research lie behind this vital step forward in the care of the skin. Specialists have proved that this New Rexona Soap gives your skin

a degree of freshening, soothing, and toning, impossible with any other soap. Give your skin and hair the benefit of its medications. When you see the difference it makes, you will know that this New Rexona Soap is years ahead of any other you could choose.



THE IDEAL Baby Soap

Keeps baby's delicate skin clear and comfortable.



LET THESE REVITALISING MEDICATIONS IN THE NEW REXONA SOAP BRING NEW BEAUTY TO YOUR SKIN...

EMOLLIENTS—to soothe and soften and heal.

NUTRIENTS—to nourish and revive.

ASTRINGENTS—to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues. Working together, these medications must make your skin fresher, clearer, smoother!

DULL SKINS
NEED ITS CORRECTION
NORMAL SKINS
NEED ITS PROTECTION

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

REXONA SOAP and OINTMENT the Complete Skin Treatment

Some stubborn skin conditions need other treatment in addition to washing with Rexona Soap—effective though that is for ordinary skin flaws. For these obstinate cases Rexona Ointment is invaluable. The Ointment should be gently smeared on

after the skin has been thoroughly washed with Rexona Soap and hot water, and well dried. This combined Soap and Ointment treatment very soon relieves even the most troublesome skin affections, leaving the skin smooth and unscarred.

Start To-Night GIVE YOUR SKIN THIS PROTECTION

Start giving your skin the corrective, protective care of the New Rexona Soap from to-night. Let all the family enjoy this new protection, too. Babies need its soothing comfort—children need it, too—it keeps them safe from germs, irritation and worrying skin complaints. Men need it to keep a clear, healthy skin. Buy your first tablet of this wonderful New Rexona Soap to-day!

THE NEW
Rexona
MEDICATED skin
and facial SOAP

containing Cadyl, the new compound of medications.

9d per Tablet
IN CITY
AND SUBURBS

AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE NOW



VIVACIOUS THELMA SCOTT, the young Australian actress in the "Ten-Minute Alibi" Company, looks very charming in the powder blue jumper specially knitted for Lincoln Mills.

Cosy PULL-OVER With Chromium CLASPS

Bands of lace-stitch alternate with stocking-stitch in the attractive pull-over illustrated above. A chromium buckle on the belt matches the two small clasps at the neck.

AN unusual collar effect is achieved in this jumper by means of two short scarves, knitted separately and attached at either shoulder. The pieces are not shaped. Small folds are taken at each side of the neck and held in place by two smart chromium clasps.

Materials Required: Two Lincoln Mills 3-ply "super" shade 228 blue, 1 pair No. 11 needles, 1 buckle and 2 fancy clips for shoulders.

Measurements: Length 19 inches, bust 34 inches, sleeve 18 inches.

THE LACE PATTERN

To be used when "pattern" is mentioned: * k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, repeat from

* to end of row, finish with k. 2. This line is repeated throughout pattern.

THE FRONT

Cast on 110 sts. and knit in moss stitch.
First Row: K. 1, p. 1.
Next Row: P. 1, k. 1. Continue for 11 inches.

Next 6 rows in pattern.
Next 6 rows in stocking stitch.
Next 12 rows in pattern.
Next 12 rows in stocking stitch.
Next 18 rows in pattern.
Next 18 rows in stocking stitch.
Next 24 rows in pattern.
Next 12 rows in stocking stitch.
Next row begin the armhole, still working in stocking stitch.
At beginning of the next 2 rows cast

Brushed WOOL is SO SOFTLY Becoming

A trim little jacket fitting snugly at the waist is an item in the sportswoman's wardrobe that is equally useful on or off the links or the court.

THE perfectly-fitting shoulders and sleeves and the short basque, affording a snug fit at the waistline, are features that enable her to swing either racquet or golf-stick with perfect freedom of movement.

Materials Required:—100% Sunbeam Super 4-ply fingering wool shade No.

together; stat., stocking stitch.
Tension.—6 stitches, 1 in.; 8 rows, 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 106 sts. K. into back of sts. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 for 4 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and work in stat. for 9 inches. Shape armhole, cast off 5 sts. at begin-

border at neck edge on every 3rd row until there are 66 sts. Shape armhole, cast off 5 sts. at armhole edge. K. 2 tog. at armhole edge for next 5 rows, then k. 2 tog. every second row five times, at the same time decrease 1 st. inside border at neck edge of every fourth row until there are 34 sts. and armhole measures same as back. Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next four k. rows. Work remaining 10 sts. in rib p. 1 k. 1 for two inches. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 70 sts. K. into back of sts. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 for one inch. Next Row: K. 1 p. 1 k. 1, cast off four sts., rib to end of row. Next Row: Rib 63 sts. Cast on four sts. p. 1 k. 1 p. 1. Continue in rib for two inches. Make another buttonhole, then work rib until basque measures four inches. Change to No. 9 needles. Work-



VERREE TEASDALE, appearing in Warner Bros. productions, chooses this smart brushed wool jacket for a vigorous day on the links.

1075; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 6 buttons.

Measurements:—Length from top of shoulder, 21 in.; bust, 34 in.; length of sleeve seam, 20 in.

Abbreviations:—K., knit; p., purl; tog.,

off 8 sts., then 2 sts. at beginning of the next 6 rows.

Next 4 rows in stocking stitch. Now divide the stitches in half and on the first half pattern, turn, cast off 1 st. (neck edge), and pattern to end.

Continue until there are 30 pattern rows, decreasing 1 st. every eighth row. Still decreasing at the neck edge knit 24 rows in stocking stitch. Now cast off 7 sts. at the beginning of every row at the shoulder edge until stitches are finished.

Work the other half to match.

THE BACK

Work the same as the front (omitting the neck opening) until you come to the casting off for the shoulder, work moss stitch on the centre 27 sts., and cast off for the shoulder the same as for the front until only the moss stitches are left. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Both alike. Cast on 60 sts. and work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 5 inches. At beginning and end of the next and every 8th row add 1 st., working thus:

6 rows in pattern.
6 rows in stocking stitch.
9 rows in pattern.
9 rows in stocking stitch.
12 rows in pattern.
12 rows in stocking stitch.
18 rows in pattern.
18 rows in stocking stitch.
34 rows in pattern.
12 rows in stocking stitch.
At beginning of the next and every row cast off 1 stitch.
12 rows in stocking stitch.
60 rows in pattern.
6 rows in stocking stitch.
Cast off.

THE BELT

Cast on 180 stitches with double wool and knit in garter stitch for 11 inches. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 89 stitches and knit in moss stitch for 1 inch, then in pattern for 20 rows, moss stitch for 1 inch. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all work on wrong side and stitch up side and shoulder seams, stitch up sleeve seams, fit and stitch in sleeves. The collar is stitched on front of jumper to form the neckline as shown.

HOST HOLBROOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Holbrooks' Sauce will put it right." The World's Appetiser.***



ing from end to beginning of rows repeat 1st and 2nd row of left front four times.
9th Row: K. 1 p. 1 k. 1. Cast off four sts. P. 1 k. 1 p. 1. K. to end of row.
10th Row: P. 60 sts. k. 1 p. 1 k. 1. Cast on 4 sts. p. 1 k. 1 p. 1. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows seven times. Repeat from 9th row twice more. Repeat 9th and 10th rows, then 1st and 2nd rows twice. K. tog. the 2 sts. inside border at neck edge of every 3rd row until there are 66 sts. Shape armhole and work to correspond with left front.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 58 sts. K. into back of sts. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 for four inches. Change to No. 9 needles. Work in stat. increasing 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until there are 88 sts. Work 8 rows, k. 2 tog. at each end of every row until there are 20 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams. Join ribbing and sew along back of neck. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Announcing the
SUNBEAM
KNITTING WOOLS

COLOUR-PREFERENCE COMPETITION
PRIZE WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE £150

Miss THELMA CAMPBELL,
64 Sydney St., New Farm,
Brisbane.
(Wool purchased at J. Briggs
& Sons Ltd., Brisbane)

SECOND PRIZE £50

Mrs. A. HAGUE,
9 Clarendon St.,
Kogarah, N.S.W.
(Wool purchased at
W. J. Follis,
Rockdale, N.S.W.)

THIRD PRIZE £25

Miss A. KNIGHT,
"Carbent",
Carlton Soldier,
N.W. Line, N.S.W.
(Wool purchased at
Coblenz & Co. Ltd.,
Wey Waa)

FOURTH PRIZE £10

Mrs. J. H. PRICE,
Sackville St.,
Fairfield, N.S.W.
(Wool purchased at
Miss J. Davis,
Fairfield)

FIFTH PRIZE £5

Mrs. ARGENT,
Ranmore St.,
Wendur, Vic.
(Wool purchased at
Meyer Emporium,
Melbourne)

AND 5 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £2 EACH TO

Miss Mary McDonald, Lee Farm, Tarnagulla, N.S.W. (Wool purchased from Winner Ltd., Sydney); Mrs. J. Adams, 60 Lorraine Ave., Arncliffe, N.S.W. (Wool purchased from J. T. Shubert, Dulwich Hill); Mrs. Iris Peters, 25 Everton St., Hamilton, N.S.W. (Wool purchased from Heppes, Hamilton, N.S.W.); Miss M. Wall, 120 Botany Rd., Alexandria, N.S.W. (Wool purchased from Hardens Bros., Pitt St., Sydney); Mrs. McElwain, 23 Shepherd St., Sydney, N.S.W. (Wool purchased from Burgess Bros., Sydney, N.S.W.).

The correct order of Colour Preferences was Lagoon Blue, Shell Pink, Rhum Brown, Silver Birch, Apple, Fizz Red, Salmon, Canary, Mushroom, Lilac. No entry contained the exact solution of the Competition. The above prizes have been awarded to those sending in the nearest correct solutions. We congratulate the winners on their success.

A.S.10

ALEXANDRIA SPINNING MILLS LTD., Alexandria, N.S.W.



This illustration was taken from a pair of golf shoes 5½ years old—in regular use. Sold twice. Kiwi Tan used. Owner: J. R. Toorak, Melbourne.

• "They're well worn but they've
• worn well . . . thanks to Kiwi"

KIWI

The Quality Boot Polish

BLACK
POLISH

TAN
POLISH



FASHION SERVICE...

and FREE PATTERN

A
DAINTY
BLOUSE
This
Week!



WW633 WW634

FOR THE TINY TOTS

WW633.—This charming little coat has a round yoke continuing over the shoulder and fastens in front. Pattern for 2-4 years. Material required, 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

WW634.—An ideal runabout suit for the small boy. Pants button on to the shirt. Pattern for 2-4 years. Material required: Shirt, 1 yard, 36 inches wide; pants, 1 yard, 40 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.



WW 628

IN WOOLLEN FABRIC

WW 628.—Choose a cosy woollen fabric for this model. New style sleeves are in one piece and gathered at the back. Material for 36-inch bust, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW629

WW 630

TRAVELLING FROCK

WW629.—Smart travelling frock with buttons at the wrists. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide; contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

AN INTERESTING CUT

WW630.—This frock depicts an interesting cut. Sleeves are shaped where they join the shoulder yoke. Frock has centre back fastening. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR THE SCHOOLGIRL

WW632.—Specially designed for the growing schoolgirl, with a panel back and front, and inverted pleats at the seams. Pattern for a girl 12-14 years. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide; contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.



WW632

Dinner or
Evening
Wear



WW635

WW636

WW635.—Your dinner or evening frock must touch the ground. Blouse is caught with a diamante buckle, and the wide shoulder continues down the back. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW636.—For a smart theatre or bridge wrap this model has new-style sleeves in three pieces, gathered at the back, and forming a high puff at the shoulders. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW631

A TRIO OF TOQUES

WW631.—Make your own velvet toque; it's much cheaper. These three illustrate the latest models, with stitching used as a trimming, a coronet, or a feather. Pattern provided in 21 and 22½ inches head measurement. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

All these patterns may be obtained on personal application, or by post at the prices indicated, from The Australian Women's Weekly—

- ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
- BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann Street.
- MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street.
- NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt Street.
- SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

FREE PATTERN

Free Pattern

To be completely and smartly equipped, you must have one of the latest blouses to wear with your new winter costume.

This week's free pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed for when cutting out.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue at the following addresses: The Australian Women's Weekly—ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace. BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St. MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St. NEWCASTLE: Carrington Ch., Watt St. SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St. When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and 1d. stamp for postage to: Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above address. PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name _____
Address _____
State _____
Pattern Coupon, 14/7/34.

FIT—

of course you're
FIT!

Tune in to 2UE EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT at 7.15 p.m. and 2CH EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT at 7.45 p.m. and hear the Schumann Family.

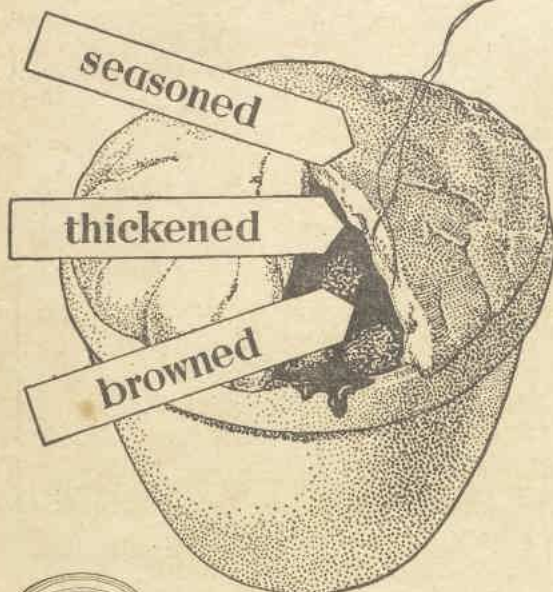
You had your glass of Schumann's this morning

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores



Schumann's Salts

The proof of the pudding is in the GRAVY



with
BISTO
the gravy maker
for all meat dishes

Issued by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney.

MUSIC... as Cure for ALL ILLS

MUSIC has always been advocated as the best means by which to soothe the savage breast.

Ancient gods and goddesses in the past have from anger been soothed to slumber. Orpheus with his lyre tamed wild beasts.

Moreover, young lovers from the beginning of time have given utterance to their love with flute, lyre and viol. Love-sick, rejected, unhappy, they have sought consolation from soothing music.

"If music be the food of love, play on... That strain again! It had a dying fall. O, it came o'er my ear like a sweet sound."

That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odor! Enough, no more."

"Is not so sweet now, as it was before." Shakespeare knew the value of music when he put these words into the mouth of the languishing Ophelia, brooding o'er his love.

As in the past, so in the present—young lovers still find solace in music and the tired business man returns from his office, relaxes before the fire, and "listens in."

Fashionable restaurant-owners engage musicians for their patrons.

Yet the Melotherapy theory takes us further still. Certain French and American neurologists have advanced a theory that music is a cure for individual, physical, moral, mental ailments.

It is reported that an institute for Melotherapy has recently been opened in France, and there are already two schools. The French attach more value to the choice of instruments, the Americans to the choice of composers.

All this opens up a vista of possibilities. In future we can expect publishers to bring us such things as "God Send You Back To Me," for the disappointed lover, "Too Many Parties and Too Many Pals," for the jaded "Thank God For a Garden"—possibly for the anaemic.

We can expect a sonata in "B" minor with classification "for the neurotic type," adaptations of Mozart, Haydn, Gluck, to meet medical requirements. In short, we may expect anything.

STORM Music

Continued from Page 5

"If we'd roped the road, we'd of had them; but when I made the suggestion he tells me to shut my face. An' wot else has he done—that counts? He's let us all in for murder—that's wot he's done. As long as young Arthur walks, there's a rope round each of our necks."

"He won't walk long," said Bugle. At this Rush let himself go. A jet of blasphemous filth seemed to spurt from his lips—to play on the absent Pharaoh and all his works, but I think all three of us knew that for all its force and fury, if Pharaoh had stepped from the shadows, the fountain would have stopped dead.

At length Bugle got to his feet and crossed to the car. Then to my great surprise, he opened a door and sat down in the driver's seat. I watched him start the engine and switch on his lights, while Rush sat still below me, winding his watch. Bugle drove the car slowly forward, as though to go down to the bridge. Then he brought her to rest and got out, leaving his engine running and both of his headlights on.

As he sat down again behind me, I understood his action and saw why the car was there.

The stone bridge was bathed in brilliance. No one could possibly cross it without being seen.

Rush yawned luxuriously. "Ten minutes more," he announced, "an' I'm goin' off. I've 'ad enough o' late nights. When I've nothin' to do, I like to do it in bed."

"I should keep your boots on," said Bugle. "He's comin' back."

There was a moment's silence. Then: "Comin' back?" screamed Rush. "That's wot I said," said Bugle.

With studied deliberation Bugle lighted his pipe. Then—"Dewdrop's back," he said.

"Where from?" said Rush. "I didn't know he was gone."

"Of course you didn't," said Bugle. "When Bohun never showed up, you'd 'ave dropped that line. But that isn't Pharaoh. That wire didn't bring Bohun 'ere, but it fetched 'im out of his digs." He paused to exhale luxuriously—"Dewdrop's back from Salzburg—with a letter young Arthur's wrote."

"Wot, not sayin' where he is?" "An' the Duchess of Sheba," said Bugle. "Pharaoh's gone off this evenin' to rope the two of them in."

I WAS transfixed with horror, for the nightmare which I had rejected had become an accomplished fact.

Though Bugle and Rush were still speaking, I had no idea what they said, and when I looked at my watch I could not tell the time, because my wrist was shaking and the dial seemed a great way off.

Then the disorder passed as quickly as it had come and my brain seemed to leap into life.

There was the car all ready. I almost cried out with delight. For an instant I glanced about me. Then I picked up the lamp and hurried it into the grate.

The base of the lamp was of china and heavily built; the crash of its fall was frightful, and the flames leaped up like streamers, to lick the breast of the chimney within and without.

Now I had expected that Bugle and Rush would, both of them, make for the sitting-room door. And Bugle did. But Rush stood up on the bench, to look, instead, through the window which I was proposing to use.

I suppose the fellow was lazy, and laziness brings no luck. Be that as it may, I hit him between the eyes before he could think and vaulted out of the casement on to the flags. I landed so close to my victim that had his wits been more ready, he might have caught my ankle and brought me down; but he was, I think, obsessed with his misfortune, for I heard the first words of the sentence with which he opened his comments on what had occurred.

And then I was in the closed car and was storming down to the bridge. I did not drive to Witchcraft. Instead I drove for the track which Helena and I had taken when we left the Rolls in the road. The mouth of the track was twenty miles closer than Witchcraft—by the only ways that I knew. From the mouth of the track to the cottage was nearer six miles than five, but for four of those miles I could drive, and that would leave less than two miles to be covered on foot.

My journey may be imagined—I drove in a mist of fear. At every bend of the road I could see the sinister shadow of some mishap. I feared to run out of petrol, I feared for my tyres; I was frightened stiff, as they say, of losing my way; but I wrung

HOST HOLMBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?***

from that car a pace that she had not been built to give.

Enough that I entered the track at five minutes past ten and that eight minutes later I was stumbling across the clearing, to find the path to the cottage by the light of my torch.

"Do what you like," said Freda. "I tell you she's gone."

"You know where she is," said Pharaoh, and lighted a cigarette.

The man was sitting half on the table, swinging a leg; Freda was standing at the foot of the little staircase, with one of her hands behind her and the other up to her breast; Max lay asleep in his cradle; and Dewdrop stood quiet and blinking with his back to the mighty grate. Stuck upon an arm of the settle, three candles with swaying flames were dispensing light.

"You know where she is," said Pharaoh, quietly enough.

"That I do not," said Freda, and flung up her head. "Her man was gone, and she was but waiting for me, to give over the child."

"Did she take the path to Witchcraft?"

"Nay," said the forester's wife, "she took the path that she knew."

"Think again," said Pharaoh smoothly, with his eyes upon Freda's face.

Crouching without the casement, I saw the girl wince before the ice of his tone; but though she was now very



Do You Know...

The wedding-ring is a symbol of a compact between two people, which dates from antiquity. Nowadays a wedding-ring is of gold or platinum, but, many years ago, it is claimed, a clergyman of a poor parish kept a brass ring which he used at marriages over and over again.

A bride need not wear her wedding-ring after the ceremony.

pale, she gave him back look for look. As I drew my pistol I heard her steady reply.

"I tell you she took that path," and, as she spoke, she pointed out of the window, directly over my head. And, as she pointed, she looked in the same direction—and saw my face.

She started ever so slightly, but that was more than enough.

As I levelled my weapon Pharaoh swung round and fired, but his pistol was yet in his pocket and his bullet went wide of my ear. And then, in a flash, he had flung himself off the table, and all the candles were out.

So I threw away a chance in a million.

That the forester's wife should have seen me was sheer bad luck, and Pharaoh's lightning action would have beaten, I firmly believe, my cousin himself. Remembering his record, I have no doubt that his life had often depended on his taking effective action before his opponent could think; for all that, if I had not seen it happen, I never would have believed that perception, decision and action could make but one blinding flash. And Dewdrop was a fine squire; it was he, of course, who had sent the candles flying. But I should have shot Pharaoh at sight. That was the error I made, and I have no excuse to offer, save that I had been running as hard as I could and was waiting for my hand to grow steady, in case I should miss.

There was only one thing to be done, for the moonlight was all about me, and Pharaoh and Dewdrop could see me without being seen.

I fell on my face, writhed my way into the shadows and darted across to a tree that stood some twelve paces off. And there, flat against the trunk, I took my stand, with my eyes on the door of the cottage, which was full in the light.

I was ready now, at last, and the moment I saw the door move I fired at the latch. This had the effect I desired, for the door did not move again.

Please turn to Page 30

I OFTEN WONDER ----

--- HOW MY HANDS ----

--- WOULD LOOK ----

--- IF I HADN'T ----

--- DISCOVERED ----

--- SOLVING! ---

HANDS UP! and now they're up, housewives, let's take a candid look at them. How are *your* hands faring in the daily fight with cooking stains and cleaning dust and grime? Remember hard-worked hands need not be stained and grimy hands. **SOLVOL** will soon prove that. Stains just disappear in **SOLVOL'S** gentle creamy lather - the deepest grime comes clean away. A daily minute with the tablet of **SOLVOL** and hands forget housework.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Your HAIR at its Loveliest ... for Gala OCCASIONS

Expert advice that many will welcome

HERE is nothing in the world more temperamental than hair. Given constant attention, it will be luxuriant, shining, and the cynosure of admiring glances. Neglected, it becomes lifeless and dull, and robs even a pretty face of attraction.

WITH dances and parties in full swing, you naturally wish your hair to look its loveliest.

The secret of shining tresses lies not in color, but in health. This, as in all things, is essential, and a healthy scalp is not attained by running a hasty comb over the head, ramming on a hat—or a tiara—and leaving it at that.

If the hair is to be alive and glowing, the roots must breathe. They must be stimulated with regular brushing.

Nowadays, there are lots of women who don't use a hair brush at all. You can prove that statement by asking your short-haired friends. But remember, brushing acts as a wholesome stimulant to the scalp, and is really good for the hair.

If your hair looks dull and not very attractive, try brushing it regularly for a week. Fifty strokes, once a day. And just see if it isn't improved in appearance at the end of that time and that treatment.

And massage, the scalp with some good oil. You can buy a hair tonic for

By EVELYN

this purpose; or you can use warmed olive oil, every night for a week—and then shampoo the hair. The hair will be greasy in the meantime, of course, but the treatment will substantially benefit it.

If you are unhappy or nervous, highly-strung, or run-down, your hair will give you away at once. It will look flat and depressed, drab and greasy, or dry and brittle.

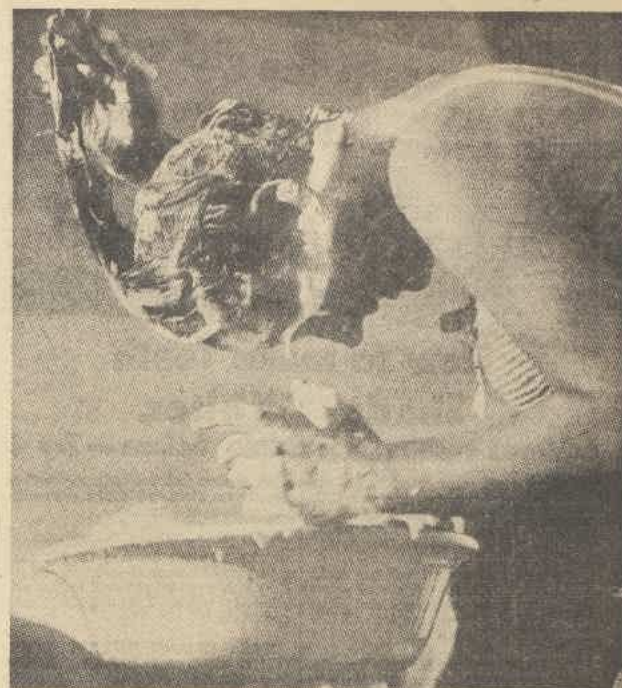
We all know what a dose of flu or a bad cold in the head will do to our hair, but very few, after all, realise how much the beauty of their hair depends upon health.

After the flu or a heavy cold, when one knows it would be risky to have a proper shampoo, try a starch shampoo.

Select a good brand of starch and sprinkle it lightly through the hair and then brush it out first with a stiff brush, and then a soft bristled brush.



LOVELY Frances Drake, of Paramount, may well admire her shining hair. She not only combs it, but brushes it night and morning.



A THICK LATHER of good soap, shaved first of all into a small bowl of hot water, makes an excellent shampoo, especially if followed by a lemon rinse to bring up the golden lights in the hair. Several bowls of fresh water for the rinsing, and add the lemon to the two final rinsings.

market. Apply this to the hair once a day for a time, and this will help the oil glands to function.

First, run your hands smeared with ointment through the hair, then part the hair, and rub the ointment along the parting with one finger tip.

After this, brush gently with a soft-bristled brush.

Banishing Dandruff

DANDRUFF is a disease of the scalp, and should not be taken lightly.

But it is also a symptom of nervous or digestive disorders, or some form of anaemia.

Therefore in treating it three things are needed simultaneously—local treatment, internal treatment, and prevention of reinfection.

The local treatment consists of massage, with a good tonic for the purpose, followed, of course, by brushing. The prevention of reinfection is very important, and for this reason all combs, brushes and hat linings should be washed daily.

Weekly Diet Hint

THE mental attitude with which we contemplate any dish has a lot to do with its palatability and digestibility. For all of us are more or less suggestible. If you think a certain food will do you good, the chances are it will. Contrariwise, if you think it will harm you, you are likely to lose most of its benefits, despite its fundamental wholesomeness. Always think pleasant things about your food.

Good for Greasy Hair

BY the way, I know of one girl, who was particularly troubled with greasy hair, despite frequent shampoos, who tried this starch shampoo. She repeated the procedure every five or six days—sprinkling the starch through the hair at night, followed by a vigorous brushing every morning.

This prevented her hair from becoming greasy and lank-looking, despite the fact that she works in a warm atmosphere all day long.

If your scalp is dry and your hair

brittle keep right away from strong shampoos.

Use a mild shampoo or shave up soap—the purest you can buy, one containing oils if possible. Or the yolk of an egg, beaten up in tepid water is good for brittle hair.

For Dry Brittle Hair

WHAT you should do is to massage regularly with a good ointment—there are many excellent kinds on the

Medical Advice to Mothers

Give your Children a LIQUID Laxative



Is Constipation in children curable? Yes! Medical men have proved it and parents who have followed their advice have proved it.

You can never cure constipation by giving your boy or girl pills, tablets, or any strong, habit-forming purgative. But you can correct this condition by gentle regulation with a natural liquid laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" will make the average child's bowels as regular as clockwork in a very short time.

Why Hospitals use a Liquid Laxative

The dose of a liquid laxative can be measured exactly to meet individual needs. The action is therefore under control. It forms no habit; no need to give a "double dose" next time.

The right liquid laxative brings a perfect movement, with no discomfort at the time, or afterwards.

For a child's use, be sure it is composed of suitable ingredients and above all, safe. "California Syrup of Figs" is entirely free from synthetic chemicals often found in pills and tablets. It is a perfectly safe, perfectly suited preparation for any young system. Fruity and delicious, a natural laxative, flavoured with cassia, cloves, and mint—no wonder the taste is delicious—and the effect so wholesome.

IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2 1/2 times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig".

...WHAT MY

PATIENT: I have heard a great deal about the beneficial effects of electrical treatment, and as I am of a particularly nervy type I wondered if I would benefit from it. Could I administer the treatment to myself?

ELECTRICITY for the cure of certain diseases or for the treatment of symptoms has been employed by medical men for years.

Many varieties of electrical currents, wave currents, static electricity, galvanic currents, etc., have been discovered. Now machines which offer a wide possibility for different kinds of therapy are on the market for medical use.

Gout, joint inflammations, gangrenous conditions, lumbago, sprains, ulcers, paralysed nerves, wasted and degenerated muscles, intestinal sluggishness, skin blemishes, gynecological conditions, nose and throat diseases, neuralgias—these are but a few of the organic disorders for which some form of electrical current may be employed.

In nervous affections of a functional type, such as insomnia, inability to relax, general nervousness, pains and aches in various parts of the body, palpitation, pains in the throat, and a host of other ailments, electricity may likewise be of value.

PATIENTS ASK ME

It should be emphasised, however, that no person should take electrical treatment without first making sure what his trouble is. The indiscriminate use of, as well as desire for, electrical treatments is to be deplored.

Furthermore, the patient should realise that a thorough knowledge of various electrical currents and what they do to the system, is necessary if beneficial results are to be hoped for.

ELECTRICITY was really first employed in medicine in connection with nervous diseases.

In those early days its use was most crude and was based largely upon guesswork. Nowadays, however, not only are a variety of currents in use, but the whole subject of electrotherapy is founded upon a much firmer scientific basis.

Letters are often written to me by persons asking whether electricity would benefit such and such a condition. Electricity often can do much good in proper hands and after a definite diagnosis of the trouble is made.

But electricity should not be used in



BY A DOCTOR

a hit or miss way for any old ailment, nor should one harbor the fallacious idea that electricity is a cure-all.

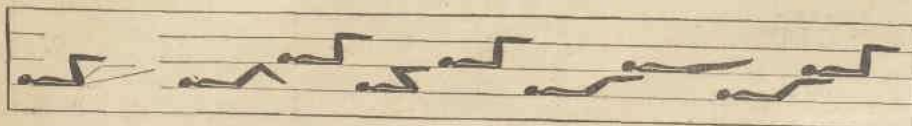
It is true that nerve energy behaves more like an electrical current than anything else. It is also true that every organ and every thinnest piece of tissue is somehow linked up with a nerve. This does not mean, though, that electricity can substitute nerve impulses in every case, nor even stimulate the nerves to better functioning.

What electricity may be able to accomplish in an individual case should be determined by the physician always—never by the individual himself.

Even self-treatment with electricity may be beneficial if the right kind of current for the right kind of ailment has been definitely determined.

Electrical treatment is really no more mysterious than any other form of treatment. It may be most helpful in proper hands.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



THIS CLEVER illustration shows you yet another exercise, which, practised regularly night and morning, will benefit the whole body. Lie flat on your back, breathe deeply and regularly, and with a slow movement, so as to exercise all your muscles, raise the legs towards the chest. When you bring your feet down, do not allow them to touch the ground.

Cerebos Salt

The dainty salt for the dainty table



How to make Teeth Shades Whiter.

Achieves results impossible before—Try it

Don't believe that your teeth are naturally dull, off-colour, or susceptible to decay simply because brushing fails to keep them sound or make them white. Remember this:

Any preparation that polishes teeth and fails to kill germs—millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles—ONLY HALF-CLEANS TEETH.

One dental cream that kills troublesome germs as it cleans the teeth is KOLYNOS. Try it—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. . . . Soon your teeth will look cleaner than ever before.

This unique, scientific dental cream contains two priceless agents that give the teeth a DOUBLE-CLEANSING. As one foams into every crevice, over every

tooth surface and washes away food accumulation, stain and tarnish—the other kills millions of germs.

Thus, in a remarkably short time, teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel—without injury. They look more attractive than you ever believed possible. They are safeguarded against decay.

HALF-CLEAN TEETH LOOK UGLY. Start using KOLYNOS. At once your teeth will show great improvement. Your mouth will feel cleaner and fresher.

Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day.

KOLYNOS
LASTS TWICE
THE USUAL
TIME—BECAUSE
YOU USE HALF
AS MUCH

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic Dental Cream



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with New Energy**

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For this purpose, there is nothing to equal delicious "Ovaltine." Taken at bedtime, its rich, easily assimilated nourishment soothes the nerves and brain and quickly induces sound, natural, energy-creating sleep.

Scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs, "Ovaltine" is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment.

Unlike imitations, "Ovaltine" does not contain any Household Sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Reject substitutes.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

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THESE
NEW
LOWER
PRICES:
1/9, 2/10
and 5/-

STORM Music

Continued from Page 28

I WAS now as composed as I had been distracted, for the knowledge that my darling was safe had made me another man. My nerves were steady, my brain was clear, I felt like a giant refreshed; and I saw at once that my lady must be at Witchcraft, where she was waiting to stay me from hastening back to the cottage and so into Pharaoh's arms.

One minute later I was behind the cottage and was running as fast as I could for the Witchcraft path.

I was more than half-way to the cross roads when Sabre touched my hand. With a leaping heart I at once took hold of his collar and ran by his side. Thirty yards on he stopped.

"Well," I said quietly. "Well."

"There was a rustle behind me. As I turned round, her arms went about my neck."

"I heard shots," she breathed.

"You're not hurt?"

"Not a scratch, my queen."

"Thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" She clung to me desperately. "Oh, John, I can't spare you again. Ever since you left I've been half out of my mind. You see . . . without you I'm beggared . . . you're all I've got."

Her tears were wet on my lips as I strained her against my heart.

"I've come out of Hell," I whispered. "We'll never do it again."

"Promise, my darling."

said. "Pharaoh's stranded, and that will give me a chance—with my brother, I mean. If Valentine's bored enough, I may be able to get him to go away. If I offer him the Carlotta, he may see the point of a month at Juan-les-Pins. Besides, if we want your cousin, Yorick is where he will be. He's certain to be watching the castle—it's all he can do. He probably visits Plumage, as you did to-day. But he knows that when we return, it will be to Yorick itself."

"Very good," said I. "I take it we drive to the door."

"Oh, yes. It's safe enough now. Here's Sabbot, where we turn to the left." She studied the map. "Left again at Arudy, and then straight on."

I whipped the Rolls round a corner and put down my foot.

"If Pharaoh listens to Freda, he'll find his car. It won't move like this, but it's better than running to Sabbot and hiring what he can get. I speak from experience, my sweet."

Helena shook her head.

"I don't think he'll listen to Freda. I think that by now he's a Witchcraft, raging at the loss of the Rolls and looking high and low for your car." She let out a ripple of laughter that did my heart good. "I feel quite sorry for Dewdrop. Fancy coming those thickets by night for a car that

Eve...

In the cool cypress grove—
Behold me waiting through the
lonely hours
Among the shadows and the
fragrant flowers . . .
The day is done, and every homing
bird
Has heard my sighing.

And the sweet Angelus
Steals from the belfry on the
distant hill;
And Eve is coming where the
fountains spill
Their thousand kisses on the
thirsty earth,
In the quiet ev'ning.

Can it be possible? . . .
Here in this haven from the
world apart
I have found comfort for this
tired heart—
Wearied by waiting, and hope
long-deferred . . .
And vows forgotten.



In the cool cypress grove . . .
Perfume of Jasmine and the
waiting Rose
Wafts to the senses . . . till
the swift hours close
With benedictions on our last
farewell.
And peace eternal.
—S.J.W.

"I promise—never again. And now we must fly." I kissed her and let her go. "We must find the Rolls and—" "I've found her. I don't think there's anyone with her, but—" "I know there isn't," said I. "But come along, my lady. We'll talk when we're out of the wood."

Less than ten minutes later I lifted the Rolls from a thicket, and on to the road.

"FREDA appeared," said Helena, "at a quarter to eight. It seems that she missed her train in a final, frantic endeavor to do as we said. We told her to deliver the letter to Geoffrey or Barley alone. Ten times she took that letter to your cousin's Salisbury address; ten times she was asked to leave it; and ten times the poor girl refused. When she had missed her train she determined to try once more, and this time they managed to bluff her into giving it up. Well, the moment I heard her story I knew that the damage was done, so Sabre and I made for Witchcraft as fast as ever we could. I confess I was rather worried. You see, though you didn't know it, you and Pharaoh had now the same objective. It seemed extremely likely that you would use the same roads. And even when Pharaoh arrived—as he did, about half past nine—I couldn't be sure that he'd missed you, for he might have dealt with you and come on for me. I watched him take the path with Dewdrop, like some familiar, padding behind. Their silence was rather dreadful; they never exchanged one word. When they'd gone I made sure of the Rolls and came back to watch and pray. The darkness was very trying, for the path, as you know, was in shadow, and I had to watch for you both. And then, far away in the forest I heard two shots . . ."

When I told her what I had learned, which, except that my cousin was safe, was little enough.

"We must make for Yorick," she

was never there! Have you plenty of petrol, John?"

"To burn," said I. "Pharaoh's a careful man."

I felt her hand on my sleeve.

"If you'd been 'careful' we shouldn't have found the cottage, and we should have missed—our dream."

As her face touched my shoulder I carried her hand to my lips.

"And when Valentine's gone?" I said.

Helena's chin went up.

"I'm not the Countess for nothing. The flag will be flown to-morrow, as though the Count was still there. That should be enough for 'Captain Paning'."

And when he walks in with his servant, old Florin shall have the pleasure of laying the two of them low."

"You think you'll get Valentine off by an early train?"

"He keeps late hours. If I let him have the Carlotta I might get him off to-night. He's a creature of impulse, you know. Paint the toy bright enough, and he'll want it at once. He simply must be gone before Pharaoh comes back."

I glanced at my watch.

Five minutes to eleven, and fifty-three miles to go. We should be at the castle by midnight; but unless he had the luck of the devil, Pharaoh could hardly reach Yorick before five o'clock.

To get from the cottage to Plumage had taken me more than six hours—and that was by day. But if he was there at five, would the Count be gone? Since I did not know her brother, I could not weigh the chances of Helena's gaining her end, but I had an uneasy feeling that she was attempting too much. Her brother might well consent to be gone the next day, but to leave bag and baggage, at once, in the midst of the night . . .

At length—

Please turn to Page 32

HOT HOUSEHOLD says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Molbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar.###

I GUARANTEE YOU LUCK OR REFUND YOUR MONEY

If you have had luck at games, love, business—you should carry a pair of Mystic Brackets. Highly Dynamic Lodestones. These lodestones are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil or misfortune, and the other to attract much good luck, love, happiness and prosperity. Posted by return mail. Price 4/6 pair. Your money refunded within 7 days at purchase if not fully satisfied. V. B. Basset, 129 Macleay St., Pettit Point, Sydney, N.S.W.



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CATARH—I cured myself completely. Head noises, Catarrhal Deafness, Spitting, Stiffness. Will gladly tell sufferers. Write P. Robinson, Suite VII Park Ave., Auchenflower, Queensland.

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Thrilling stunts—splendid entertainments—pageants and conventions—crowds of happy visitors! Of course we're going! Why don't you come too? You'll never see anything like it—no, not for a hundred years... the Excursion Fares are the lowest ever.

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Betty: Where are you going, John?
John: To raise the wind.
Betty: What for?
John: To meet a draft.

Mary: I wonder how much money there is in the world?
Tom: Try to borrow a shilling and you'll find out.

Harry: What passed between you and your wife in the quarrel?
Harold: A flat iron, a rolling pin, two plates, and a kettle.

"She lives in great tension."
"Pre-tension?"

Storm Music

Continued from Page 30

"WHY not go to Pommer?" I said. "And use your original plan? We've only to find my cousin, and that should be easy enough. Let Pharaoh go back to Yorick. And then one night we'll cross the moat by the footbridge and do him in."

"I'm afraid to wait, my darling. If Pharaoh gets his foot in again, I think he'll play the card in his sleeve. He doesn't want to play it, but after to-night he'll feel that the luck's against him—and out it'll come. And the card that he's got in his sleeve is putting my brother wise." She drew in her breath. "Once Valentine knows of the gold, it's no good killing Pharaoh, for three weeks later another will reign in his stead. My brother will talk right and left. What's almost worse, he'll never leave me alone as long as there's twenty pounds left. So you see, for that reason alone, Valentine must be gone before Pharaoh comes back."

AFTER this there was no more to be said, but I know that I made up my mind that if we came safe through this pass, the gold must be disposed of without delay. Oath or no, this terribly dangerous cargo must be discharged. Otherwise, though all four rogues were silenced, the secret which had leaked out would leak out again. And then—more havoc: more lust and strife and bloodshed, and my darling's hair going grey.

The miles streamed by in silence, and I think it was just past midnight when I switched the Rolls off the road and into the entrance drive.

This rose through the woods, and had it been day, we could not have seen the castle before the last of the bends. The instant, however, that I had taken this turn the lights of the rooms that

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opened on to the ramparts filled our eyes. The moon was certainly gone, and the night was dark, but the flood of light was abnormal, and for one short moment I thought that the rooms were on fire. As though some ball were in progress, all six great casements were ablaze, and the battlements stood against the brilliance as though they were part of some theatrical "set." Except for a gleam here and there, the rest of the castle was black.

Helena laughed dryly.

"I told you he kept late hours."

Of the blaze of light she said nothing; that the Count preferred casinos to castles was obvious enough.

I drove the Rolls through the meadows and over the bridge.

AS our headlights illumined the gateway I saw that the curtains were gone and the gates shut, but a wicket in one of the leaves was open, and a servant was standing beside it, shading his eyes. He had, of course, seen our lights from the porter's lodge, and had opened for "Captain Fanning," as no doubt he had done before. As I brought the Rolls up to the wicket I saw him start. Then he opened the door for his mistress and bowed to the ground.

"Come, John," said Helena, quietly. She turned to the man. "Shut the wicket, Hubert, and wait in the lodge. The car will stay there."

In a flash she was in the courtyard, with Sabre and me behind.

The doors were open, and Helena sped up the staircase which led to the principal rooms. In the hall the lights were burning, but from first to last I saw no other servants, and we afterwards learned that the Count, at Pharaoh's suggestion, had sent them to bed every evening at half-past ten.

Helena's car was fast to the library door. After a moment she passed to the dining-room. There for a moment she listened. Then her hand went out to the handle and softly opened the door.

To be continued.

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ESSENCE of the CONTRACT

Continued from Page 25

IN the meantime he wondered if it was up to him to report the result of his interview to Mr. Fortescue, and hesitated quite a little before deciding against doing so. Time enough for discussion when something definite was settled, he thought. He'd mention briefly to Betty what had been done, and leave her to pass on the information if she chose.

As she came into the room where he was waiting his heart fell to pounding, as always it did at the first sight of her, for her appeal was beyond all power of expression. But even as he took a quick step towards her he was aware of that same atmosphere of withholding he had been conscious of before. And though, when he took her in his arms, her lips seemed momentarily to return his kiss and her arms to cling to him, she broke from him, as it were, prematurely. Then, as he looked at her, perhaps a shade wistfully, Betty's eyes, which had softened to an added beauty when she was in his arms, appeared to harden, as if by the exercise of her own will.

He told her of what had taken place. "In the state the works are in," he said hopefully, "there shouldn't be any difficulty in selling as a going concern."

"But you know so little of business," she said; and, ambiguously, there was a suggestion of hope in her voice.

"Of the academic principles," he admitted, "I know practically nothing. But one doesn't live among people whose whole outlook is circumscribed by one particular trade, as my father's parishioners were with dyeing, without getting an inkling of what they're talking about. As a matter of fact I began to take rather an interest in it myself."

Her hands, white and slender, were folded idly in her lap. He captured one; it remained equally idle in his clasp.

"Then you think you'll be able to sell the business?" she said at last in a low voice.

"Oh, I should think so," he said cheerfully.

Silence, and the same tense strain. Then: "In spite of the—weakness?" she asked levelly.

He smiled confidentially. "Oh, a little thing like that won't worry me," he said.

Her reply came instantaneously, and as though the words were beyond her own control. "But it might not find the purchaser so indifferent," she said; and, to smooth her skirt, took her hand from his.

Though he looked at her rather searchingly, his voice remained indifferent. "That's the buyer's pigeon," he said.

He left her shortly after. Somehow there didn't seem to be so much to talk about as there had been.

It was not long before Jimmy's confidentially expressed conviction appeared likely to be justified. Outside the Junior University Club in St. James' St., a few days later he ran into Charlie Walton, a Bradfordian with whom he had been at Clifton and Cambridge.

"What brings you to this teeming metropolis?" asked Jimmy, as they shook hands.

The Yorkshireman grinned cheerfully. "Secret Service," he said. "Just a bit of espionage."

"Break it to me over a drop of diet," said Jimmy, and led the way up the steps of the club.

It was not until the coffee that the North Countryman opened out. "You know London and understand a bit about the trade," he said, "so there's just a chance you may be able to help."

"Carry on," Jimmy said, encouragingly.

"It's this way," the Bradfordian said. "About a year ago our export trade began to fall off pretty badly, and, so far as we could make out, for no particular reason. However, we didn't worry for a month or two, because these fluctuations happen sometimes, and right themselves automatically. This particular slump, however, kept right on; got worse and worse. Finally my father suggested I should come and see the shippers here to find out what the game was. He paused. Then: "Well, the first one I saw told me," he said.

"And what, exactly, is the trouble?" Jimmy inquired interestedly.

Walton's tone was as of one humorously resigned to the facing of unpleasant facts. "That they'd been getting a darned sight better goods a darned sight cheaper than ours," he said. "And when I said I didn't believe it he made no bones about telling me the stuff came from some new process or other that cheapens the cost of production by umpteen per cent. German, he thought. He even told me the name and address: Fortescue and Co., Maspool. . . . And I confirmed all he said from several other shippers whose orders have fallen off."

Before the disadvantage to themselves that such an admission would be occurred to him, Jimmy wondered that these said shippers had not reported also the complaints received regarding the new process.

"In what way do you think I might be able to help?" he inquired at last.

"Seeing that you've always been sort of mixed up in the trade," Walton said very directly, "I wonder if you've happened to come across these Fortescue people; and if so," he added, "if you think they might be brought to consider an offer for the business."

Jimmy stared into Walton's face in amazement. Extraordinary! The coincidence was almost too strange to be true.

"Curiously enough," he said at last, and without going into details. "I do happen to know them."

Walton's face lighted. "Good enough!" he exclaimed. "Er—what do you think the chances are of them considering an offer?"

Here Jimmy recognised that, however ready his life's happiness appeared to drop into his lap like ripened fruit from a bough, it was necessary to keep a firm hold of himself.

"I suppose," he said slowly, "that would depend rather upon the inducement."

Walton was a Yorkshireman, with all the characteristics of his countrymen. One, also, who was accustomed to handle what he liked to describe as "big money."

"I'd give good money—in reason," he said. "Look here. I can't approach these Fortescue people myself—they'd smell a rat straight away. You're not doing anything just now, and here's a chance to make a nice slice of commission. Why not see 'em and find out if they're open to talk business?"

Three days later they travelled down to Maspool together. On behalf of the proprietor, it seemed, Murgatroyd was authorised to put all—or at any rate nearly all—the cards on the table.

Shown round the works, which were still busily working full time, Walton approved visibly of what he saw. Apart from the actual mixing of the dye, the whole process was explained to him. In the office books were displayed, showing profit and loss and the present state of the business, though, having regard to the obvious shrewdness of the Yorkshireman, Jimmy was surprised Walton did not ask to see the order book, an omission which neither Murgatroyd nor he thought it incumbent to point out.

Three days later Walton made an offer which, without hesitation or reference to the price to the proprietor, Jimmy unequivocally refused.

Two days later still the offer was increased, by easy stages, by another fifty per cent. And still Jimmy declined to sell.

"But why?" Walton demanded with considerable annoyance. "Of course," he added diplomatically, "if it's a question of—er—commission, there's nothing to prevent the purchaser from adding a small percentage to what will be paid by the vendor."

"Strange as it may appear," said Jimmy, "I'm not even after graft. I'm turning down your offer for another and entirely different reason."

"I'll give you another thousand," Walton burst out desperately. Accustomed as he was to all the subtleties of bargaining, a solid and deliberate refusal of what he knew to be generous terms was something outside his experience.

"No," said Jimmy. "Then," announced Walton, "I'm going back to Bradford."

"The 5 o'clock train from King's Cross," said Jimmy. "Is the best train. In the meanwhile, what about a drink?"

JIMMY had not seen Betty for a week, when, that same evening, he called on her.

Immediately he was struck by a new element in the quality of her greeting, which was warmer and more spontaneous than it had been since the night of his interview with her father. There was a light in her eyes he had not seen for a long time.

"I had an offer for the works to-day," he told her.

"Oh!" she said. There was a mingling of satisfaction and anticipation in her tone.

"Yes," he said. "I refused it."

A still greater anticipation was latent behind her reply.

"Is it permitted to ask why?" she asked rather eagerly.

"Of course," he said. "I turned it down for the simple reason that I believe I can do better elsewhere."

He watched the new gay light fade slowly from her face, as though a cloud had passed over the sun of her animation. The soft curves of her face seemed suddenly to become more clearly defined.

"You appear to have acquired the business instinct with commendable rapidity," she observed; and in her tone unmistakable was all the old aloofness.

"It was the quality your father seemed to want," he said defensively.

Her eyes searched his penetrating, and, he thought, more than a trifle perplexed.

"I shall be interested to see its ultimate development," she said at last.

His heart sank bleakly at her tone. This time there was no attempt to disguise her strange new outlook upon him. In the measure of a few moments and the exchange of half a dozen sentences they had drifted apart so that it appeared as though no words now could bridge the gulf.

"Well, it won't be long before you have your wish," he said. "It's not so long now before I have to send in my final report to your father. I hope then to be able to satisfy him."

She burst out, suddenly and vehemently: "I hope to God you can!"

She checked herself by a visible effort from saying more; moved over to the window, where he stood looking out into the green and silent square that faced the house. Then, at the end of the silence, she turned to him with deliberation.

"Jimmy," she said in a low, rather strained voice, "do you mind if I don't see you again until—all this is over?"

He ignored the swift panic that rushed to him with her words. A false step and he would lose her definitely; thrust himself now into the privacy of her turmoil and, whatever the outcome, he would cheapen himself for all time.

"Very well, dear," he said quietly.

The time passed slowly, but by no means uneventfully. In the light of his former inactivity it conveyed nothing to write that never had Jimmy been so busy; hardly had he a moment to himself. If he was to arrange matters under the conditions laid down by Mr. Fortescue, it was necessary to keep moving.

Yet in spite of his preoccupation he was utterly unhappy. The cause, of course, was Betty's withdrawal. The thought that he had bruised the first bloom of her love for him was as a sword. The situation, too, was rendered all the worse by her silence.

The only small consolation he had was that nothing had been said which forbade him writing to her, and he felt that he must keep unbroken that

last pathetic link between them.

His letters, written in the silence of the late night hours, when emotion is keyed to its highest, were eloquent of his sense of loss. Although not put into so many words, the feeling was written into every paragraph, woven inextricably into the devotion which permeated every letter he wrote to her.

And each morning when, always, his tense queries for letters were negatively by a lethargic but cumulatively inquisitive laundress, his heart sank lower as his depression increased. And as pride and a sense of the fitness of things forbade him to telephone, the distance which separated them loomed ever wider.

IT was upon the last day of his probationary period, with final arrangements for the transfer of the business concluded, and the Agreement for Sale and the actual cash for the purchase in his pocket, that Jimmy wired to Mr. Fortescue making an appointment for that same evening.

As upon the first occasion he was shown directly into the study, where, detached and immaculate as ever, Mr. Fortescue awaited him. His greeting was dispassionate and without warmth.

"Sit down, please," he instructed.

Still Jimmy made no move to obey.

"Isn't Betty to be here?" he inquired.

"My daughter suggested that it would be better to leave us to discuss our business in private," said Mr. Fortescue; and his shrewd glance did not fail to observe the hardening of the lines about the younger man's mouth.

"I should much prefer her to be here," Jimmy said quietly.

The slow rising of Mr. Fortescue's fine eyebrows was suggestive of cold appreciation of imperinence.

"I have informed you of my daughter's preference," he said, with a direct

glance which was returned with equal steadiness.

"I'm sorry, sir," Jimmy said quietly, "but with all respect I should prefer her to be present. She was here when the test was suggested, and it's only fair to me that she should hear the result."

Mr. Fortescue walked over to the bell; pressed it.

"Since you insist," he agreed indifferently. "Though I should have considered that your telegram announcing the success of your enterprise—left nothing more to be said. From you, at any rate," he added, not without meaning.

"On the contrary," said Jimmy, "there is quite a lot to be said."

When, with manifest reluctance, Betty came into the room, he saw that she was unusually pale, and that her eyes had lost a little of their old keen alertness, and were rather heavily shaded beneath. Her carriage had lost some of its former spring.

Also, the aloofness from which Jimmy had obtained the first hint of severance had developed now, it seemed, into open hostility. She barely glanced at him as she entered, and then her eyes drooped quickly as she returned his quiet greeting with the slightest and most distant of bows.

"Mr.—er—Stocks seems to prefer that you should be present," her father said.

She sank slowly into her old seat on the Chesterfield.

"Very well," she said indifferently.

"And now," said Mr. Fortescue with cold briskness when they were settled, "for your report. I beg that you will make it as brief as possible."

Jimmy nodded; then looked up.

"After I had declined the offer of your nominee, Charles Walton . . .," he began levelly, and paused, looking inquiringly towards Betty.

She had been sitting with straight arms and fingers outstretched beside her, as though to support her weight.

Please turn to Page 38



AND SO TO BED to Get Warm

Same old story . . . a heater that is a heater in name only . . . one part of the room quite warm, the rest cold and gloomy . . . a game of human chess (moving round so that everybody will get some of the available heat) . . . part of your body quite warm, the rest almost freezingly cold . . . and then—off to bed to get warm.

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SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY HOME

THE Greater LOVE

Continued from Page 11

SHE decided suddenly that she would ask John to take her home and turned to go back to the house. Then she saw standing before her the man whose image had been stamped on her memory for five long years.

A pale sickle of moon was rising above the trees. By its light she could see how drawn and lined he looked; the set repression of his mouth, the pain in his eyes.

"Philip!" She spoke his name breathlessly. "I—I was just going back to the house."

He made no reply, but moved aside a little so that she could pass. She wanted to do that—or thought she did. Yet she could not move. She could only stand there looking at him, remembering.

"Why don't you go?" He spoke now, harshly, almost brutally. She put up a hand to her throat.

"I—I don't know. Why did you come here to-night?"

"I wanted to see you. Now I want to congratulate you. John's the best fellow that ever lived, and he's done well. You'll be a rich man's wife."

She winced at his tone.

"Don't! You know that that doesn't mean anything to me. I've never been afraid of being poor."

"There are worse things than poverty. Better things than riches. Night in the valley and wind on the heath. A roof of stars..."

He sang the words softly and her heart seemed to turn over, as it had done that afternoon when the woman had sung them. As it had done five years ago....

"So you haven't forgotten?" The cry broke from her before she could prevent it.

"And you?"

"I haven't forgotten, either. I couldn't forget..."

She had not meant it to happen, but there was something inevitable in it. Five years of waiting, and then this moment when she was held in his arms again, yielding herself freely and unthinkingly to the rapture of being there. She was oblivious of everything that she should have remembered; John, her marriage....

"Philip!" She clung to him, something hungry and desperate in her clinging. For even in that moment she was conscious of pain. It hurt to love like that. "Philip, you've come back!" she whispered. "I wanted you so."

"Deirdre, my darling." His lips were brushing her hair, the little soft hollow in her throat. "Oh, my dear, you don't know what it's like to hold you in my arms again! I've dreamed of this for five years."

"And I thought you didn't care..." She was sobbing quietly, stirred by the aching sweetness of it. She wanted those moments to last for ever, but they came to an end abruptly.

"Deirdre!"

They started apart as John's voice was heard calling her, his footsteps coming down the path. She was suddenly in a panic of fear. John must not find her there.

She turned to dart away, but before she went a quick whisper escaped her. "When can I see you again? I must see you."

"To-morrow night. You know the Golden Lamp restaurant in Dean Street?"

She nodded.

"I'll be there at half-past seven."

DEIRDRE gave the address to the driver and then sank back in the taxi.

She was worn out. It was several nights now since she had slept properly, and the days had taken even greater toll of her strength—the alternate rapture and pain of them and the ceaseless anxiety as to what she was to do.

But she had made up her mind. There could be no more indecision. It was not fair to any of them.

She winced at the thought of hurting John. Yet what alternative had she? She could not marry him when all her love was given to the man who had come back into her life. The last week had taught her that.

The week seemed to her, on looking back, to have been one of the unhappiest she had ever known. For even those stolen hours that she had spent with Philip had been spoiled by the knowledge that she was deceiving the man she had promised to marry.

He had been so easy to deceive. He accepted her excuses for not being with him calmly, because he trusted her. His love of her left no room for doubt. It was steady and unchanging, secure.

Something caught her by the throat. The thought of John was like remembering a sunlit harbor when you were

in the midst of storm-tossed, dangerous seas. There had never been anything calm in her love for Philip. Always it had given her a terrible feeling of insecurity, of trying to hold something that must in the end elude her.

But all that would be changed now. She would tell Philip to-night that she had made up her mind to break with John. They would be married quietly and he would take her away. It would mean going back with him, she supposed, and she loved England. But what did it matter so long as they were together?

Her heart was beating uncomfortably fast as she went up in the lift. It had been Philip's suggestion that she should go that evening to the flat where he was staying. There was always the danger of somebody seeing them anywhere else, but after to-night that would not matter.

The lift took her to the third floor and she walked along the stone corridor on which her footsteps seemed to her guilty consciousness to make an alarming noise. Odd that she should feel guilty, when she was going to do the only thing possible....

Her hand shook as she lifted it to the bell, but before she pressed it she saw with relief that the door was ajar. She was glad not to have to face a servant.

She pushed the door open and went into the small square hall, glancing round nervously. In which room would Philip be? Should she call him? Then her heart leaped again with relief as she heard his voice.

He was telephoning to someone in that room with the open door. Every word came to her clearly, spoken in that deep voice of his that always thrilled her when she heard it.

But it did not thrill her now. Instead she found herself suddenly gripping the back of a chair tightly while the color drained from her face.

"I'll meet you to-night, anywhere you like.... Oh, so you saw me, did you?.... Yes, I used to know her before I went out to Kenya, and I flatter myself she was rather pleased to see me again.... Oh, yes, she is pretty enough and amusing in a way.... What? Don't be an ass, old chap.... no, nothing like that. For one thing, she's engaged to a pal of mine, and anyhow, I'm not the marrying sort. I've enough troubles of my own...."

The girl in the other room still stood gripping the chair, wondering if she could have heard aright.

THOSE careless, cruel words! And spoken of her, by Philip—Philip, whom she had thought she loved and to whom she had come that evening to tell him that she was ready to give up John and marry him. And he didn't want her!

"She's pretty enough and amusing in a way...."

So that was what he thought of her! All that she meant to him. Fool that she had been to have forgotten the lesson he had taught her five years ago.

He had made it plain then that he did not care. He did not care now. He had just been amusing himself with her, despising her probably in his heart for the way she had thrown herself at him.

Her cheeks burned as she heard him moving. At all costs he must not find her there; she could never face him again. She sped out of the flat, banging the door behind her, and down the stairs, not waiting for the lift. A taxi was passing and she hailed it, flinging herself on to the seat and staring dully at the man who stood waiting at the open door.

"Where to, miss?"

She rallied herself with an effort. Of course she must tell him where to drive her, but the odd thing was that she did not know herself! Not home. She did not want to have to answer questions as to why she had returned so early. There was only one person who never asked questions when she did not want to answer them. John.

A strange feeling of peace stole over her after she had given his address. John would be at home. He had told her that he would put in some work as she could not go out with him. He would be overjoyed to see her, as he always was.

You could count on John. He was the sort who never changed. Life with him would not be wildly exciting, perhaps, but it would be calm and happy. He would not lift her to impossible heights of rapture one minute and the next plunge her into a dark valley of aching shame and despair....

She shuddered, then a little faint smile hovered round her lips. Dear John!

Please turn to Page 35

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By Air Mail.

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POST THIS TO-DAY!

To Chemist Roush, Ph.C.,
Owen's Pharmacy,
Valley Corner, Brisbane, Qld.
Please forward:
.....Bottles of "509" Asthma Treatment (7/- each, or 20/- for 3).
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.....Inclusive Catarrh Treatment, 15/-.
I enclose postal note for
(or my name is put listed here. I enclose full particulars, age, and sex.)
NAME
ADDRESS



STAMMERING Can be cured by medically scientific methods. Write to L. A. DOBSON M.P.S., V.C., Sp. Lit., M.I.O., M.O.O.A., Specializing in Speech Defects. Valuable information (free) explaining the Physical and Psychological causes, effects and cure of Stammering by sufferer now cured. 308 Burnwood Rd., Belmont, N.W.

SOMEONE to GO WITH

Continued from Page 7

PETER moved forward none too comfortably.

"Is it? It looks as though you're right. I'm sorry about that, officer."

"Then can I see your driving license, please?"

"Unfortunately, no. I'm afraid I left home in a hurry and I haven't got it with me at the moment."

"Insurance cover?"

"I'd better explain at once that this is not my car."

Peter was listening, hands on hips; he was looking at the car as if it had done him a bad turn and he was not going to own it any longer. Then he glanced at the policeman, still with his notebook open, and finally he turned to Valerie and he pulled a long face and felt his chin reflectively.

"I'd better have the name and address of the owner," said the policeman.

"Unfortunately, I really don't know who the owner is."

"Do you know the number of the car?"

"I don't believe I do."

"And you don't know who it belongs to? Who gave you permission, then, to take it out?"

"I had none."

"Then where," said the policeman, rather impatiently, "did you get it from?"

"From a garage near where I live. The fact is I knew this car was there. I wanted one in a tearing hurry, and I know nobody would be taking this one out because it isn't licensed. I slipped into the garage, found this swung the handle a few times, shoved in a drop of juice, then gave the engine the necessary kick in the pants, and off we went."

"Then this is a stolen car?"

"No, no. It's a borrowed car. It will be back this afternoon. There was no theft intended."

"Ah, sir, that don't count any longer. It used to be an old gag, didn't it? You took a car for a joy-ride, and, because you intended to return it, it didn't count as theft. Well, now it does."

"It would have been returned this afternoon and nobody any the wiser, either."

"This is the point," the policeman said. "I can't allow you to drive any further in the circumstances, so I shall have to ask you to come along to the station please."

Peter turned disappointedly to Valerie. He looked at her like a bloodhound for a moment, and then he dryly said:

"I should be the one to make a mess of it."

"It's not your fault. If you took the car you took it to help me. I don't blame you at all."

"I blame myself. It's going to upset everything."

"Will you get in and start her up, sir, please?" the policeman said. "Then follow me."

Well, that was over.

The car had been impounded. Particulars had been recorded.

"I hope you're quite sure now we're not bandits," Peter said. He went to the car and he took out the suitcase. With this in one hand he gestured farewell to the police with the other, and started for the door.

"One moment," said the sergeant. "Just a formality, of course . . . but I suppose you wouldn't mind my seeing, sir, what's in that case. We have to take these precautions in the case of a stolen car. We must protect the owners."

Peter looked back, and he went wooden. He glanced at Valerie, and Valerie returned his look. Then he put down the bag depressedly. There was no help for it, and, in a bitter, disapproving way he snapped up the catches and he let the lid swing back.

"Well, there you are!" he said dispassionately, "what do you think of that?"

All eyes were upon him. They were fish-like, these policemen. It was like being left alone in some nightmare aquarium where all the fish had blue helmets and were crowding to the glass frames to inspect him in a boiled way. He heard an indrawn breath. It did not come from Valerie. No sound whatever came from her. She was calm, serious, and capable. Also she was extremely pretty as she stood there. Whether she understood how he felt, or whether she wanted a little comfort herself, Peter did not know, but suddenly he realised that her fingers had slipped through his arm, and were holding in a matey fashion to his sleeve.

THE indrawn breath had been a solo by the sergeant.

"Ho!" he said, "indeed."

"A nice lot of stuff!" said Peter, "not perhaps all silver, but probably the very best electro-plate. A girl has to be a very decent swimmer, sergeant, to win all those before she's twenty-one."

He did not glance round for confirmation of this guess at a lady's age; he simply stayed looking gravely at the contents of the bag. He stooped and picked up a silver vase.

"Lady's Fancy Diving, St. George's Baths, you see, 1932. Miss V. Leslie."

THE Greater LOVE

Continued from Page 34

THE great liner was making her way down the Red Sea.

Phillip Cottenham moved in his deck chair and ran a finger round his limp collar.

Gosh, it was hot! He would sleep on deck to-night—or try to get as much

sleep as he could. Perhaps after to-day was over he would feel better.

He looked at his watch—three o'clock by London time. They would be just coming out of the church, and Deirdre would be hanging on her husband's arm, flushed and happy.

His lips twisted grimly with pain. Had he been a fool to give up his own happiness so easily? But there had been nothing else to do. It had seemed to him. You could not take happiness at the expense of another, not when that other was your best friend.

Deirdre would forget, he told himself again. Pride would help her to do that. He had counted on her pride. It would not have been any use trying to pretend to her that he didn't love her enough; she would have seen through the lie. So he had had to seem to be cruel, just as he had done five years ago.

He had known then that there would never be anyone else for him, but almost as soon as he had landed in Kenya he had realised that the prospects that had been held out to him were a myth. He would not ask the woman he loved to share poverty with him.

Deirdre was not made for hardship. Even now he was not in a position to give her the things she ought to have, if he had felt himself free to take her love.

The trip home, when he had suddenly decided that he must see her again at all costs, had taken more than he could well afford, and the furnished flat he had rented for those few weeks had been expensive though small. Inconvenient, too, for there was not even a telephone.

No, he had done the only thing possible in giving her to the man who could make her happy. And he had his work. He would work doubly hard now, and perhaps he would succeed. Fate had a mocking way of handing out her gifts to those to whom they had become useless. Dead sea fruit. . . . He lit a cigarette and stared out over the rail—into the emptiness beyond.

(Copyright)

HOST: HOLBROOK says: For the unadorned guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.***

TELEPHONE ALPHABET

PART of a telephonist's training is committing to memory the operator's alphabet for assistance in spelling words and names. Though nearly all our telephonists are girls, the names used for the operator's alphabet are nearly all masculine—A for Adam, B for Bob, C for Charles, and so on. The only exceptions in the 26 letters of the alphabet are K for Kate, L for Lily, M for Mary, and N for Nellie, with five others which apparently tricked the originator of the alphabet—O for Ocean, U for Union, X for X-Ray, Y for Young, and Z for Zebra.

This," he added, reaching for a cigarette box, "seems to be for 100 yards. The sergeant ponderously marched round, and now he stopped, like Peter, and began making a selection. After a time he looked up, red of face.

"Are these all swimming prizes?"

"All. Except, of course, the apron."

"Well, whose are they, then?"

"This lady's."

The sergeant turned to Valerie.

"Are you Miss Leslie, then?"

"I am."

"Well," he said, scratching his chin, "of course we've only got your word for that."

"It's about all you need," said Peter. "I should imagine, looking at her."

"Yes, but you're not a police officer."

"At a time like this I rather wish I were. I'd like to be a sergeant and have the privilege at this moment of congratulating the lady on her efforts."

"Can I have your address, miss?" said the sergeant, grimly.

"No," said Valerie, "you can't; that's flat. If it comes to that I'd rather go to prison now. You can't have my address. I've left it. I can give you the address I'm going to, in Farnham, if you like. But if that's not enough I'll stop here and tell the whole thing to the judge."

The sergeant finished his scrutiny of a nice pair of candlesticks, laid them aside, and peered at Peter.

Please turn to Page 37

AUSTRALIA'S JOLLIEST BABIES

Results of Johnson's Jolly Baby Quest . . .

Over 35,000 snapshots were received in the above competition sponsored by the manufacturers of Johnson's Baby Powder.

Each entry was carefully considered, and after considerable difficulty, the judges awarded the prizes as follows:—

FIRST PRIZE £50

Elaine Roy Wildey, age 14 months, National Bank of Australasia Ltd., Gatton, Queensland.

SECOND PRIZE £25

Dorrie Lousia Stell, age 19 months, 14 Carlton Parade, Carlton, N.S.W.

THIRD PRIZE £10

Robert Fred Cronshaw, age 16 months, 27 Railway Street, Petersham, N.S.W.

100 CONSOLATION PRIZES

Space does not permit us to publish the winners of the 100 consolation prizes. However, the mothers or guardians have been written to in each case.

We were indeed proud to receive such a large number of photos of fine Australian babies, thus testifying to the universal acceptance of Johnson's Baby Powder as the finest obtainable. Naturally, every mother instinctively feels that her children are the jolliest, and for that reason, perhaps some entrants will feel disappointed that they did not win a prize. On reflection, however, they will realise that though not winning, they have secured really excellent photos that will be treasured in later years.

We thank each competitor for their entries, and request them to note that snaps cannot be returned.

Johnson's baby powder

"Best for Baby—Best for You."

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, etc.

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OBTAINABLE AT LEADING STORES, CHEMISTS AND HAIRDRESSERS

PICTURES Worth Framing

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for

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For Quick Relief, Say BAYER Aspirin When You Buy

Here is quicker relief from pain—the fastest safe relief, it is said, ever known. This is due to a scientific discovery by which BAYER Aspirin starts "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass here tells the story. A Bayer tablet starts to disintegrate or dissolve—go to work—almost instantly. This means quick relief from pain—fewer lost hours from headache, neuritis, rheumatism. And safe relief. For genuine Bayer Aspirin does not harm the heart.

All Chemists sell boxes of 12 Bayer Aspirin tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. If you want Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always say "BAYER" and insist because "Bayer" means "Better."



Does Not Harm the Heart

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

C. Marshall

FRED left Wunderlust sitting on the verandah one afternoon, and went out for a walk. He walked down the narrow gravel path, crossed the little white wooden bridge, and continued on till he came to Mother Hubbard's home.

Yes; it was such a pretty place. Lovely green hedges, and pretty little flowers of all the colors of the rainbow, made Mother Hubbard's garden one of the beauty spots of Mushroom Grove.

And, strangely enough, the garden was by no means a well-planned garden.

Everything was planted everywhere, irrespective of kind or size. Why, here was a shy little violet growing right next to a big sunflower, and there a pansy near a dahlia.

Mother Hubbard bought all her flowers from Fairy Buttercup, and it was rumored that Mother Hubbard did not know what kind of flowers she had bought until they blossomed.

Fred smiled to himself as he visualised Mother Hubbard going into long details about some flower, or asking Fred if he knew why Scaterbrer (her dog) was so thin. He ate enough, she was certain, but yet he looked so terribly thin!

Fred didn't think he was thin at all. He thought Scaterbrer was just an ordinary sized dog, but, of course, he didn't say that to Mother Hubbard.

As Fred was smiling to himself as these things passed through his mind, he heard Scaterbrer yell. Now, it was not a usual thing for Scaterbrer to yell, but it was an unusual kind of yell that made Fred wonder. So jumping the fence, he made for Scaterbrer's kennel.

MOTHER HUBBARD was asleep in her armchair on the lawn, and just about three yards away from her was a long black snake! Scaterbrer was as far back in his kennel as he could possibly get. He was terrified, and was making the queerest noises.

Fred had to act quickly, and this he did. He picked up a big stick and raced at the snake. But he was not quick enough, for the snake glided off through some thick grass and was soon lost to view.

In the meantime, Scaterbrer had regained his courage, and was barking and yelling, and digging in the ground. So loudly did he bark, in fact, that he awakened Mother Hubbard.

"Ah-nh-um," said Mother Hubbard drowsily, "what on earth are you two up to?"

Fred explained, and was amazed when Mother Hubbard only laughed.

"Fancy you being afraid of Inky," said Mother Hubbard, "he wouldn't hurt a soul. He keeps me company during all the summer days."

Fred also laughed then, and Mother Hubbard gave him some cherries.



SCATERBRER

Gonnie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—

Here is a little puzzle for you to work out. Now we have a big clock in our hall, and it strikes the hours only. How many times does the striker hit the going in the course of a complete day? The answer will be found elsewhere on this page.

Alma Hines, of 49 Smith St., Murrumbidgee, N.S.W., sent along the best letter for the week, and wins a 5/- prize. Here is an extract from her letter.

"The small township of Gloucester is situated between two towering ranges—the Buckets and the Morgline. Church St., the main street, consists of a few watered shops, and the recently-built School of Arts. I was very much attracted by the lovely park which is filled with stringy-bark and gum trees. Through this park runs a beautiful river, and during the summer months crowds of happy people bathe in it."

I hope you all enjoyed reading that short extract from Alma's letter. Well, good-bye until next week. Cheerio, From your Pal, CONNIE.

"I don't like that summer granophone you sold 'last week." "Why a 'summer' one?" "Because the spring has gone out of it."

Secret Dwellings

By NURI MASS

THERE'S a voice I hear in the MIDNIGHT. There's a hush, a fall, a step in the grass; There's a crackle of leaves fallen dead to the ground.

There are elves in the hush—I can tell by the sound. There's a whisper soft of the chuckling gnomes; There's a robin guard by their golden homes; There are big round eyes watching night and day To capture a mortal who strays that way.

There's a scurried run and a chatter of teeth; There's a goblet's cap in a clematis wreath; There are thousands of footprints on the ground. That say to me, "Hush, or you will be found!"

Prize of 5/- to Nuri Mass (15 years), Kelvin Grove, The Avenue, Ashfield, for this clever verse.

WHAT AM I?

Cut off my head, how singular I am! Cut off my tail, and plural I appear. Cut off my head and tail—most curious fact. Although my middle's left, there's nothing there!

Answer: Cod, od, oo, o.



TWO PRIZE CARDS to Gladys McGrath, Newcastle, Kingsway, Newcastle, for this original sketch.



Introducing Gwen Colvin, of Eskine St., Sydney.

—Falk photo.

Just a Little Trick

HERE is a trick with which you can catch your chum. Ask him what he would do if he had a letter to post and went into the Post Office, asked the assistant to stick on the stamp, and he refused. Your friend will probably answer, "Why, I would stick it on myself, of course." Then you can laugh and say, "Why not stick it on the letter?"

Prize Card to Hazel Putter, Linton, via Stanthorpe, Qld.

PEN FRIEND WANTED

NOEL DRIES, of Castlereagh St., Newcastle, N.S.W., would like to correspond with a Tasmanian or New Zealand Pen Pal (15-17) who is interested in stamp collecting, tennis, and swimming.

WORD CAPTION

I cover your head; change my head and I set you to sleep; change it again and again—I am a hole, a fluid, a noise, a faint sound, a guide, a dweller in the north, food and chance. What am I?

Answer: Cap, asp, sap, sap, sap, sap, sap, sap.

Prize Card to Betty Robinson, 255 King St., Newtown.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

124 times. (Do not forget that it goes from one to twelve twice.)

FOR FUN & FANCY

THE teacher asked the class to give her a small poem with the word "beans" in it. After a while a small boy stood up and said: "Far, far away in Argentina, A tomato sat on a sewing machine. The wheel went round with a whirr, and, alack! It stitched ten stitches in the tomato's back. And he ran some."

Prize Card to Jean McKay, Yarrambat, via Diamond Creek.

Reggie: When you gave me this parcel for Christmas you said he would say everything he heard. But he hasn't spoken a word.

Uncle: Ah, yes, of course, I forgot to tell you, my boy, that the bird is dead.

Prize Card to Marjorie Clarke, Evelyn St., Grange, Brisbane.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS

Found, a dog, by a lady with black and white hair.

Lost, a horse, by a man with a white shirt and a black hat.

Lost, a parrot, by a lady with green and red feathers.

Found, a pig, by a man with long ears.

Prize Card to Edith Powell, Swansea, Heath St., Blacktown, N.S.W.

Jim: I know a man who makes little things count.

Jack: Oh! How does he do it?

Jim: He teaches arithmetic to the infants.

Tummy: Do you know a man down the road with one leg named Wilson?

Jimmy: What is the name of the other leg?

"Benny!" called a man in the train, "here's a twopenny. Get me two buns, and you may keep one of them."

The boy ran off to the stall and came back something a bit contentedly. "Borry, sir," he said, handing the man a penny, "but they only had one left."

Prize Card to Eula Baag, Therna, Rosal St., Taro, N.S.W.

A teacher asked for sentences using the word "beans."

"My father grows beans," came from the bright boy of the class.

"My mother cooks beans," said another pupil.

Then a third piped up: "We all are human beans."

Prize Card to Valmai Pritchard, Vlamode, 41 Pirie St., Seacomstown.



HOMEWARD BOUND.—Prize of 5/- to J. Standen, 264 Birrell St., Waverley, N.S.W., for this clever drawing in black and white. Color in nicely with paints or chalks and send entry along to Pal Connie, Box 1351E, G.P.O., Sydney. Prize of 5/- will be given for prettiest entry received before July 25.

MIDDLES

When is a girl's hair like the sea?—When it is in waves.

Why is a hollering kettle like a canary?—Because they both sing.

What word of six letters can have three taken away and still have ten left?—Tender.

What is it that walks on eight legs and flies in the air?—Four blackbirds.

Prize Card to Ruth Farmer, Bag 101, Morgan, S.A.

SOMEONE to GO WITH

Continued from Page 35

"Now, why can't you be honest? What's behind all this? You don't look like a couple of criminals to me, but here you are with a stolen car, no driving license, and a bag of silver, and now the lady won't say where she came from."

"You can take it from me," said Peter, "this is Miss Valerie Leslie. The best way of proving that will be, I think, to take her along to the public baths and get her to give a demonstration of her powers before your eyes. You can't need better evidence than that, and afterwards if I might make the suggestion, you could stand at the shallow end and give away the prizes all over again."

The sergeant did not allow any hint of humor to appear upon his graven countenance.

He said: "We have little or no time for aquatic sports in this division, sir. The lady'll have to give me her address, and then I can confirm the fact that she's entitled to these prizes."

"I won't give you my address," said Valerie.

"Then give us the name of a friend or two." The sergeant was prepared to compromise. "D'you know a clergyman, a lawyer, or a doctor who can speak for you?"

"She knows a lawyer," Peter said. "Myself."

"You, sir?"

"You said a lawyer. I'm a lawyer, on the spot. I'm Peter Mulliner. I'm her solicitor. I've just become it, and I warn you I shan't allow her to answer any questions here which might prove embarrassing at a later date."

Then Valerie squeezed Peter's arm again and looked up to him.

"I'll have to ring up Bill," she said. "He'll have to get us out of this. He got us into it. I'll give you," she said, turning to the sergeant again, "the name and address of my brother, but

I warn you he's very ill, and so you'd better not send anybody round just yet, especially as they might catch influenza. If you must have his evidence, you'd better ring him up and tell him what's the matter."

Peter looked at her, sharply. "I don't think I should do that."

"Why not?"

"He may be worse than you think. We don't want to haul him out of bed for nothing. After all, you have your solicitor here. That ought to be enough."

"But we do seem in something of a mess."

"We shall get out of it."

"I'd rather ring my brother."

"I still don't think I should."

"But why?" She frowned, and wrinkled up her brows. "What's worrying you? It can't hurt Bill."

"But don't you see, I'd like him to think I'd taken all this off his hands and seen you through. We're only half there at present. I hate to think that after starting off with me you have to refer things back to him. . . . a fellow who wouldn't get out of bed to help you."

"What are you going to do with us?" said Valerie to the sergeant suddenly. "If I don't give you anybody's name, except this gentleman's, what's going to happen then?"

"We shall have to detain you for inquiries. Didn't you say you knew someone in Farnham?"

"Yes, but I thought you were so concerned about the stolen car and the silver. The one who knows most about all that will be my brother. My friend in Farnham doesn't know anything about the car at all."

"Well, then, you'd better telephone your brother, miss."

Valerie gave Peter a melting and apologetic look, then left him and crossed the floor. He watched her passionately. The sergeant indicated a telephone and Valerie sat on a stool. She crossed one leg upon the other and propped one elbow on her lap and then with the receiver to her ear she started getting through to London and Peter watched her like a dog called into the house to get a thrashing.

WELL, that was over. All telephone talk was done. Valerie walked slowly to the door, but she did not once look at Peter. She stood there looking out upon the snowclad country. She was in deep thought and it was evidently not very cheerful thought. Her brows were down a little, and her chin was down. Her hands were clasped behind her. She was very quiet. The sergeant came across to Peter, who had been leaning against the wall.

"All right, sir, I won't keep you any longer. You will hear from the local station, I expect, to-morrow."

"And the car?"

"We'll have to keep that here, sir. I'm afraid."

"I see. And we walk home, eh? Still carrying the bag?"

He picked up the suitcase, nodded round him, and wandered none too cheerfully to the door. He stopped by Valerie.

"Shall we go right ahead, then

We'll go to the nearest garage and hire another car. I feel more sorry than I can say about all this."

In abject silence she walked out beside him. Side by side they travelled for two hundred yards, and then she suddenly began her cross-examination.

"So you were just deceiving me?"

"Why didn't you tell me that Bill would have come? I said some hard things about him, particularly when I rang him up before I left, but he was loyal to you; he simply said that provided you were taking me he couldn't see anything to be concerned about. He didn't give you away. Why didn't you tell me you had persuaded him to stay there so that you could meet me yourself?"

"No living man," said Peter, "would have blurted out all that. I would have made a clean breast of it one day. And I did ask you not to ring him up. I'd rather have got you out of all this by my own efforts, anyway."

"But what I don't understand is why you should want to come and meet me."

"You've never heard your own voice on the telephone."

"You hadn't even got a car."

"Well, you might give a fellow marks for enterprise. And, as a matter of fact, you're wrong. I have a car, only it happens to be in dock just now. I have a very decent car, a Rossie, but where I keep it I happened to know this little bus was standing, too, and idle. The fellow it belongs to wouldn't mind a bit. I simply risked it, and there you are. Now, why should I be spotted? Sheer bad luck."

"Then why didn't you tell the police you had a car of your own?"

"They would have wanted proof of

that next, but in any case I rather wanted to find out what you thought about me first. I had been disclosed to you as a bad hat, and I was wondering how much you believed. And what was the result? You came back from the telephone and wouldn't speak to me. You were simply furious at my deceit?"

She turned on him with pink cheeks.

"I wasn't."

"But you just said so."

"I did not. I was sorry to think you'd been put in the cart like that. I'd been thinking all day that it was wonderful of you to bother about me so. I liked your mixture of gallantry and gentleness. All I said was that you had deceived me in not letting me know that my brother knew you."

"I didn't know originally that we knew each other. I didn't even know his name. That only came out later when I told him mine. It happens that we both play Rigger, and in a game like that you meet chaps by the hundred and you get to know their names. It's not extraordinary. I've only met him about twice anyway. I know a hundred other chaps like Bill, just as well as I know him. The only difference is they haven't all got sisters like you."

"Well," said Valerie, after a moment, and more amiably. "Where are we going now?"

"To get another car and carry on to Farnham. At least you're going to carry on. As for myself, I shall leave that to you. I can go back to London in disgrace, and in a Green Line bus, or I can come with you to Farnham and try to book rooms there for Christmas. That," he ended modestly, "is just as you like."

After a moment he felt her fingers just inside his sleeve again.

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Essence of the Contract

NOW those fingers were clenched, with a sudden involuntary movement, into fists from which the knuckles stood out white as paper. From Betty's eyes travelled to her father, who, though he met Jimmy's glance without wavering, had stiffened into an immobility which conveyed the impression of suddenly increased alertness.

"What exactly is it your intention to convey by that?" Mr. Fortescue inquired coldly at last.

But beyond a gesture of indifference Jimmy continued directly from the hiatus. "... I went into the matter in my own way," he said.

He thrust his hands into his breast pocket and withdrew a folded paper, which he handed over to Mr. Fortescue, and a bundle of Bank of England notes, which he placed on the small table at his side. "Read that, please," he said quietly.

Mr. Fortescue took the document with an air of cold unconcern. As he read it, however, his expression stiffened suddenly to an interest which, observing him closely, his daughter did not fail to realise. She shot a quick glance across to Jimmy, but he was looking intently at her father. It struck her, indeed, with a curious little stab of uneasiness, that since her first entry into the room he had but once glanced in her direction.

"Although eleven thousand pounds would appear to be a satisfactory price," Mr. Fortescue said rather guardedly at last, "there are points which are left ambiguous. For instance, the name of the purchaser is left blank, and there is no mention of when the transaction is to be completed."

Jimmy's face was impassive as he said: "If, after you have heard what I have to say, you are still willing to complete the transfer, the money will be paid here and now. The name of the purchaser is—myself."

The silence which followed was broken by a low cry from Betty. Her face was chalk-white now, her eyes fixed on Jimmy with an expression into which he read dazed incredulity, which, as their glances held, merged gradually to self-abasement and a wonderful relief. Then, her eyes still upon his, she rose from the chesterfield and took up her old position on the arm of his chair, her arm along the back.

But Jimmy made no change in his position, nor did he make any attempt to take the hand which, as though in invitation, hung loosely beside his shoulder. He saw Mr. Fortescue's face set into more rigid lines, though apart from that small evidence his self-control was perfect.

"Explain, please," said Mr. Fortescue, "how you arrived at this rather extraordinary decision."

The reply came quietly, but with point. "I recognised from the first that the test was one not of business capacity, but of common honesty," said Jimmy.

Mr. Fortescue raised his eyebrows. "What gave you that impression?" he inquired.

"It was not so much an impression, as a foregone conclusion," Jimmy stated. "Your own business has been built up, year by year, largely upon a reputation for absolute integrity; it is the corner-stone of the whole concern."

"I was told in the city that the principle of uncompromising honesty was your fetish," was given instances in which you had lost heavily when, by the slightest deviation from your bare word, you might have emerged with handsome profit. ... It wasn't common sense," he went on after a pause, "to imagine that a man with such a reputation would deliberately attempt to sell a defective business on what practically amounted to false pretences. Also," he concluded decisively, "after a further pause to assemble his thoughts into sequence, 'I happen to have known the firm of Walton & Sons from childhood, and that they were among your largest and best paying customers. It was obvious you wouldn't jeopardise such an old and valuable connection by selling them a dye-concern such as you imagined the dye-works to be.'"

As Jimmy ceased speaking, Mr. Fortescue jerked a shade more upright in his chair. "Imagined?" he repeated on an interrogatory note, which, however, Jimmy ignored.

"It was just a put-up job to test my own honesty," he said quietly, "and if you'll forgive my saying so, not a particularly sporting one at that. Because," he added slowly, "if I hadn't been behind the scenes the temptation might have been—too much for me."

He was aware of the hand which overhung the chair-back stealing downwards towards his own.

"And so, in order to heap coals of fire on my head," observed Mr. Fortescue, "you make the somewhat grandiose gesture of offering to purchase this moribund business yourself. You'd look rather foolish," he added dryly, "if, to employ an Americanism, I were to 'call your bluff'—and accept the offer."

"I wish you would," exclaimed Jimmy with a sincerity which caused the other to scrutinise him narrowly.

"No subsequent explanation of such an extraordinary desire would justify me in withdrawing my original offer," Mr. Fortescue said at last.

"I'd rather forget that until you've heard what I've to say," said Jimmy quietly. "... You know I fought in the War?"

Mr. Fortescue nodded affirmatively. "Yes," he said, "but not that you'd suffered from shell-shock; and there was that in his manner, a reaching out towards understanding, intangible but definite, which had the effect of cooling the latent resentment of which for some time the younger man had been conscious."

"No," said Jimmy, with a slight grin. "I'm not mentally afflicted. On the contrary," he added ingenuously, "I've pulled off a dashed brainy piece of work."

"Explain, please," said Mr. Fortescue.

"DURING the Somme

show in '16," said Jimmy, "in course of an advance in which we'd taken quite a lot of prisoners, a report got about that the Germans were killing our wounded. Perhaps because the fighting had been hand-to-hand, our chaps were all out for reprisals. I won't go into details, but it so happened that I was instrumental in saving a Landsturm officer from—well, a pretty bad time at the hands of two or three of our own men. The result of this altruism was that I was detailed to escort the Hun to the pen, two or three miles back to the line, and as, in addition to the strain of heavy fighting, I hadn't had any sleep for the two previous nights, I wasn't best pleased about it. To add to the charm of the situation I hadn't taken my captive above a mile or so before, with the laudable intention of preventing us bringing up supplies and reinforcements, the enemy started shelling the road with nestness, accuracy, and despatch. With commendable promptitude and intrepid gallantry I suggested to my Teutonic friend that we should repair to the nearest shell hole, a proposal in which he acquiesced with considerable enthusiasm."

"He was a rather weakly-looking, undersized chap, with watery blue eyes, and a bulging forehead. Also, a rather unusual trait in his nationality, his one obsession appeared to be as to what repayment he could make for what I'd been able to do for him."

"Covering in a shell hole, however, one's opportunities for the day's good turn are rare. So, failing everything else, he insisted upon telling me the story of his life."

"It appeared that before this conflict so lamentable he had been manager of a dye-works just outside Berlin. When I told him that I also had a superficial knowledge of the business it was all I could do to prevent him crying on my shoulder. From that moment I emerged definitely from the role of mere benefactor to that of Blood Brother."

"In haphazard come-day-go-day-God-send Sunday organisations such as the rival armies in France, it was only natural to find men who were not exactly enthusiastic soldiers, but I never met a chap who was so amazingly uninterested in his military job, and so amazingly keen on his civilian one as Blikker—as he told me his name."

Once he recognised one whom, quite erroneously, he regarded as a kindred spirit, he talked business until I nearly went out and stood in the road to be shelled. That man must have been weaned on aniline dye."

Here Jimmy paused. To the two others it was evident that the crux of the story had been reached.

"Among other things he told me," he went on at last, "was that immediately before being conscripted he had taken out a patent for a new process that was going to revolutionise the whole industry. He said that while, on account of the apparent impossibility of rendering the colors fast, other experts had given up experimenting on the new lines, he, Adolf Blikker, had become discouraged, 'not at all any, and after five years of research so extensive had the impossible accomplished.'"

THERE was a certain reluctant admiration in Jimmy's face as, with his narrative, memory became more vivid.

"He was an extraordinary chap," he said reminiscently. "Instead of cowering in a shell hole within immediate proximity of fifty-seven different varieties of sudden death, we might have been in conference in a Berlin laboratory. Blikker's spectacled face simply glowed in thanksgiving for having been spared to continue his life-work among the dye-works. There was nothing he wouldn't do, he said, to show his gratitude. He became almost passionately earnest. Was there anything he could do? More for a joke than anything I said he could tell me the secret of his process."

Jimmy paused, his face flushed.

"Would you believe it," he went on, "he simply jumped at the suggestion. 'It was,' he said, 'an inspiration.' If I would give him my word not to sell the secret, and thus create world-wide competition, but keep it entirely for my own advantage, the formula should be mine."

Jimmy looked up to interrupt an exchange of glances between father and daughter. In the eyes of Mr. Fortescue, at least, was the gleam of a great comprehension.

"When I told him not to be an ass—that I wouldn't dream of accepting it," Jimmy continued, "without more ado he pulled a notebook from his pocket, extracted an extremely dirty piece of paper, and shoved it between the buttons of my tunic."

"Naturally, I kept it; but never gave it another thought until you said that the weakness of your process was that it wouldn't stand against discoloration. Then I took the formula to Murgatroyd, and after weeks of experimenting we came to the conclusion that my Teutonic friend's discovery is all he claimed for it. Tested practically, our conclusions proved correct."

If, now his voice was quiet, his glance was very direct.

"At this moment, and entirely without risk, Fortescue and Co. are in a position absolutely to guarantee the stability of their colors," he said quietly.

Followed a curious silence. Then, very deliberately, Mr. Fortescue leaned over and picked up the pile of bank notes, from which he counted the amount of purchase price for which, originally, he had stipulated. These he put in his pocket. The remainder he left on the table. Then he went over to the writing-desk, filled in the Agreement, and summoned the butler to witness his signature.

After the man had gone, he remained at the desk for a few moments with his back towards the fireplace. Then he turned to Jimmy.

"You win!" he said shortly. "As you surmised, the test to which you were subjected was not so much of ability as of the integrity upon which experience has taught me to set such store. If you will permit me to say so, you have proved yourself to possess both the qualities mentioned—and in a very high degree."

Actually, however, it was Betty to whom her father handed the document. As almost imperceptibly, she had edged from the chair arm on to his knee, Jimmy was unable to reach far enough to take it.

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THREE DAY Matches...

By RUTH PREDDY

MISS BETTY ARCHDALE, captain of the English women's cricket team, has expressed her pleasure at the itinerary forwarded to the English Cricket Association from the Australian Cricket Council.

She was surprised, however, that the Test matches have been set down for three days, and says they have only played two-day matches so far, and those only against Scotland.

Although Australia has allowed three days for the Test matches it is quite possible that they will be finished before the third day's play. Australian cricketers have not played in a three-day match to date, so that honors will be even on that score.

When first the Australian Council was formed the interstate matches were of one day's duration, but the standard of play improved to such an extent that it was found necessary to increase the time of play to two days.

New South Wales was the first State association to introduce the two-day matches for the first grade players, and although at first there was only a little over an hour's play on the second day it is now quite a common thing for the deciding run to be made a few minutes before time.

If the result of the Test matches is undecided when the third Test match is to be played, that match will be played to a finish, otherwise the final match will also be limited to three days' play.

Miss Archdale states they will have to practise stonewalling tactics. Hitherto their game has been of the more dashing variety necessary when scores have to be made quickly. However, great interest will certainly attach to the games throughout the three days.



L.G.U. STATE CHAMPIONSHIP, at Royal Sydney. Mrs. Robinson (right) receives congratulations from Mrs. Clements, whom she defeated after a close game in the semi-finals.

—Women's Weekly photo.

ENGLISH PLAYERS Justify the Opinion of EXPERTS

By RUTH PREDDY

Early this year, English sporting experts confidently expressed the opinion that England would win all the important titles in the world's major sports. These included the Wimbledon championships, golf championship, the Davis Cup, the Wightman Cup titles, and the Test matches. Except for the Wightman Cup, which was won by the American girls, their predictions have been right so far.

AFTER a lapse of 11 years T. H. Cotton won the open golf championship for England, and now Dorothy Round and Fred Perry have carried off the singles championships of Wimbledon. This is the first time English players have held both these titles for twenty-five years.

The first national tennis championships took place in 1877 with the one event men's singles. Later the men's doubles were added, but it was not until 1884 that women were admitted, and the women's singles and doubles events were added to the British national championships.

Miss Dorothy Round's win last week has an added attraction for Australians, for it will not be many months before we see this world's champion playing on our own courts. Miss Round is a country girl, having spent most of her youth in Dudley, a small country village.

She plays an excellent all round game, with her backhand her strongest stroke. She serves exceedingly well, and all her strokes are gracefully executed. She was the first English player to take a set from Helen Wills Moody after a lapse of six years. This occurred at Wimbledon last year, when Mrs. Moody won the championship for the sixth time.

LIKE Woodfull, the captain of the Australian cricketers, Miss Round objects to playing games on Sundays, and is natural and unaffected both on and off the court.

Miss Helen Hull Jacobs, who was defeated by Miss Round for the singles title, became America's champion when Helen Wills Moody collapsed during the final of the American championships last year, and was forced to forfeit.

Another record was created during the recent women's doubles at Wimbledon, when the ultimate winners were Madame Mathieu (France) and Miss Ryan, who were defending the title.

Miss Ryan has the record of having won nineteen titles in twenty years. Twenty years ago she won the singles championship and has held the doubles championships for twelve years. Six times she won it with Suzanne Lenglen as a partner.

She has a splendid service and is said

to be able to volley like a man. She is an American by birth, but has spent so many years in England that the majority of people regard her as English.

Junior Champion Had Two Babies

MADAME MATHIEU is perhaps one of the most interesting players in the world. This player first made her appearance on the courts in France, accompanied by her two babies.

This certainly caused amazement, but it was nothing to the surprise the officials received when they discovered she was an entrant in the junior singles. This happened ten years ago, when she won the junior championship.

Madame Mathieu is a back-line tennis player, and naturally combines well with Miss Ryan. It was Madame Mathieu who put Mrs. Hopman out of the recent singles, and in the previous round she accounted for Mrs. Robertson, who before her marriage was Miss Esme Boyd, of Melbourne.

BASKETBALL SELECTIONS

THE New South Wales Basketball selectors—Misses Redfern, Clarke, and Carpenter—have narrowed selections for the interstate team to eleven members, and these players commenced their practice on Monday morning at the University, at 7 o'clock.

Previously the players have been practising at night, but it was considered that an early morning practice would be much more helpful.

The eleven players comprise B. McLachlan, E. Carpenter, M. Mudie, P. Zuker, E. Forbes, E. Metcalfe, E. Gerard, R. Taubman, E. Parker, J. Leech, and D. Barling.

The final selection will be made some time this week. Eve Redfern, the well-known hockey player, has consented to coach the team and it is expected that it will be much stronger than the team fielded last year.

THE suggestion of a board exercise, Australian control of all women's sporting associations has elicited widespread interest.

The question of Australian umpires and the ambitious programme of international and interstate events are matters which could be facilitated by central control.

An article by Miss Ruth Preddy, giving full details of the scope of a committee of this nature, will be published on this page next week.

Interstate HOCKEY

IT has been arranged that the Queensland hockey team will be the guests of the Kookaburra team at a picnic on Wednesday, July 18.

On Thursday, July 19, they will play their first match against the New South Wales team, at University Oval. On Thursday night the Wanderers will hold their reunion, and later the Queensland team will be the guests at the N.S.W. Association reception.

On Saturday the Queensland team will meet the New South Wales players in a match at Woollahra Park.

THE New South Wales hockey team is this year relying on its forward line to carry them to victory. The forwards consist of McKee, the international, Tamsett, Blamey and Julian, and the two wings are O. Smith and H. Kenaby. The wings are the speediest seen in action for some time.

F. Tamsett, a country player from Goulburn, is taking part in her fifth interstate match. Twice she has played in Tasmania, and twice in Brisbane. Tamsett is also a cricketer of note, and many Queenslanders will remember the patient innings she played for New South Wales during the interstate contests played in Brisbane.

THE Victorian hockey selectors, Dr. G. Hodges, Misses J. Hoggart and M. Irving, have chosen the following hockey team to represent the State in Perth this year—J. Hoggart (captain), D. Sholl (vice-captain), J. McLean, S. Peachy, R. Moore, A. Fink, J. McAlpin, D. Voltag, P. Paul, K. Elder, and E. Swanton.

The team leaves Melbourne on July 30, and the matches will be played from August 4 to the 11th. The inter-Varsity hockey matches will be played in Adelaide this year, and all the States are sending teams to compete. The University matches will commence on August 15. The Victorian University team will leave on August 12.

WIMBLEDON has been a Marvellous EXPERIENCE

Dorothy Round Played Perfect Tennis

Joan Hartigan, Australian Singles champion, reached the semi-finals in the women's singles at Wimbledon, but was defeated by Helen Jacobs, the American champion.

Having defeated Peggy Scriven, the English girl who won the French title, to reach the semi-final, Miss Hartigan played for the first time on the centre court in this event. In her story, which is exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, she describes the play and her defeat, which she attributes to the American's superior play.

From JOAN HARTIGAN by Radio

THE big tournament at Wimbledon has culminated in a marvellous year for England with Dorothy Round and Perry winning the two singles titles. Both these players thoroughly deserved their respective victories. They played superb tennis.

TO me Wimbledon has been a simply marvellous experience. I was very thrilled to reach the semi-finals, though, of course, disappointed that I did not make a better showing against Helen Jacobs.

Actually, I was not nervous but over anxious, a frame of mind that is just as fatal. I feel, however, that it is the natural reaction to playing on the singles centre court for the first time in what is acknowledged to be the biggest event of the tennis world.

Helen Jacobs is quite definitely my superior, though I think I have played better tennis than I did against her. She is also a very fine sport, in the best sense of the term, and I enjoyed the game, although from the very first she had me on the run. She really never gave me an opportunity to get going.

My undoing was her mastery of chop strokes both to my backhand and forehand. The former I anticipated would be a big difficulty, but I had counted on the latter to stand me in good stead.

However, it has been a wonderful season, and one that I shall never forget—I hope to have a further opportunity to play at Wimbledon, and with further practice with the experience I have garnered on this trip, to go further next time.

HELEN JACOBS' chop shots are generally accepted as being very difficult to play and the opinion of the critics was that Dorothy Round would also find them difficult.

But the English girl played absolutely unerring tennis to register a perfectly thrilling victory. She was so overstrung that she broke down at the conclusion of the match.

She was overwhelmed with congratulations from fellow competitors in the event and received personal congratulations from His Majesty, the King, who watched every stroke of the set with the keenest interest.

The Lawn Tennis Association enters.

To RAISE Funds!

THE New South Wales Women's Amateur Athletic Association is arranging an Arts and Crafts afternoon to take place at the Y.W.C.A. on September 1.

In addition to being a means of raising money for the association, it will encourage the sportswomen to display her talent in another sphere. Already one of the athletes has decided to enter some sculpture, while another is entering an etching.

This competition is open to all sportswomen in New South Wales and, judging by the knitting and the fancy work accomplished between games on Saturday afternoons, this method of raising funds should be a most successful and popular one.

Entries must be forwarded to Mrs. Ellis, care of the Y.W.C.A., before August 26.

THE New South Wales Women's Cricket Association is steadily forging ahead in the effort to reach the £200 mark before November.

The lower grade players have rallied round and displayed remarkable enthusiasm in their effort to help with the financing of the visit of the English team.

The president's fund, towards which each girl has pledged herself to raise five shillings, is steadily increasing. With a view to helping with their quota in this fund, the Southern Stars cricket team from Auburn, are holding a dance in the Empire Hall, Auburn, on July 21. The Southern Stars are at present a third grade team, but there is every possibility that they will move up a grade next season.

Ireland Next

NELL HOPMAN and I are leaving tonight to compete in the Irish championships and next week will be going to Scotland to play there. We are looking forward to both these events, as each means a very delightful trip and, of course, there will not be the same nervous tension that accompanies the play at Wimbledon.

I have definitely refused the invitation to visit America this year and have arranged to sail for Australia in September.

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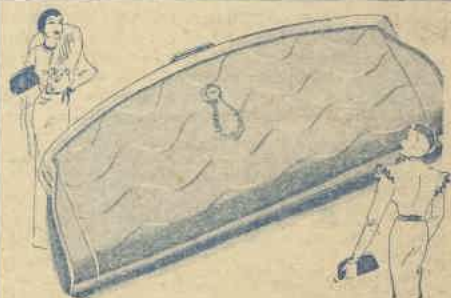
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